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Dominicana



Dominicana

Dominica

DOMINICANA

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VOLUME VI



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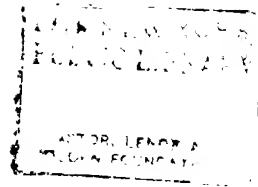
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OUR INFANT SAVIOUR AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

(After the Painting by Sichel.)

Dominicana

VOL. VI.

JANUARY, 1905.

No. 1.

The Coming of the New King.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

One, at close-locked entrance, waits,
Rich in radiant panoply;
Loud his trumpet: "Ope your gates,
Kingdom of the year, to me!"

"Lies the grey beard, stark and still,
Dead, upon his sable bier;
Ope, then, at the royal will
Of his heir, the youthful year!"

Soon the drawbridge, ringing, falls
O'er the darkly gleaming moat;
Soon above the towered walls
Fair, new banners proudly float.

Wears the prince his father's crown,
Seated on that father's throne;
Servile courtiers, bowing down,
Prompt and glad allegiance own.

"Subjects! haste to do my will;
Spread each board with festive cheer;
And when wassail's cup ye fill,
Pledge your king, the blithe New Year!"

DOMINICANA.

Pause, young monarch, in thy pride;
For a mightier One than thou,
Ruler o'er earth's regions wide,
Bids *thee* bend in homage, now.

For *His* vassal, lo! thou art,
Petty princeling! proud and gay;
Take thou, then, thy vassal-part,
Loyal tribute haste to pay.

Though within a stable born,
Poor, with lowliest poverty,
Theme of worldings' sneer and scorn,
King of kings, is He—is He!

And, with monarchs from afar,
If thou kneelest at His feet,
Guided by the Mystic Star,
Meekly, to His lone retreat.

If thou sendest, in His Name,
Northward, southward, east, and west,
(Man's salvation to proclaim,)
Sacred heralds, brave and blest.

Aye, if thou shedd'st o'er ev'ry land,
Gifts, whose flowing ne'er shall cease,
Brought by blest, benignant Hand
Of that gracious Prince of peace,

Then, with fond and eager will,
Earth shall spread thy festive cheer,
And thy wassail's tankard fill,
Love-sent ruler! glad New Year!

Dante's Vision.

PARADISE.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

Dante's Paradise is all smiles, songs and sunshine.

As an introductory note it may be well to warn the reader that the Poet, according to the opinion then in vogue, supposes the earth to be still; that the sun moves round it, while the other planets move in their own epicycles; that in the Empyrean, or the heaven, which is immovable, dwells the Godhead; and, that this communicates motion and influence to the other nine heavens.

Dante, spotless now and yearning to contemplate the Sovereign Good, ascends with Beatrice to the first heaven; they enter the moon assigned to those who, after having made profession of a religious life, were forced to violate their vows. Beatrice explains to Dante that all the saints dwell in the Empyrean; but, that he may discern how the Blessed differ in glory, they appear to him to inhabit the planets which are subject to the angelic intelligences. In the moon Dante speaks to Picarda, Forese's sister, and to the Empress Constanza, Queen of Suabia. Hence they proceed to the planet Mercury, wherein rejoice those who profited by the talents with which they were endowed. Here a thousand splendors draw near them. Beatrice gladdens the planet with her smile. The Emperor Justinian recounts the victories won under the Roman Eagle, and informs Dante that the soul of Romeo is in the same star. Ascending to the third heaven, or Venus, they learn that the spirits were, while on earth, inflamed with love. Dante addresses Charles Martel, King of Hungary. Folco, a Provencal bard, informs him that the soul of Rahab is in the same star for having helped Josue. Next they visit the sun, the abode of the wise, and are encompassed by twelve blessed spirits. One of them, Saint Thomas Aquinas, mentions the names and privileges of the rest and describes at length the life and spirit of Saint Francis of Assissi. Another circle of blessed souls encompassed the first, and then, "like two wreaths of sempiternal roses," both begin to sing and revolve, one within the other.

Saint Bonaventure names those who have just appeared with him. Solomon, one of the spirits of the inner circle, describes the appearance of the just after the resurrection of the body. Dante and Beatrice speed upward to the planet Mars, where the spirits militant dwell. These are ranged so as to form a cross, thrilling with life, wheron Christ re-

flects His brightness. They move to the strain of a glorious hymn. Cacciaguida, our Poet's ancestor, gliding towards the foot of the Cross, salutes Dante affectionately; speaks of the simplicity of the Florentines in his days, and of their subsequent degeneracy; predicts his exile and exhorts him to write the present poem. In this planet Dante sees many renowned warriors and crusaders, such as Charlemagne; William, Duke of Aquitania; and Godfrey. Hence he hastens with Beatrice to Jupiter, the sixth heaven, where they who administered justice rightly on earth, are blest. They form now D, now I, now L; then the entire sentence, *Diligite justitiam qui judicatis terram*; and, finally, all group themselves so as to represent the Roman Eagle; a song is heard to issue from its beak, which celebrates the praise of certain kings who form the eye of the bird; in the pupil is David; and in the circle around it, Trajan, Ezechias, Constantine, William the Second of Sicily, and Ripheus.

Beatrice and Dante mount to the planet Saturn, the abode of the contemplative. Here a gleaming ladder arises, the top of which is out of sight; down the ladder multitudes of splendors descend. The Poet is addressed by Saint Peter Damian and Saint Benedict; the latter speaks of Saint Macarius and Saint Romoaldus. Hence they pass into the heaven of the fixed stars, which they enter at the twins. Dante, at Beatrice's command, looks down on the space traversed, and is once more convinced of the insignificance of this earth. He contemplates Christ triumphing with His Elect. The Saviour ascends, followed by his Virgin Mother, around whom Saint Gabriel hovers. The others remain with Saint Peter, singing the "Regina Cœli." The last examines Dante on Faith; Saint James, concerning Hope, and Saint John, touching Charity. Adam next tells when he was created; how long he remained just; how he fell; when he was received into heaven, and what language he spoke. A heavenly anthem inebriates Dante with its sweetness:

"Then 'Glory to the Father and the Son
And to the Holy Ghost' all Paradise
Entoned so sweetly that the heavenly strains
Inebriated me; and what I saw
Seemed like the smile of all the universe;
Such happiness my eyes and ears imbibed.
O gladness! O ineffable content!
O life, entire, of love and perfect peace!
O riches, safe, that satisfy the heart!"

Dante and Beatrice soar to the ninth or crystalline heaven, where he catches from afar a faint glimpse of the Divine Essence; and sees the

nine choirs of angels in form of wheeling circles of fire. Hence they are wafted into the Empyrean. Dante sees a river of light, on the banks of which flowers grow; sparks issuing from the river rest on the flowers and then plunge again into it. The Poet drinks of the river and understands that the flowers are, in reality, saints and the sparks angels.

"I saw light flowing like a river nigh,
Of dazzling splendor, 'mid two banks
Adorned with all the loveliness of spring.
And from the stream there issued vivid sparks
That mingled with the flow'rs on either side,
Like rubies set in gold; and then, again,
As if inebriated with the scent, they leapt
Into the eddying waves; but, strange to say,
As down one sank, another darted forth.

No sooner had my eyelids of it drank
When, what was long, appeared to me as round:
The sparks and flowers were changed to greater joys;
For I behold the courts of heaven disclosed."

The saints so sit as to form a rose, while the angels ascend and descend:

"In fashion, like a snow-white rose, I saw
The hallowed throng which Christ espoused in His
Own Blood. The other, flitting, gazed upon
And hymned, with love inebriate, the bliss
Of Him who raised them to such dizzy height;
And, as a swarm of bees, that now alight
Upon the flow'rs, and now return to ply
Their grateful toil; within the mighty flow'r,
Adorned with numerous leaves, they floated down
And rose again to where their Love abides;
Their faces were of living flame; of gold
Their wings; the rest outshone the driven snow
In whiteness. On the flow'r descending, they,
While winnowing the wings from row to row,
Emitted odors and a heav'nly peace
Which they inhaled while flying round and round.
Nor did such numbers intercept the view
Or splendor, as they soared above the flow'r,
For light divine so penetrates this world,

According to the meed of each, that none
 May bar its beam. This calm and joyful realm,
 By souls both from the New and Ancient Law
 Inhabited, held, centered on one point,
 Their eyes and love entire. O trinal ray,
 Emerging from one star, whose light can fill
 Them thus; look down upon our stormy life!"

Dante looks round for Beatrice, and in her stead sees Saint Bernard, who points out to him Beatrice already seated on her throne. The saint calls his attention to the Virgin Mother:

"And in the midst, with wings outspread, I saw
 More than a thousand festive angels, all
 Of divers light and raiment. There I saw
 A Beauty smiling at their canticles
 And frolic so, that gladness beamed
 Within the eyes of all the other Saints."

Saint Bernard shows him the other Blessed Souls of the new and the Old Testament, and then leads him to the Virgin Mother's throne to sue for grace to see what remains of the heavenly Vision. Thus begins Saint Bernard's prayer:

O Virgin Mother! Daughter of Thy Son,
 The highest and the lowliest of all
 Creation: end immutable of God's
 Eternal council; Thou art she who didst
 Ennoble human nature in such wise
 That its Creator did not scorn to make
 Himself His own creation. In thy womb
 That love was kindled by whose heat
 This flow'r hath blossomed in eternal peace.
 To us Thou art a midday torch of love:
 On earth below Thou art a living fount
 Of hope to mortal man. Thine influence
 And grandeur, Lady, are so great that he
 Who sues for grace and draws not near to Thee
 Is like a bird that fain would fly unfledged.
 Thy pity aids not only him who asks
 But oft anticipates a prayer. In thee
 Sweet mercy, clemency and munificence,
 And ev'ry good created are enshrined."

The petition being granted, Dante dimly beholds the Blessed Trinity. As he wishes to see the union of the two natures in the Second Person, a bright ray enlightens his intelligence. He confesses his inability to set the vision forth in words, but his longing and cravings are satisfied and his will moves in harmony with all creation—guided by Him whose love impels the sun and all the stars.

"In that subsistence, vivid and profound,
Of heavenly light, three circlets I perceived
Of but one essence, yet of colors trine
The second seemed reflected from the first
As Iris is from Iris; and the third
Appeared as fire, exhaled at once from both.
Eternal Light that in Thyself alone (1)
Dost dwell, alone Thyself dost know, and known,
And knowing, full of smiles, Thyself dost love! (2)

"The circlet that, methought, I saw in thee
As light reflected, by my vision scanned,
Within itself our likeness bore impressed,
In hue the same: for I, my sight had fixed
On it. . . But fain was I to understand
How to the orb the image clung, and how
There placed. But, then, my weary wings could rise
No more until a ray, which satisfied
My longing, flashed across my mind. Yet here
The soaring fantasy refused her aid;
But still my yearnings and my will were moved,
Like to a wheel of motion uniform,
By that sweet Love that moves the Sun and Stars!"

Relinquishment.

Claim him as thine, O Mother whom he loved!
"Painter to thee, Madonna," be his name:
Thou hast his most munific patron proved;
Rewarding, not with worldly food or fame,
But, (that he better know thy perfect grace,)
From the distracting charms of earth removed,
Granting the early vision of thy face.

Lines 1 and 2. These three lines contain a whole treatise of Theology on the Blessed Trinity. Mr. Cary's translation is beautiful, but here, as in several other passages, he has not grasped the mind and meaning of the great theologian, Dante.

Todas las Cosas del Cielo Son Mías.

(All the Things of Heaven Are Mine.)

MARY GALLAGHER.

O for a Poet's fancy,
And his soulful measures sweet,
To crown this simple story
With beauty's halo, meet—

Meet for a heart-spelt lesson
From childhood's volume taught;
Meet for the soul-awakenings
With which such lore is fraught.

It chanced in a verdant valley,
Which, close in the sun's embrace,
Shone sweet with the subtle splendor
Of a tender love-lit face.

In the hush of that summer silence,
E'en the birds had ceased to sing,
And naught disturbed the stillness
Save the wilful whispering

Of the zephyrs' tuneful teasing
As they coyly kissed the leaves,
Or roused the sleepy swallows
At rest in the olden eaves.

In the shade of the vine-clad verandah
Where I sat on that summer's day,
Life's Spring voiced its sweetest music
In the little children's play.

If I could but paint the picture
As it glowed before me then,
Your heart would forget its grieving
And your youth would return again.

Two winsome little maidens
Of summers six and seven,
Their dark eyes lit with laughter,
Their hearts all full of heaven—

Stood sweetly-proud, displaying
Their dollies, one by one,
To black-eyed baby brother,
Who failed to see the fun

Of all this show and splendor
When, at his feet there lay

The last rude, broken remnant
Of his toys' primal day.

I wish you could have seen him
As his lashes swept his cheek,
And his head tossed with a motion
That was not exactly meek.

I wish you could have heard him
When the clouds of anger broke,
And with pedal confirmation
His little heart he spoke

In loudly-lisping Spanish,
And his eyes did brighter shine
As, with soul, he proudly said it:
"The things of Heaven are mine."

Have you ever seen the sun-smile
Rift the clouds on a dreary day?
Have you ever felt the sea-song
On your deepest heart-strings play?

Have you listened to the lark's
lyre
When, with soul-ecstatic lay,
He wooed the sun from star-dreams
And oped the eyes of day?

E'en as death's dark, awful stillness
Is to laughter-thrilling life,
So are these the sweetest earth-strains
To that sacred music, rife

With its thousand throbbing soul-thoughts
Borne from childhood's spirit-shrine;—
Awake! sad heart, to its solace,
The things of Heaven are thine.

O, little dark-eyed laddie,
With your span of summers four!
Say, was it from the angels
You learned such soul-spelt lore?

We,—longing gaze at the world-lings
And envy them life's flowers,
Instead of proudly saying
The things of Heaven are ours.

Awake! O, souls, to the watch-
word;
The summer of earth-beauty
bowers
Will suffer the death-blast of Win-
ter,
While the things of Heaven are
ours.

Awake! even now there awaits us
A Kingdom of Life in the hours;
For our hearts, every moment,
must prove it—
The things of Heaven are ours.

When the daily routine palls upon
us,
When life seems, as it were, reft
of soul,

Then, O then, let our Faith pierce
the earth-clouds,
Then press onward, our hearts
toward the goal.

Whether sorrows rage wildly
around us,
Or anguish, our poor souls be-
calm,
Christ's heart never ceases its
throbbing,
And His love will e'er save us
from harm.

My pencil, too feeble, has failed
me,
But, each in his soul's inmost
shrine,
Will treasure the child's sacred
message:
"The things of Heaven are mine."

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. It answered, soft and low:
"God's will to know."
"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried;
But ere the question into silence died,
The answer came: "Nay; this remember, too,
God's will to do."
"To know; to do; can this be all we give
To Him in Whom we are, and move, and live?
No more, New Year?" This, too, must be most clear:
"God's will to hear."
Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yea, this one thing, all other things above
God's will to love."

—J. M. Bouchard, S. J.

First Expeditions to the Mainland.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

III.

Leaving the Dominicans and Franciscans to carry on their divine work in Hispaniola and Cuba, we must follow other intrepid spirits into yet unknown regions. The first expedition northward, under command of Lucas Vasquez d'Ayllon, sailed from Hispaniola in 1524. With him went, as missionary preacher, the Dominican father, Antonio Montesino, he, who years before, had preached so nobly against Indian slavery in San Domingo. Failing to find a northwest passage, which seemed to have been the chief purpose of the expedition, via Chesapeake Bay and the James River, d'Ayllon made a landing; and, liking the country, applied for and obtained a grant from Charles the Fifth to establish a settlement there.

Returning in 1526 he began to build a town which was named San Miguel; it is said to have been located in the vicinity that English colonists founded their Jamestown eighty-one years later. The negro slaves therein employed were probably the first slaves known to have been held on any territory since coming under the flag of the United States. This colony of d'Allyon was of such short duration that there seems to be no definite record of Father Montesino's missionary work. A fever having caused d'Ayllon's early death, quarreling among his subordinates bred revolt among the negroes. Attacks of the Indians became more fatal as hunger and sickness made their inroads upon the strength of the little colony; the few survivors embarked for Hispaniola. Of these nearly all were lost by shipwreck before reaching their destination.

Father Antonio seems to have been amongst the few that were saved, and finally reached Hispaniola. A man of so great ability, so fervent in missionary zeal, could not at such a time be allowed to remain long in a country already well under the spiritual control of his co-workers. So he was, in 1528, sent to Venezuela, where he seemed to have been lost to view. No chronicle of his death is extant; but, in the Dominican register of the monastery of San Estevan, Salamanca, is written a marginal note abreast the name of Antonio Montesino, *Obiit martyr in Indus* "died a martyr in the Indies." He was most probably killed by some of the natives of Venezuela, who were ignorant of the fact of his being their best friend.

As an instance of the fervor of the missionary spirit then dominating the Christian world, it will seem strange that even tradition had

some influence in shaping new expeditions. That of the Bishop of Lisbon who, with a considerable party of followers, after the Arab's conquest of the Spanish peninsula, in the eighth century, sailing far out to a group of islands in the sea of darkness where he founded seven cities, was one most attractive. Antila was the name given to the imaginary island, on which stood these seven cities; this name (Antila), with an additional *l* and the change of *a* to *e* (Antille), was later given to the West Indies. These seven cities were subsequently moved to the centre of the American continent. The seven cities of the legend of the Vahual tribes, from which, in the remote past, their ancestors had emerged, were presently confounded with the seven cities. On the meager evidences of uncertain tradition men's imagination located them somewhere northward. In that age of geographical expansion men's minds were, very naturally, fired with aspirations of being the first to find this group of far-famed cities. In casting about him for an enterprising and skillful leader to conduct so important a venture, Antonio Mendoza, the great Viceroy of Mexico, hit upon Fray Marcos, the renowned Franciscan, as the most worthy guide to the seven cities. Fray Marcos' former experiences on his expeditions with Pizarro to Caxamarca and to Quito, and with Alvarado, returning to Guatemala, were, of course, invaluable as an equipment for this undertaking.

On his long journey Fra Marcos was accompanied by a negro named Estevancio and some Puna Indians who had been civilized and partially educated in Mexico. Along most of the route they were greeted and entertained with the characteristic hospitality of the aboriginal people. Fray Marcos was further encouraged by hearing at Matape, a village in Sonora, definite accounts of a country situated some thirty days' march to the northward, in which there were seven large cities with fine houses built of stone. The houses were of two, three and four stories; that of the "Lord" being of five stories. The first city was named Cibolo.

What missionary work Fray Marcos was able to do on his journey does not appear in the chronicles. The nearer he drew the more exciting were the reports he heard of the splendor and wealth of Cibolo. He and his dusky companion, having been all along regarded as something more than human beings, were the less prepared to meet and deal successfully with distrust and opposition.

At Kiakima—the first of the Zuni Pueblos, which were in reality the seven cities of tradition—to which Estevancio, who had traveled several miles ahead of Fray Marcos came, was refused admittance within its walls; nor had the handsome Indian girls and turquoises presented

to him on the way the least influence over the chiefs of the Pueblos. He was located outside of the city walls in a small cabin and closely watched. His announcement of his being the representative and precursor of "a white man, sent by a mighty Prince beyond the sky, to instruct them in heavenly things," did not help his case. It was rather as a spy sent by the chief of some hostile tribe, planning to conquer the Zunis that Estevancio was treated. Seeking safety in flight he was followed by a party of Zunis sent to capture him, one of whose arrows killed him on the spot. The news of his death so discouraged Fray Marcos' little company of Indians that he deemed it unsafe to continue his journey toward Cibolo. After a brief view of the seven cities from the top of a hill, which they climbed for that purpose, the party returned to Culiacan, which they reached in safety after five months' absence.

The Zuni priests, to this day, tell that their people killed "the black Mexican" (Estevancio) because he was greedy, veracious and bold. Six months after Fray Marcos' return to Culiacan, Francisco de Coronado with an army of three hundred Spaniards and eight hundred Mexican Indians departed for Cibolo. Their quest was, of course, the gold and other treasure of the fabulously wealthy kingdom of tradition. But, discovering no such treasures or wonders, after years of travel, during which they explored vast extents of the continent, they returned to México in 1542, ill-pleased, it is said, with Fray Marcos for his glowing accounts of Cibolo, which had set them on the march in quest of it.

Little or nothing was done during the three years following toward the establishment of new colonies or the extension of the sphere of missionary work. Thus far the flag of Spain and the Cross of Christ had gone together in the discovery of the new continent and the extension of civilization and Christianity therein.

A small party of Dominican fathers, under the leadership of "the noble Luis de Barbestro," who had gone with Las Casas amongst the fighting Indians of Tuzulutlan*, was next to embark on an entirely new enterprise. Finding their way to Florida they undertook to establish a missionary settlement there; but little had been done when they were attacked and all massacred by hostile Indians.

Fears that the French would obtain prior possession of Florida seems to have stimulated the Viceroy of New Spain to induce Guido de Labazares and Tristan de Luna to go there to re-establish the colony of the Dominicans. They had been there but a short time when they

* We regret that, through our fault, Tuzulutlan, in the paper which appeared in our December number, was incorrectly rendered Yuzulutlan.—Ed.

were also menaced by the Indians. The timely rescuing party of Angelo de Villafane, in 1561, barely saved them from destruction.

Philip the Second of Spain, being now satisfied in his own mind that there was no immediate prospect that the French would attempt the occupancy of Florida, gave out that there would be no further Spanish colonization there. No gold having been discovered in those parts, was, moreover, another, and, perhaps, more potent, reason for his abandonment of Florida.

But Philip's forecast of the movements of the French was at fault; for they went to Florida about the time that Villafane had rescued the little Spanish colony therefrom. The religious strife, then so rife in Europe, naturally stimulated rivalry for mastery in the new world. Coligny the Huguenot, ambitious of establishing the first Protestant colony in America, after his failure in Brazil, sent an expedition to Florida. For leader he chose the sturdy Huguenot, Jean Ribault of Dieppe. With a small advance party he reached the mouth of the St. John River in May, 1562. Coasting northward they made a landing on the coast of what is now known as South Carolina. Ribault named the spot Port Royal, the name which it still bears. Leaving the fortress which they had built in charge of thirty of his men, Ribault returned to France for the main body of his colony.

For a short time the Indians as elsewhere, were very friendly to the men left in the fort; the Indians regarded them as children of the sun, extending to them that cordial hospitality which is innate in the Indian; but the moment that they discovered the first dark spot on these children of light their hospitality was withheld, so that famine shortly bred mutiny in the fort. The men rose in open revolt and slew their commander. Realizing, however, that their crime only made a bad matter worse, and weary of waiting the return of Ribault, they built a rough sort of little vessel in which they embarked for France. But their enemy, hunger, could not be fled from so easily, and they found him to be even more merciless on the sea. They had eaten up one of their shipmates, and were about to start in on the second, when they were picked up by an English ship and taken to London.

Ribault's return to Florida had been delayed by the war between the Huguenots and the Guise following. The next year a new Huguenot expedition, headed by Rene de Laudonniere, a relative of Coligny, was sent out. Laudonniere had a larger and better equipped following than his predecessor, but, as Fiske well says, "there was an essential vice in its composition." Soldiers and gentlemen made up the main body of the company. There were a few tradesmen and mechanics, but no laborers to till the land. Nor could it have been otherwise, when the

French peasantry, almost to a man, remained true to their old faith, and there were no religious renegades amongst the yeomanry.

On landing, they built a fort near the mouth of St. John's river. The leading spirits of the party next betook themselves to faithless treaties and intrigues with the chiefs of the Indian tribes thereabouts, while others prospected for gold. The necessary tillers of the soil were absent. Fresh supplies were sent for to France. Then mutiny, inevitable to mismanagement of expeditions in those days, followed. Two of the Pinnaces were taken by a crew of buccaneers. After their first capture of a Spanish vessel on the coast of Cuba, they were, on landing, in search of food, arrested and brought up for examination before the government authorities at Havana. Having no other means of saving their necks, they resorted to the cowardly one of turning informers on their comrades at Fort Caroline.

The news of Laudonniere's occupation of Florida having reached Philip's ears, he took immediate steps towards dislodging the French from their fortress. A later rumor of Ribault's being *en route* thither with a still larger force hastened Philip's action. He commissioned forthwith the doughty Pedro Menendez to drive the French out of Florida. Menendez had, months before, persuaded Philip to permit him to go and found a Spanish colony there, for the purpose of converting the Indians to Christianity. Menendez was about ready to sail on this expedition when news of Laudonniere's colony came to Philip. From the founding of a new colony Menendez's plans were changed to that of ousting the French colony from Florida. With a fleet of eleven ships and over a thousand men he sailed from Cadiz June 26, 1565.

In Fort Caroline matters had been, meantime, little improved. The execution of a few ringleaders had, for a time, repressed the mutiny; but famine had driven the survivors to conflict with the Indians. The situation was soon after relieved by an English fleet, commanded by Sir John Hawkins, which arrived at the mouth of the Saint John River. His provisions and wine soon revived the settlers; but his offer of passage to France in his ships was rejected by Laudonniere. Sir John left them ample supplies and one of his best ships in which they might return home at their own pleasure.

The fleet of Menendez was badly wrecked and crippled in a storm on the passage to Florida. On his arrival with five ships he at once set about reconnoitering, preparatory to an attack. He went down the coast as far as S. Augustine, where five hundred negroes were landed; these were put to throwing up entrenchments. On one of the French ships

bringing news of this movement to Fort Caroline, Laudonniere and Ribault concocted a scheme of completely routing the Spaniards. The former was to remain with a small force to hold the fort, while the latter, with his fleet, would annihilate the Spanish squadron and then fall upon the men at S. Augustine ere they had finished their entrenchments. But the schemes of men, however well conceived, are subject to the frustration of a higher power. Ribault, with his whole fleet, on the morning of September the tenth, bore down on the Spanish ships. A gale, suddenly springing up, not only rendered a naval engagement impossible but dispersed the French fleet, driving the ships hundreds of miles out to sea.

Menendez, seven days later, the storm still unabated, with five hundred men and two Indian guides, started on an overland march for Fort Caroline. The slight defences calculated only to protect the Frenchmen from Indian arrows, could not withstand the fierce attack of the armed Spaniards. After a short, feeble resistance, Laudonniere and a handful of followers fled into the woods. Many of those surrendering were said to have been slaughtered on the spot. Laudonniere and his companions were, some time later, after finding their way to the shore, picked up by a French vessel and carried home to France.

All of Admiral Jean Ribault's ships were finally wrecked south of S. Augustine. The crews, many of whom were saved, being mustered into two divisions were moved slowly back towards Fort Caroline. During their march the first division of about two hundred men, was captured by a small body of Spaniards, led by Menendez himself, who had every man slaughtered in cold blood. When Ribault, with the other division of about three hundred and fifty men, reached the place where Menendez lay in ambush to surprise him, and having learned the fate of his advance guard, he was not eager for combat. Menendez, with no more than seventy men, was not disposed to risk an engagement with three hundred and fifty. He, therefore, adopted new tactics, receiving the Frenchmen with courtesy, treating them to bread and wine and when he had thus cheered their spirits, coaxed them to surrender. Ribault, with about one hundred and fifty of his men, yielded to the tempter. The other two hundred Frenchmen fled into the woods. Disarmed and bound, all but five of the one hundred and fifty Frenchmen who had surrendered, were executed on the spot. The five escaping, with one sailor, after much suffering in the wilderness, finally found passage back to France. Many of the two hundred Frenchmen who refused to surrender, were lost sight of among the Indians. A few were captured by Menendez. The lives of these he

spared, on perceiving the repugnance of his own men to such wanton bloodshed.

While Menendez, as he himself supposed, remained in undisputed possession of Florida, Dominique de Gourgues, a Frenchman who had once been taken prisoner by the Spaniards and worked in the Galley, took it into his head to avenge the murder of his countrymen. With the price of his family estate, which he sold, and what money he could borrow, he fitted out three small vessels. Manned with about two hundred men, he sailed for the coast of Guinea, having in his possession a royal commission to kidnap negroes. How many he kidnaped during the fall and winter's cruising does not appear. In the spring of 1568 he anchored a little distance north of the Spanish fort on the coast of Florida. The Indians who had, meantime, become bitter enemies of the Spaniards, at once allied themselves with Gourgues. They put themselves at his disposal in such numbers that he determined to surprise the garrison immediately. About noon, when the garrison had just finished dinner, the French and Indians, completely surprising the Spanish, rushed in upon them from all points of the compass. Only fifteen or twenty of the entire Spanish force escaped death. Even these Gourgues had, a little later, hanged to the same trees upon which Menendez was said to have hanged as many Frenchmen when he first captured Fort Caroline. But his absence in Spain undoubtedly saved Menendez's own neck.

Having thus summarily disposed of every Spaniard and leveled the fort to the ground, so that there was nothing left to show where it stood, Gourgues, after mustering all his men on board his ships, departed for France. Thus ended the first sanguinary attempts at converting the Florida Indian to Christianity. There is, of course, nothing to show that any one of the Catholic missionaries had any hand in either causing or instigating such strife. The Dominican Fathers were, on the contrary, all for peaceful ways of bringing souls to Christ. And, given half the material aid subsequently squandered in bloodshed by Menendez, "the noble Luis de Barbastro would undoubtedly, in time, have converted all the Indians in Florida. This brief relation of the Huguenot's first attempt at colonization in the New World is given here merely that the reader may contrast their methods with those of the Catholics in dealing with the aborigines of America.

Our days are but sorrow,
Our nights but unrest,
Seeking on, yet not finding
The highest and best.

—Augusta T. Drane, O. P.

Editorial.

With peculiar appropriateness to the season the Church ushers in the new year by consecrating its first month to the Holy Name of Jesus—"that Name which is above all names. That in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in Heaven, on earth and under the earth: and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of the Father."

Myriads of celestial spirits ceaselessly praise this sacred Name in strains of exquisite music—the echo of whose heavenly harmony awakens hope and love in those who still await their summons to the company of the Blessed.

In greeting its friends in the spirit of this holy season—the manifestation of God's infinite love for man in the coming of the *Infant Jesus*—DOMINICANA reminds its readers of the glorious privilege of salvation that has come through this Divine Name. Practice faithfully reverential devotion in the special manner prescribed by the Church during the coming month, confident that Jesus Christ Himself will redeem the promise that He made while upon earth: "If you ask the Father anything in My Name He will give it to you."

The feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul, which the Church celebrates early in the new year, invites reflection upon the remarkable episodes in the life of this glorious apostle that have earned for him the honorable designation, "Teacher of the Gentiles."

The life of Saint Paul claims this extraordinary distinction: It is almost continuously commemorated in the offices of the Church, by various selections from his writings, while in the Mass we find not fewer than forty-two Sundays besides the chief festivals whose lessons are drawn from his Epistles. His martyrdom is honored with that of Saint Peter on June twenty-ninth, though pre-eminence is then given to his Chief, for which, as by compensation, Pope Saint Gregory the Great decreed that the following day should be allotted to his special commemoration.

On the twenty-fifth of January, however, the Church presents S. Paul to us, in the marvels and splendors of his divine vocation to Christianity and to the Apostolate. Placed, liturgical writers tell us, close to

the celebration of the *Magi*, the first gentile fruits of Jesus' loving call, this festival in honor of Saint Paul's Conversion emphasizes the glory of him who had been chosen as the Apostle of the gentiles, the Evangelist to carry Christ's name before the mighty of the pagan world, a vessel of election and benediction to the nations with whom the arrogant Jews would share their heavenly gift only in unequal measure.

Our Blessed Lord had ascended to Heaven, but the work of the Twelve had only been inaugurated when Saul of Tarsus, a Pharisee of the strictest school, stood forth, foremost among those who had resolved to stamp out the new religion. A young man, trained in the human lore of his day and race, impulsive, rash, aflame with false zeal, begotten of erroneous teachings and his own impassioned wilfulness, ignorant of the Scriptures in so much as they proclaimed the Messiah, Saul so eagerly plunged into the work of persecuting the followers of Jesus, that before the close of the year in which our Lord died, he had obtained authorization from the Jewish authorities to arrest and imprison the disciples wherever he might find them. During the same year he took part in the death of the first Christian Martyr, Saint Stephen at whose stoning he was present. Saul kept the clothes of the false witnesses who, according to their law, were to cast the first stone. That they might better do this they divested themselves of their garments which were given into the keeping of Saul. It may appear strange that this passive acquiescence in the work of the murderers of Stephen should have satisfied one whose breathings were of threatening and slaughter. Rather by holding the garments of those who actually hurled the stones, he seemed to participate in the work of each and all, to express for himself, the rage and hate of all.

Out of this death, from Stephen's grave, came the resurrection of Saul. The martyr's prayer that God would not charge to his murderers the blood they shed, was heard.

Mighty was that intercession which found answer in the call of the greatest worker of all the Apostles, indeed, in the call of *the* Apostle! Not to Peter the Prince, not to any other of the twelve chosen by Jesus when he walked among men, but to him who said of himself that he was least of the Apostles, unworthy of the name, is this absolute title, this unqualified honor of Apostolic designation reserved. The history of his labors and sufferings is its noble justification.

The prophetic blessings imparted to his sons by the Patriarch Jacob, Saint Augustine introduces in his comments on Saint Paul's conversion. When the turn of Benjamin came, his father said, "Benjamin, a ravenous wolf, in the morning shall eat the prey, and in the evening shall divide the spoil."

Now, Saul of Tarsus was of the tribe of Benjamin, and in the morning of his career he was, verily, a devouring wolf, but destined to be slain by the lamb of God, who would change him into another lamb. The persecutor of the Church became her greatest Doctor. And in the evening of his age as he serenely bowed to the Roman sword, how bountiful was his division of spiritual spoil, the unnumbered multitudes whom he had won to the love of Jesus' Name!

Imitating, therefore, the instant response of Saint Paul to the call of God, which is commemorated on the Feast of his Conversion, let us imitate him in his veneration for the holy Name of Jesus—through which salvation comes to all;—that Name which he so vehemently loved, so frequently and tenderly wrote, so constantly proclaimed, even from the lips of his severed head. In the spirit of the great Apostle, in the Name of Jesus, let us petition—on the feast of his glorious Conversion that brightens the dawn of the coming year—for the fulness of heavenly graces that he has taught us to hope for in the putting away of the perishable things of this world. "Put off the old man of sin and put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, so that forgetting the things that are behind ye may press forward to the prize of the supernal vocation of God in Christ Jesus, Our Lord."

Agreeably to the general interest manifested in the progress and perpetuity of the good work of the Catholic University at Washington, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, has made public the financial *status* of that institution. We feel confident that our readers, ever sensitive to the justice of the great cause of Catholic education, will respond with that pleasure that is the chief characteristic of the Catholic heart, in its recognition of the principles that underlie individual responsibility in all that concerns the religious education and spiritual advancement of the young.

Cardinal's Residence, Baltimore,
October 22, 1904.

Right Reverend Dear Sir: The Board of Trustees of the Catholic University of America, at their meeting, April 14, 1904, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That His Eminence, the Chancellor of the Catholic University of America, be requested to write and to send to the hierarchy of the United States, one month before the first Sunday of Advent, 1904, a letter of thanks for the interest taken in the collection for the university in 1903, and asking them to kindly keep up their generous solicitude for this worthy object by recommending it to the reverend clergy and the laity of their respective jurisdictions."

In pursuance of this action of the trustees, I desire to state that

the contributions received from seventy-six dioceses amounted to \$105,051.58. This generous response of our clergy and people to the express wish of the Sovereign Pontiff is an evidence both of cheerful obedience to the Holy See and of generous devotion to their pastors. It is also gratifying and encouraging to the trustees that so widespread an interest should thus be manifested in the welfare of the University which, as it embodies the highest form of Catholic learning, is the most important undertaking of the hierarchy in view of the general good. In the name of the trustees, as in my own, I tender you, your clergy and your people grateful acknowledgment for the share you have taken in the furtherance of this great work.

With the collection and with donations from various sources, the receipts of the university for last year, apart from its regular income, amounted to \$150,809.54. Of these funds, \$68,743.24 was employed in the payment of debts, \$50,000 was invested, and the remainder was used to meet current expenses. As a result, there was no deficit last year, nor is there at present any floating debt.

The amount donated by the Knights of Columbus, and not included in the receipts mentioned above, was \$50,000. This was also invested, making a total investment of \$100,000. The funds were placed for investment in the hands of the finance committee appointed last year (1903) and composed of gentlemen who enjoy the highest reputation for integrity and business ability. The entire amount, therefore, resulting from the collection, is absolutely free from the complications and risks to which, as you doubtless have learned through the press, the general endowment of the University has recently been exposed.

Regarding the actual situation, I deem it my duty to inform you that the funds hitherto handled by the treasurer of the University aggregate \$881,000. The disposal of these funds in no way involves the property of the University, its lands, buildings or equipment. The funds themselves are protected by securities, which, it is confidently believed, will, in any equitable settlement, insure the University against serious loss.

On the other hand, pending the final adjustment of all claims now in litigation, the University is in large measure deprived of the revenues which have heretofore been available for its work. This is the more regrettable at the present time when the University should be so strengthened and developed as to attract our Catholic young men and withdraw them from non-Catholic institutions. With the utmost economy as now practiced in every department, the income is not sufficient for the necessary expenses.

The foregoing statement will naturally suggest a variety of reflections; but what is really needed just now is practical sympathy and generous co-operation. This, I am happy to say, has been shown by the trustees and by friends of the university. The amounts which they have guaranteed, together with the next annual collection which, it is hoped, will equal, if not exceed, that of last year, will enable us to invest a considerable sum after all current expenses are paid. Moreover, a system of financial administration has already been adopted that, for the future, will render the management of the funds absolutely secure. With the

assistance of the hierarchy, in the manner indicated by the Holy Father, we feel confident that the university will be placed on a sound financial basis. In justice to those who, as individuals or as associations, have endowed the University, we should see that its work is continued. Our Catholic people, I sincerely believe, will aid liberally in supporting an institution founded by the American Episcopate for the common good of the clergy and laity in all our dioceses. To our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, our united efforts in behalf of the university under existing circumstances will plainly show that we have at heart the best interests of education and that we are not to be thwarted by difficulties.

As I am prepared to do all in my power to build up the university, and determined to guarantee it against all loss, even at the sacrifice of all I possess, I feel assured that you and your clergy will aid this sacred cause by an earnest appeal to the generosity of the people under your charge, and by personal sympathy for the work to which this collection is applied.

The Holy Father, in his letter on the subject last year, directed that this annual collection be taken up on the first Sunday of Advent, or on the first convenient Sunday thereafter.

JAMES CARD. GIBBONS,
Chancellor of the Catholic University of America.

The August number of *Annals of the Propagation of THE FAITH* gives the following interesting extract from the annual Report of the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris. Of the work accomplished by the French missionaries in Asia, included in the thirty-two missions under their charge, the latest statistics, gathered for 1903, are encouraging records.

They show 38,321 adult baptisms; 490 conversions from heresy; 131,736 baptisms of pagan children.

The number of adult baptisms and conversions from heresy is much larger than that of last year; baptisms of pagan children are fewer.

Notwithstanding this slight decrease in number, we can most truthfully say that the laborers in our thirty-two missions have succeeded well this year. Their assistants, native priests, religious men and women, and catechists, empowered to baptize, have done their best to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ and to procure the salvation of souls.

The aim of the Society for the Foreign Missions is not the conversion of infidels only. Its rule defines that its members must, first of all, devote their energy to the formation of native clergy; next in order, care for Christians; and only lastly, labor for the conversion of infidels.

Instruction is now given to 2,118 students in our thirty-eight seminaries, and we are providing for the spiritual necessities of 1,323,947 Christians, dispersed over an immense territory, in which we have 5,095 stations. It is not surprising that the work of evangelization does not progress as quickly as we desire. To our great regret, the lack of resources and an insufficient personnel prevent our making a more rapid development.



Some Recent Books

Volumes XVIII and XIX, *THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*, include notable happenings from 1617 to 1621. A general description of "Events in the Philippines," enumerating measures adopted in various Provinces for the encouragement of commerce and the prevention of foreign encroachment upon the rights of the natives and upon Spanish settlers, is of intense interest. Volume XIX closes with a chapter on the "Prices of Oriental Products," in which are scheduled spices, rare woods, silks, satins, precious feathers, gold jewelry, exquisitely wrought, embroidered canopies, curtains, gowns, furniture, in a word, everything that could foster luxury and incite cupidity in adventurers of the seventeenth century, the mere reading of which would excite envy in the hearts of those who have no opportunity to venture on the high seas in our own day and generation.

The editors and publishers are to be again congratulated upon their excellent work. These commendable volumes grow in interest. Educational institutions should avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the efforts of The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio, to complete their historical library with this valuable documentary work.

Among the many groups of literary sextettes that have won the ear of the fiction-loving public, during the past year, remarkable for sustained and pleasing melody may be enumerated the following: *THE DELIVERANCE*, by Ellen Glasgow; *THE FUGITIVE*, by Ezra S. Brudno; (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), *THE RAINBOW CHASERS*, by John H. Whitson; (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), *MY MAMIE ROSE*, by Owen Kildare; (Baker, Taylor, New York); *THE LIONS OF THE LORD*, by Harry Leon Wilson; (The Lothrop Company, Boston), and the *YOEMAN*, by Charles Kennett Burrow, (John Lane, New York).

A NEW PAOLO AND FRANCESCA, by Annie E. Holdsworth, pathetically illustrates the fluctuations of passion that culminate in a double domestic tragedy.

The book is published by John Lane, New York.

THE LIFE OF SAINT TERESA OF JESUS, written by herself, has been put into English by David Lewis. The book is now in its third edition. The present translation bears the cordial endorsement of the Reverend Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. P., who says in commendation of its excellence "that it could hardly be improved." While faithfully adhering to her wording the translator has been successful in rendering the lofty teaching in simple and clear language,— an achievement all the more remarkable as in addition to the difficulty arising from the transcendental character of the subject matter, the involved style, there was total absence of punctuation in the original.

Benziger Brothers, the publishers are to be congratulated upon their selection of large type in the bringing out of this favorite Life of a great Saint.

SWEET PEGGY, the heroine of Linnie Sarah Harris's latest romance, in her melodious rendition of life's prosaic duties is irresistibly charming. Bright, beautiful, womanly, she leads her hero "a merry dance" to which he responds in sweetest music. The story contains the chief ingredients of a safe moral tonic.

The book is beautifully printed and bound by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Sixteen beautiful illustrations faithfully portray the native picturesqueness of the Chinese children that, like veritable **LITTLE ALMOND BLOSSOMS**, brighten the streets of San Francisco. Jessie Juliet Knox depicts original attractive characteristics of the tiny Mongolians that will delight the juvenile reader. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

THE RAY, A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST, strongly effective in its scriptural setting, awakens a personal interest in the history of those who were favored with the friendship of Christ while He was upon earth. This instructive story is adapted from the French of R. Monlaur, by the Reverend J. M. Leleu. The book is published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

A handsome edition of selections from the letters of Fenelon, arranged by Lady Amabel Kerr, has just been published by Benziger Brothers, New York. The present volume includes **SPIRITUAL COUNSELS** for the virtuous government of conduct on many occasions trying to nature in the ordinary intercourse of every day life. To the resolute of spirit the book will be a precious boon.

PIPPO BUONO, irresistibly charming in his youthful innocence is a delightful companion for the growing youth. In the new life of Saint Philip Neri, edited by Ralph Francis Kerr, of the London Oratory and published by B. Herder, St. Louis, the rare virtues of Philip as a child, are glowingly portrayed. The study of the life of Saint Philip and his times reveals the beauty of his faith and the miracles accomplished by his wonderful spirit of prayer.

The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, has published a delightful variety of stories for the young—notable among which are: CHUGGINS, A tale of the Capture of Santiago, by Irving Hancock; HER FIANCE, and three other vivacious stories of college life, by Josephine Daskam; AMY DORA'S AMUSING DAY, by Frank M. Bincknell; BABY BIBLE STORIES, by Gertrude Smith, supplies a special need; they will be gladly hailed by many a mother who is often at her wit's end for a response to the infantile craving for *true* stories. This collection, suited to the understanding of the young child, is a veritable treasury for those who sympathize with the baby's request, "Tell, me, a story, please!"

The books are handsomely printed and profusely illustrated.

A new edition of Archbishop Ullathorne's admirable treatise on THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION under the able revision of the Very Reverend Canon Iles, comes from the press through Benziger Brothers, New York.

In his introduction, His Grace, Edward Ilesley, Bishop of Birmingham, says: "The Jubilee of the definition of THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION has created a demand for a fresh issue of Dr. Ullathorne's valuable work. In its revised form I hope that the intention and desire of its eminent author may be fulfilled in further promoting the devotion of our people to the Mother of God."

THE LIFE OF MARIE CATHERINE PUTIGNY, Lay Sister of the Visitation Convent at Metz, in English translation, has been recently published by the College Press, Ilchester, Maryland.

The record of the divine favors bestowed upon this faithful servant of God, and utilized by her for the benefit of others, during eighty-two years of earthly existence, is certainly unto edification. Sister Marie Catherine was born in 1803, and died in 1885, having spent fifty-five years in the Convent of her Order, in most perfect observance of her religious obligations. The exemplary life of this devout woman will inspire others to imitate her virtue.

Adolphus T. Ennis, in his *INTRODUCTION TO DANTE'S INFERNO*, offers to guide the student of Dante through the intricacies of symbolism that dominate the *Divine Comedy*. Mr. Ennis is entitled to confidence, as his interpretations are in accord with traditionary canons pronounciatory of the design of Dante in his immortal Trilogy.

The prose "introduction" will dispose the student to serious consideration of the grand lessons Dante sought to inculcate in the vast plan of his immortal composition. The supplication of the poet, sadly apprehensive that his meaning might be misunderstood, pathetically appeals to the meditative mind:

"O ye who have sound minds,
Mark well the *doctrine* that conceals itself
Beneath the veil of the mysterious verses."*

Richard G. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston, is the publisher of the book.

THE HEREAFTER, adapted from the French of Reverend J. Laxenaire, by Reverend J. M. Leleu, is a scientific exposition of the reason of our faith in "the future life." This admirable treatise on the existence of God and the immortality of the soul answers most satisfactorily the important questions, "Who am I? What must I do? For what may I hope?" The author has thrown on "the great question of the *hereafter*, the light which emanates from the threefold focus of experience, reason and revelation," conclusively proving by his evidence, the insanity of doubt. The wise man, therefore, will embrace the religious idea so beautifully and consolingly expressed in Catholic truth, enlightening him as to the cause of his being and his happy destiny.

B. Herder, St. Louis, is the publisher of this instructive translation.

"The Instruction of Novices" by the Venerable John of Jesus and Mary, abridged and presented in catechetical form by Father Gerard, contains the essentials of the science of sanctity upon which the religious life is based. The manual is especially adapted for the use of novices in religious communities, who hope to perfect themselves in accordance with the evangelical counsels.

The *CATECHISM* is published by Gill & Son, Dublin, and may be obtained through their American agents, Benziger Brothers, New York.

* *Inferno*, cant. IX, terz. 21.

THE MAN WHO PLEASES AND THE WOMAN WHO CHARMS, as portrayed by John A. Cone, are certainly most desirable acquisitions to social gatherings. In the studies offered by Mr. Cone, which include details of the means of acquiring a "fascinating" personality, the reader is encouraged to persevere in eradicating faults that offend the social amenities. Mr. Cone recalls many important truths in a bright, original way; no one can read his studies without being impressed with the importance of attaining and practising the virtue of courtesy, which manifests itself in untiring efforts to make others happy; and this can not be accomplished without individual sacrifice. This work deserves special commendation. It will appeal directly to the minds of the young.

The book is published by Hinds & Noble, New York.

THE REAL SAINT FRANCIS, by Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.; **POEMS**, selected by Lady Margaret Domville from the works of Aubrey de Vere; **NIGHT THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK AND DESOLATE** and **A MANUAL FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION** are commendable works, issued in convenient form by the Catholic Truth Society, London.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, a powerful poem by Joaquin Miller, dedicated to the "Mothers of Men," was written in tribute to President Roosevelt's manly denunciation of "race suicide." The poet, in his "Prefatory postscript," makes no apology for the sentiments expressed in his verses; but rather emphasizes the necessity of extending a cordial welcome to the "Stork" in American homes.

With prophetic vision the poet laments the extinction of the American people in the near future, by the failure of those who should "fulfill the purpose of God" in the noble mission of motherhood.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, has brought out the poem in artistic dress. The cover design is unique, Theodore Roosevelt, as a "strenuous" infant, is being borne aloft, far above the "cherry blossoms," by the famous bird of Nippon, until he reaches the mountain height of victory.

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE, a romance of "The West" by Geraldine Bonner, forcibly illustrates some serious complications resulting from violations of the social code in the pioneer days of the gold seeker. The portraiture of the "money-king" corresponds in detail with some original characters that dominated "stocks" in California in the early '50's.

The book is handsomely printed and bound by the Bobbs, Merrill Company, New York.

MARY IMMACULATE, an excellent compilation by Father John Mary, Capuchin Friar Minor, from the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, has been published by Burns & Oates, London, through Benziger Brothers, New York.

This devotional booklet develops in beautiful prayers the glories of the singular privilege of the Mother of God in being preserved from original sin.

From Benziger Brothers also comes the pocket edition of Reverend A. A. Lambling's treatise on the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The author quotes frequently from the work of the late Right Reverend Bishop Ullathorne's learned work written sixty years before the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined by the Church.

The admirers of Dr. Ullathorne's learned treatise will be pleased to learn that a new edition of his work has been brought out by Benziger Brothers.

In a little work entitled THE ROSARY, Reverend E. P. Garesche, S. J., lovingly presents the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary in a manner that naturally inspires reflection upon the great Christian truths that they signify. In recalling each *scene* of the mystery, meditation must be incited. This attractive method is peculiarly adapted to the young and enables them to form the groundwork of a spirituality that will endure throughout the trials of mature years.

This excellent booklet is also published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

THE FRENCH WIFE (of an Irish grandee of Ballycushla) is the charming heroine of Katherine Tynan's latest Irish romance. The love element predominates throughout, surviving pathetic failure and disappointment to many concerned in the progress and completion of the story.

This pleasing story, so full of human sympathy, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The Catholic Truth Society, New York, has recently published a translation from the French, by Mary Banin, of the life of Saint John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Schools. The record of the heroic virtue of this holy man is enhanced by the evidence of his transmitted virtues to his spiritual children, demonstrated by their wonderful achievements in the noble mission of the Christian education of youth.

Frank Dempster Sherman, in *Scribners'* for November, pays a graceful tribute to the fragrance of holiness as exemplified in America's first canonized Saint—

Dear Rose, what volumes it would need to hold
 The songs that poets have been fain to sing
 In praise of you,—the ruby in June's ring,—
 Jewel of fragrance set in summer's gold!
 What tender words of worship, since of old
 In Eden Love first found you blossoming,
 Have blessed your beauty, hoping so to bring
 A touch of warmth into a bosom cold!

Poets and Lovers there shall ever be
 So long as there are gardens where the vine
 Builds a green temple to felicity—
 Within whose leaves is found your fragrant shrine.
 O, sweet Saint Rose! Dear flower of melody,—
 A lover's token,—take this song of mine!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELOQUENCE, translated from the Spanish of Don Antonio de Campany by Reverend W. McLoughlin, comes from the publishing house of James Duffy & Company, Dublin, through their American Agents, Benziger Brothers, New York.

This helpful treatise to effective eloquence whether written or spoken, abounds in expressions of rhetorical beauty, illuminated by the rays of a guiding philosophy, thus opening to the student immense possibilities in the great art of persuasion. Many of the selected tropes and figures suffer somewhat in their adaptation to rigorous English idiom. Systematically arranged for the development of varied phases of eloquence, the work can be recommended as a desirable aid in pulpit oratory or in forensic debate.

HALF-A-DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS, a delightful story for girls, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is as instructive as it is entertaining. The experience of six school-girls thrown upon their own resources for a brief period furnishes occasions for many tests of patience in awkward predicaments, and elicits the natural good humor of the young adventurers who have been led through the spirit of fun to assume the responsibilities of housekeeping.

The Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, publishes the book, with fine reproduction of effective illustrations by Mills Thompson.

Reverend John F. Mullany, LL. D., has given us a delightful reflection of Saint Joseph in his *MIRROR OF TRUE MANHOOD*. Viewed in the light of his heavenly privileges and transcendent virtues, Saint Joseph, the patron of the Catholic world, is, indeed, a powerful advocate in Heaven. The reverend author beautifully delineates the character of this favored servant of God and clearly shows that it is to our spiritual and temporal interest to pray to him devoutly. This excellent manual of meditation on the life of Saint Joseph and practices in his honor should be in the hands of both the young and the old. It is published in convenient form by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

Benziger Brothers, New York, number among their publications for 1904, the following interesting stories for young readers:

THE STRONG ARM OF AVALON, Mary Waggaman; *THE FATAL BEACON*, F. V. Brackel; *TWO LITTLE GIRLS*, Lilian Mack; *THE HALDEMAN CHILDREN*, May E. Mannix; *THE GREAT CAPTAIN*, Katharine T. Hinkson; *THE YOUNG COLOR GUARD*, Mary G. Bonestell; *FANASTO, THE CHRISTIAN*, by Uncle Henry; *THE RULER OF A KINGDOM AND OTHER PHASES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER*, by Grace Keon. The well known character of the writers of these entertaining stories is a sufficient guarantee that profitable instruction is contained in these enjoyable books.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon their creditable achievements, on literary lines, during the past year.

The Catholic Truth Society, London, has recently issued some interesting and reliable data in refutation of calumnies circulated against the Catholic Clergy of France, at the present day, as well as those of other countries, at a more remote period. "Rome's Appalling Record," by Reverend John Girard, S. J.; "Are Indulgences Sold in Spain?" by Reverend Sydney F. Smith, S. J.; "A Tale of Mexican Horrors," by Reverend Herbert Thurston, S. J.; and a "Spanish Heroine in England"—Dona Luisa de Carvajal—(1568-1614)—are titles that will stimulate the interest of the student and impress upon him the importance of distinguishing the maliciously false from the undeniably true among writers of history.

The Encyclical of our Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, with explanation of the subject, the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, the necessary conditions, and appropriate prayers for gaining the plenary indulgence, has been published in pamphlet form by B. Herder, St. Louis.

THE LOST JEWEL OF THE MORTIMERS, by Anna T. Sadlier; THE TRAGEDY OF CHRIS by Rosa Mulholland; WANTED—A SITUATION, by Isabel Nixon Whitley, are among the recent publications of B. Herder, St. Louis, especially adapted to the needs of the young in time of temptation. The incentives to virtue, emphasized in the virtuous lives of the characters in these stories, are made attractive and worthy of imitation—particularly in the contrast with their vicious contraries.

THE BOOK OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SPORTS, by Ralph Henry Barbour, is a beautifully illustrated volume including detailed instructions for out-door sports. American football, baseball, track and field athletics, lacrosse, ice hockey, lawn tennis, receive technical treatment. Copious vocabularies of phrases, used in the various games, are of value to the student. The pleasure of the uninitiated spectator will be enhanced by reference to this standard collection of terms and rules.

The author and publishers are to be congratulated upon their commendable work in directing attention to the primary object of physical exercise and in accentuating the fact that scientific work will be done in proportion to observance of prescribed discipline and intelligent practice.

D. Appleton & Company, New York, publish the book.

SOME DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF AMERICAN CATHOLICS as pointed out by the Honorable Charles J. Bonaparte, in an address at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, recently, will certainly be gratefully appreciated by those who can avail themselves of the friendly advice offered by this cultured scholar; now issued in pamphlet form by The Ave Maria Press, Indiana.

THE SIMPLE HOME, so beautifully depicted by Charles Keeler in his descriptive essays on "The Spirit of the Home," "The Garden," "The Building of the Home," "The Furnishing of the Home," and "Home Life," augmented by a series of attractive illustrations, appeals forcibly to lovers of artistic beauty. Concluding his chapter on the main objects of building the home—durability and permanence—Mr. Keeler says: "Let the work be simple and genuine, with due regard to right proportion and color; let it be an individual expression of the life which it is to environ, conceived with loving care for the uses of the family."

This delightful little volume is published in artistic form by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco.

Calendar for January.

1—First Sunday of the month—The Circumcision. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for Holy Name Sodality: C. C.; visit; prayers. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

2—Octave day of S. Stephen, Protomartyr.

3—Octave day of S. John the Evangelist.

4—Octave day of Holy Innocents.

5—Vigil of the Epiphany.

6—Epiphany or Manifestation of Our Lord. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.

7—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

8—Second Sunday of the month—The Finding of Our Lord in the Temple. Fifth Joyful Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; visit; prayers.

9—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

10—B. Gundisalvus, O. P., Priest.

11—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

12—Of the Octave of the Epiphany.

13—Octave of the Epiphany.

14—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Patience.

15—Third Sunday of the month—Feast of the Most Sacred Name of Jesus. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; visit; prayers.

16—S. Stephana, O. P., Virgin. Love of suffering.

17—S. Anthony of the Desert. Abbot. Solitude.

18—S. Peter's chair at Rome. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

19—B. Andrew, O. P., Priest. Attendance at daily Mass.

20—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs. Fortitude.

21—S. Agnes of Rome, Virgin and Martyr. Confidence in God. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

22—Fourth Sunday of the month—S. Vincent, Deacon and Martyr.

23—S. Raymond, O. P., Third Master-General of the Dominican order. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit; prayers.

24—B. Marcolinus, O. P., Priest. Obedience.

25—Conversion of S. Paul, Apostle. Correspondence with grace.

26—B. Margaret of Hungary, O. P., Virgin. Prayer.

27—S. John, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Zeal for the truth.

28—Translation of the relics of S. Thomas Aquinas. Principal feast of the Angelic warfare. Members may gain a plenary indulgence: C. C.; visit; prayers.

Anniversary of the death of Reverend James Louis O'Neill, O. P., founder, and late editor of *Dominicana*.

29—Last Sunday of the month—S. Frances de Sales, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Patron of the Catholic Press.

30—S. Martina, Virgin and Martyr. Love of the poor.

31—S. Peter, Founder (with S. Raymond of Pennafort and with King James of Arragon) of the order of the B. V. M. for the Redemption of Captives.

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Hilary, Bishop and Doctor; S. Francis de Sales, Bishop; S. Genevieve, Virgin; S. Julian, Martyr; S. Raymond of Pennafort. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Veronica, Virgin; S. Sebastian, Martyr; S. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr; S. Vincent, Martyr; S. Felix of Nola, Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Adela, Widow; S. Titus, Bishop; S. Timothy, Bishop and Martyr; S. Adrian, Abbot; S. Louise of Albertone, Widow.

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Dominicana

VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

No. 2.

The Melody of Saint Cecilia.

Translated from the French of Sister Teresa, of the Infant Jesus.

S. L. EMERY.

"During the sound of the instruments,
Cecilia was singing in her heart."—*Office of the Church.*

Saint of the Lord! in ecstasy I see
The path of shining light thy footsteps left below;
And still I think I hear thy heavenly melody;
Yes, thy celestial chant e'en here sounds sweet and low.
Now, of my exiled soul, accept the fervent prayer;
Upon thy virginal heart let my young heart find rest!
Almost unequalled here wast thou, O lily fair,
Immaculately pure, and how divinely blest!

Most chaste white dove of Rome! through all thy life on earth
No other spouse than Christ thy heart desired to find.
He chose thy favored soul, e'en from thy hour of birth,
And made it rich in grace and virtues all combined.
And yet a mortal came, glowing with youth and pride:
He saw how sweet thou wert, thou white celestial flower!
And then, to gain thy love—to win thee for his bride—
He strove with all his strength, from that momentous hour.
Soon bridal feasts he spread, his palace decked with glory,
Bade minstrels play their best, and songs ring loudly there,
While still thy virginal heart sang soft thy Saviour's story,
Whose echo rose to heaven like incense sweet and rare.

How couldst thou sing so far from Heaven, thy fatherland,
Seeing, so near thy side, that mortal bold and frail?
Surely thy heart craved, then, in heaven's high courts to stand,
And dwell, forever safe, with Christ beyond the veil!
But no! I hear thy harp vibrate like seraph's singing,
Harp of thy love, whose sound so softly smote the ear!

These words, to Christ thy Lord, in thy sweet chant were ringing:

"Now keep my young heart pure, Jesus, my Spouse so dear."

Abandonment most true! O wondrous melody!

By that celestial chant thy love stands now revealed—

The love that shows no fear, that sleeps in ecstasy

Upon the Saviour's Heart, from every ill concealed.

In wide blue skies appeared the radiant white star,

That came to lighten up, with meek and timid glow,

The luminous night that shows, to us, unveiled afar,

That virginal love, in heaven, which virgin spouses know.

But here, Valerian dreamed of earthly joy and bliss.

Cecilia! thou alone wast his young heart's desire.

Ah, when thy hand he gained, he gained far more than this!

That hand showed him a path to better things, and higher.

"My friend!" thou saidst to him, "near me doth watch alway

An angel of the Lord, who keeps me pure as snow,

Leaving me not alone, neither by night nor day;

Even in sleep, his wings shield me from harm and woe.

At night, his holy face, with clear and silvery light—

A glory, lovelier far than morning sun, doth shine.

That face appears to me like some blest image bright,

Transparent, marvelous, of God's own face divine."

Then cried Valerian: "Show me this angel blest,

That I may add my faith to thy firm word, fair maid;

Or else believe that hate for thee will fill my breast,

And thou before my wrath shalt shudder, sore afraid."

O dove, within the rock of God's strong heart concealed,

No fear hadst thou, that night, of the stern fowler's snare!

The Face of Jesus, then, its light to thee revealed;

His sacred gospels lay upon thy bosom fair.

"Valerian!" that word was said with gentlest smile,

"My heavenly guide, who hears, will answer thy request.

Soon thou shalt see his face; his voice shall thee beguile,

For martyrdom to seek, and thus to find thy rest.

But, ere his face thou see, baptismal grace must make

Thy soul as white as snow, that God therein may dwell.

Yes, the true God Himself must come, friend! for thy sake;

The Spirit give thee life, that thou mayst serve Him well;

The Word, the Father's Son, and Son of Mary chaste,

Must immolate Himself, in His vast love for thee,

Upon His altar throne; and there thou must be placed,

Beside that throne, to feed on Him Who died for thee.

Then shall the seraph bright thee for his brother claim,
 And, seeing in thy heart the home of God his King,
 Thee shall he lift from earth's dark caves of sin and shame;
 Thee, to his own abode, that angel then shall bring."
 "Ah! in my heart I feel a new fire burn to-night!"
 Transformed by God's own grace, the young patrician said.
 "Oh! come, within my soul to dwell, Thou Lord of Light!
 Worthy my love shall be of thee, Cecile, my bride!"

Clad in baptismal robe, emblem of innocence,
 Valerian at last the angel's face beheld;
 In awe he gazed upon his grave magnificence.
 That radiant, crown-decked brow his old ambitions quelled;
 Fresh roses in his hands did that grand spirit bear;
 Lilies of dazzling white close to his heart he pressed.
 In gardens of high heaven had bloomed those blossoms rare,
 Beneath the rays of love from their Creator blest.

"Spouses most dear to Heaven! the martyrs' royal rose
 Shall crown your brows," exclaimed that angel from on high.
 "No voice on earth can sing, no mortal tongue disclose,
 Its value beyond price, that lasts eternally.
 I lose myself in God, His attributes proclaim;
 But I cannot, for Him, suffer, though fain would I!
 I cannot shed or tears or blood for His dear name;
 To prove my love for Him, I cannot, gladly, die.
 Oh! *purity*, it is the angels' special grace,—
 Our vast, unbounded joy, that ne'er shall fade away;
 But over our grand lot your lot has loftier place,
 For you—you can be pure, and you can die to-day.

"Of chaste virginity you see the emblem here,
 In these white lilies sweet,—fair present from the Lamb;
 The pure white crown He gives, you shall in glory wear;
 And you for aye shall chant the new song to His name.
 Your union, spotless, chaste, shall bring forth souls to God—
 Souls that no other spouse, than Christ, shall seek on earth;
 And near His heavenly throne, when life's hard path is trod,
 There you shall see them shine in saintly joy and mirth."

Cecilia, lend to me thy melody most sweet!
 How many souls would I convert to Jesus now.
 Fain would I die, like thee, to win them to His feet;
 For Him give all my tears, my blood. Oh, help me thou!
 Pray for me that I gain, upon this pilgrim way,
 Perfect abandonment—that sweetest fruit of love.
 Saint of my heart! oh, soon, bring me to endless day;
 Obtain that I may fly, with thee, to heaven above!

Cross-Bearers of the Far West.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

IV.

Throughout the entire American continent the pioneer missionary cross-bearers marked with their bleeding footprints the course of later empire. Nowhere is this historical truth more clearly manifested than in the chronicles of the two great territories of New Mexico and Arizona, now knocking at the doors of the national capitol for admission as States.

Some months after Fray Marcos de Viza's discovery of the seven great cities of Cibola, "full of gold," and his rather abrupt retreat from the gates thereof, he agreed to pilot the great discoverer, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, thereto. The fact that on his late expedition he had incidently discovered and explored parts of Arizona and New Mexico did not seem to occur to the zealous priest's mind. Fray Marcos came to America from his native Italy in 1531. He had accompanied Pizarro on his exploring expedition and conquest of Peru, and had later established missions among the Nicaragua Indians. It was probably about the time of his return to New Spain (Mexico) that he was made provincial of the Franciscan Order. The viceroy, who had from the first favored Coronado's projected expedition, honored Fray Marcos with his high official direction to accompany the explorer.

While arrangements for the start of the expedition were being made, Mendoza, the viceroy, conceived the scheme of colonizing this promised land with several hundred young Spaniards, who had grown rather intractable in the idleness of peace. He put about two hundred and fifty of them under Coronado's command, with the strict injunction that they must never return.

The viceroy's enthusiastic interest in their enterprise stimulated and otherwise aided Coronado and Fray Marcos. The one saw with clearer vision seven splendid cities full of gold, to be taken and occupied. The other beheld thousands of human souls, which had never yet been reached by the redeeming light of Christian truth. Fresh ardor had kindled the desire for further exploration in the minds of all classes. Civilized Indians and "gentlemen of the first rank" flocked to the standard of Fray Marcos and Coronado. The viceroy, by mutual request of the officers of the expedition, conferred the title of

captain-general on Coronado. Before leaving Mexico, the general sent out a reconnoitering party of fifty men under Captains Diaz and Galdivar. Their special mission was to investigate and report on the general aspect and condition of the territory to be explored, especially of Cibola and its contiguous surroundings. On their return the report, though kept secret from all but the officials, was said to be less picturesque than that of Fray Marcos. The most discouraging item of Diaz's report was that the Cibolans had requested the southwestern tribes not to permit the Christians to pass, but to kill them. To overcome the effect of this rather ominous order of the Cibolans required the utmost power of Fray Marcos' eloquence, and it is safe to assume that he eventually prevailed, for Coronado started from San Miguel about the middle of April, taking fifty horsemen, a company of infantry and a battalion of Indian allies. All the Franciscan Friars, said to be four, at the San Miguel station, accompanied their superior. It would require, they all felt, some pretty strenuous missionary activity to overcome the evil intention of the tribes ordered by the Cibolans to murder the Christians.

Their route led across the Yaqui, Corazones and Sonora valleys, northward. During their fatiguing June and July marches across this mountainous and trackless country they met many obstructions which, to less intrepid spirits, would have been impassable.

Travel-worn and half-disheartened, Coronado and his men came, at last, about the middle of July, in sight of Cibola, standing on a rocky sort of mesa. This was, in fact, no other than the town which a company of Spaniards had formerly discovered and named Granada. It was, moreover, they thought, the same Zuni from which Fray Marcos had fled with such celerity long before.

As Coronado led his men up to the entrance of the town, the natives sallied forth to repel the invaders with a volley of arrows. A horse was killed and one of the Friar's gowns torn, whereupon the Spanish soldiers charged and drove the Indians back within the walls of the town, killing several and wounding many. In the brief fray following, Coronado was prostrated by stones hurled from house roofs and one of his feet was shot through with an arrow. But the town was soon carried by assault, many of the natives fleeing for shelter to the hills. On hearing of the Spaniards' storming and capturing Zuni, the chiefs of the adjacent towns sent in tenders of their capitulation to the general. Coronado's terms were accepted by the chiefs and elders, and all of Cibola became a dependency of Spain. Those who had run away, returned to Zuni and most amicable relations were established between conquerors and conquered.

If Cibola, as has been recorded, failed to meet Coronado's glowing anticipation of seven great cities full of gold, the fault lay, perhaps, more in the anticipation than in the cities. The general blamed Fray Marcos for drawing too much upon his lively imagination, in giving him a description of Cibola. Of this fact, malevolent critics of Fray Marcos seem to have made what capital they could against him, without any obvious knowledge of the essential fact of "imaginative truth." But, a better critic and truer historian than any of Fray Marcos' detractors affirms that "his statements were absolutely truthful."

In August, during the little army's stay in Cibola, Fray Marcos accompanied Captains Diaz and Gallego, with a small detachment of troops, on their march with dispatches from Coronado for Commander Arellano, in charge of the main body of the Spanish army. This last expedition so rankled his wounds and increased his rheumatism that Fray Marcos returned to Mexico. During the greater part of the remaining years of his life he was too crippled to do much itinerant missionary work; he died at the convent in the City of Mexico, in March, 1558.

Fray Juan Padilla was the next Franciscan sent out by Coronado from Cibola as guide to an exploring party. Captain Tobar headed the small company of soldiers destined to find seven other great cities to the northward, which, in reality, were those cliff-built Pueblos of Moqui in Arizona. They came, after five days' marching, within sight of one of the towns where they camped till morning. About sunrise, on seeing the Spaniards bivouaced so near their town, a crowd of the natives came forth for parley with the intruders. The Indians, after a brief word with the others, grew more distrustful and drew a line on the ground, between their towns and the whites, warning them not to cross it. On the captain's protracted hesitancy over what he should do next, Fray Juan, who had been himself a soldier in his younger days, said, as he stepped forward, "Indeed, I know not for what we have come here." Tobar, thereupon, ordered his men to charge. The Indians were driven back into their town with the loss of several killed and wounded. Then the chiefs hastened to sue for peace, inviting the invaders into their towns, presenting the Spaniards with various gifts of their handicraft and conciliating friendship as best they could. The towns themselves the Spaniards found little different from those of Cibola. They were, of course, pleased to find the natives more cheerful and ready to become loyal subjects of Spain. And Fray Juan had his hands full for weeks in baptizing and making Christians of those willing to be thus lifted out of their pagan blindness.

About three weeks later Coronado sent out still another exploring expedition of twelve men under Captain Carduas, to find the great river of which the Indians told so many strange things. After marching twenty consecutive days over the parched, hot desert country towards the westward, they came in sight of the river. But so high and steep were its banks that, in five more days' laborious marching along the river side they found no place of possible descent to the water. They were undoubtedly on the steeps of the Grand Canon of the Colorado. Thence they marched to the Pueblo Jemez, in New Mexico, and, later, to Tiguex, where he presently received orders to prepare winter quarters for the Spanish army, which had, meantime, under Arellano, joined Coronado at Cibola.

Leaving Arellano's command to rest twenty days longer in Cibola, Coronado, with only thirty men, started on the march for Tiguex. There is nothing in any of the records of the skirmishings between the Spaniards and Indians to show what part Fray Padilla took therein. When the main body of the army joined Coronado, a disastrous war with the Pueblos of Tiguex ensued. It cost Coronado two months' siege and the loss of many of his men to finally capture these Pueblos. Here, while waiting the passing of the cold winter, with the Rio Grande river, on the banks of which the Pueblos stood frozen, he learned from the Indians of the fabulous wealth of Quivira. It was, they assured him, a city of pure gold. So, in early May, 1541, as soon as the ice on the Rio Grande was sufficiently thawed for fording the stream, the entire army, save a few accompanying Captain Tobar to Sonora to bring up the force waiting there, started on the march in quest of Quivira.

After more than a month's fatiguing march across the plains to about "the center of our present Indian territory," and being convinced in his own mind that he had been misled by his disputing Indian guides, Coronado called a halt, to hold a council of war. It was now the middle of June. Supplies were running short. Buffalo meat was about all they had left. His guides had secretly confessed to Coronado that they had deceived him. For these and other good reasons, it was determined by the council of war that the main body of the army should return to Tiguex forthwith. With a guard of thirty-six picked men Coronado resumed his march for Quivira. Pushing ahead northward he crossed the Arkansas river and onward into northeastern Kansas; late in July, after forty days' steady march, he finally reached Quivira. But the great cities "of pure gold" had dwindled down to several Indian villages of brush and straw wigwams; yet the country itself was, in soil and climate, of the very best. But the absence of gold and other

precious metals rendered it of little present value to the sorely disappointed Spaniards. One of Coronado's Quivira guides, Xabe, insisted to the last upon the truth of what he had first said about an abundance of gold and silver being in his country. It was upon the strength of this insistence that Coronado, on his return to winter quarters in Tiguex, began preparations for a second expedition in quest of "the city of pure gold" as soon as spring opened up.

Spring had come. His arrangements were nearly completed when, during a festive tournament, he was thrown from his horse by the breaking of his saddle girth and kicked on the head, as he fell, by another horse. A severe relapse, after partial recovery from this almost fatal wound, so shattered the great explorer's constitution as to unfit him for other perilous adventures. He returned to Mexico during the summer of 1542, in disobedience of the viceroy's orders. The consequent disgrace drove him into an obscure retirement, from which he never afterwards came before the public eye.

Fray Juan Padilla and a lay brother named Padre Luis, who had accompanied Coronado's army on about all his expeditions, were privileged to remain in Tiguex. They were bent on the conversion of the thousands of Indians of the Cicuye and Quivira countries. A small escort of Indians, which they had civilized, accompanied them on their march. Soon after reaching Cicuye, it was decided that Padre Luis should remain there to work out the salvation of the natives of that section. Fray Juan, with a reduced escort, pushed on toward Quivira. A messenger, who had later brought some sheep to Padre Luis, reported him as saying that he was making many converts. But the old men disliked him and he feared they would finally kill him. The fact that nothing was subsequently known or heard of his fate indicates that his fears were too well founded. One of Fray Padilla's men, who years later found his way back to Mexico, brought the news of his being massacred by the Quivirans. They thus crowned their tireless redeemer with martyrdom for no other offense than the purpose of the conversion of a neighboring tribe.

Of the fate of the other two out of the five Franciscan Friars originally starting out with Coronado, nothing definite seems to be known. Their names were Fray Juan de La Cruz and Fray Francisco. It is known, however, that Fray Cruz remained at Tiguex. Several writers state that they were both killed by the Indians, which seems to be true.

Thus ended one of the greatest exploring and civilizing expeditions known to history, begun by Fray Marcos de Niza, in quest of "the seven cities of Cibola, full of gold." His simple faith in the exist-

ence of this golden myth was unquestionably the incentive which first induced the viceroy of Mexico to sanction, and Coronado to undertake, the discovery of Cibola. Then the still more glittering myth of Quivira lured Coronado on, and still on, as heedless of the heat and drought of the almost illimitable plains as of the cold and hunger of the Rio Grande winter, and the deadly arrow of the ambushed savage. The good Franciscan Fathers' lives were costly ransoms, freely offered and paid for the redemption of the Indians from their primitive pagan darkness. To have been among the trusted associates of the first discoverer of New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, the Indian Territory, the Colorado, Rio Grande and Arkansas rivers, together with the Grand Canon of the Colorado, was certainly temporal fame enough for men of whom we of to-day know, and seem to care but little. But the martyr's crown, which they so nobly won, surpasses all mere transitory distinctions of men. The fact that we are somehow blinded to the magnitude of their achievements by our comparing them to the far less perilous and easier accomplishments of others coming, one, two and three centuries after them, is no fault of theirs.

In the other Spanish-American colonies, the civilization and conversion of the natives had been, meantime, steadily progressing. The first regular school in the New World was established in Mexico by Fray Pedro de Gante in 1524. Bishop Zumarraga of Mexico had the first printing press that came upon the American continent set up in the City of Mexico in 1536, upon which was printed the oldest book published in the New World in 1539. America's first printed music was also from the same press in 1584. From the very first publication, the majority of the books printed for many years were for the purpose of making the native dialects understood. It was this benevolent Christian disposition and educational activity of the Spaniards in their civilization of the Indians which awakened a fresh intellectual energy among themselves.

Quite a number of able Spanish authors was the direct outcome of this movement. And it bore the first fruit of the sort upon American soil, in the production of several Indian authors, three-quarters of a century before the "Mayflower" had landed the English Pilgrims on the inhospitable shore of Cape Cod. It was more than a century after the bringing of the first printing press into Mexico when the first one reached the English colonies in America.

This intellectual priority of the Spaniards in America may have incited the charge of Iconoclasm made by some historians against Bishop Zumarraga. Had these detractors known something of the relation between the pagan Mexican Indian and his idols, his stone and wooden

Gods, they would probably have been less volunminous in the display of their uncharitable absurdity.

The pagan Mexicans stood in constant fear of some painful punishment at the hands of their angry, revengeful stone Gods. It needed, of course, no great psychological insight for the Spanish missionaries to discern that about the first thing essential to their success in making Christians of those pagans was to convince them that their hand-made Gods were powerless to harm them. Obviously, the quickest and most effective way of doing this was in breaking the Gods to pieces before their eyes. Such object lessons proved to be unfailing teachers and were, naturally, quite widely practiced. The most idolatrous pagans of them, when thus convinced of the errors of their ways, made the more fervid Christians. However the antiquarian may regret this iconoclasm of the Christian missionaries, it is certainly no great loss to real art. But it was, on the other hand, and still is, a great gain to Christian civilization.

With the martyrdom of those Franciscan Fathers accompanying Coronado on his first explorations ended, for several years, the extension of the missionary field in Arizona and New Mexico. The need of all the available missionary priests in New Spain itself was probably the chief cause of this cessation. Nor were there any further military explorations till there were missionaries to co-operate with the colonizers. Juan Rodriques Cabrillo's exploration of the coast of California to a hundred miles north of San Francisco, in 1548, had no special missionary significance at that time. It was, in fact, two hundred and twenty-nine years later that the first Christian missionary known to have set foot on California soil raised his cross beside the flag of Spain, near San Diego.

Mary at Nazareth.

HELENA MARIE TUCKER.

Beneath the starry skies of Nazareth,
Her duties done the little Home within,
She at its portal stands. No stain of sin
Upon Her perfect day. The Lilies' breath
Like incense rising worship whispereth,
As in their lovely fashion flowers speak.
The night wind o'er the green hills wandereth.
She clasps the Babe upon Her bosom meek.
The stars upon their holy figures shine.
Her dove-like eyes are raised to Heaven in prayer,
To seek again Her Infant's Face Divine.
All hidden is the journey they shall fare,
Transcendent in its glories and its woes;
But that a sword shall pierce Her Heart, She knows.

Harold, King of the Saxons.

THE STORY OF THE MONK ETHELBERT.

JOHN LESLIE CHAMBERLAIN.

This is the true story of Harold after the battle of Hastings. But, few will believe it; for, there is a tale told that Harold was found dead by Edith, and borne to Waltham Abbey, where he was laid to rest in a sepulcher sustaining his effigies, whereon are inscribed these words: "*Hic jacet Harold infelix.*" But these things are false; for, many of the friars, and also myself, the least amongst them, can give other testimony. Thus it happened:

A great shaft from a Norman bow pierced the eye of Cuthbert, one of Harold's close friends, and the man sank upon the ground, and the arrow smiting his brain, he died.

Then, the Norman shot a second time and all of us saw it strike Harold just below the eye, and he fell. Next, the standard-bearer was smitten to the earth; and, with the standard, fell the Glory of England. Confusion ended in rout and we fled.

For three days I went, now west, now south, until I fell, from loss of blood; for, I was sorely wounded. And, as I lay, wondering if there were any near by, I heard the bark of a wolf. Oft have I faced death in battle; but, to be torn to death by a wild beast, without power to defend myself, caused me to be sore afraid. And, as I prayed, there came a crackling of twigs, a patter of feet, and before me stood a great wolf, gaunt and grey. His eyes seemed to blaze with an unholy light; his lips were raised, and his fangs glistened; upon his back his fur bristled and he growled fiercely; across his left foreleg I noticed there was a scar; I awaited death!

Then, out of the gloom of the forest, came a monk; in his hand he held no weapon, and I thought him also doomed. But he turned not; neither did he seem afraid; and he said: "Touch him not, depart!" And the wolf turned and trotted off into the forest. Then I breathed a deep breath, for I was much relieved. Now, I saw that he that stood before me was scarcely more than a boy. His skin was fair like unto a hawthorn blossom; his wavy hair, of golden hue, hung about his shoulders; and large were his blue eyes, and soft. And I said, within myself: "This is one of the Saints, and he will shortly disappear." But he came to where I lay and asked if I were Saxon or Invader. And I made answer, truthfully, saying that I was a Saxon.

Whereupon, he bade me lie quite still until he should go and fetch some of the brethren. I bade him hasten, for the love of God, as my strength was far spent.

But soon my head began to throb; the forest and underbrush whirled around me; then all was dark. When I again opened my eyes I was in a cell in the Priory; beside me sat the fair-haired monk; whom the wolt had obeyed; and he saith: "Knowest thou what happened to Harold?" And I answered, saying: "He hath fallen and so hath England." But the monk smiled and said: "I have a secret to tell to thee, but I may not tell it now; for I greatly fear that thy wound would bleed afresh, as it is still green."

And, thereat, he gave me to drink of a vile smelling, viler tasting liquor; and bidding me not to move, he departed from the room.

All morning I lay there listening; now to the chant of the brothers, and now to the chiming of the Monastery bell; while, ever and anon, came the fair-haired leech to look after my wounds.

Thus the morning wore on to noon, and presently it was evening; for I had slept. At Vespers I heard the silvery strains from the choir; then all was still, for they had lulled me to sleep.

There I lay in the cell for many weeks; and when I was again upon my feet, I tottered unsteadily; for I was very weak. And I had grown so lean that neither my steel shirt nor my helmet would fit me any more. So I cast them aside; and bade the Prior give me the coarse robe of a monk, and thenceforth I dwelt in the Priory. Also, from the beautiful leech, Norbert, did I learn prayers of divers kinds; and, not having been a scholar, but a warrior, they set me to work in the kitchen, which pleased me mightily. But the fasts were, for me, my times of battle; but I overcame my desire to eat and eat always, till I gloried in the fasts; for I had once been a mighty eater.

Now, time wore on, and days became months; months became years; yet the brother-leech told me naught of his secret; and I fought with my curiosity and questioned him not. But, at last, I grew old, and my hair and beard were white; and I no longer had need to shave my crown; for the hairs had all fallen therefrom. Then my limbs became weak; my joints were stiff, and my hands shook.

Then the Prior bade me no longer cook, and I was given the duty of tending the door. I had little left to struggle with, for the desires of my youth were dead. One day there came to me the fair Norbert, who had found me in the wood; and he saith: "Brother, years ago I told thee I had a secret, but I never told thee, for I greatly feared that William should hear of it. But now, list ye: Yonder, in the wood, dwelleth an old man, blind in one eye and deeply scarred on the left side of his

face. Knowest thou him?" And I made answer that I did. "Then come with me to the arbor where none may hear." And, he going, I followed, till he saw none were near; then he said: "He that is yonder is Harold!"

Thereat, I thought him mad, and I said: "What hath crazed thy brain? Is not Harold dead these many years?" But he saith: "Nay. Him that Edith found among the heaps of dead was not the King, but Cuthbert who was struck in the eye." And then, I remembered seeing him fall; whereat I cried out: "Aye, it is even as thou sayest!" But he said: "Hush! lest some one hear thee; but, come with me and we shall visit him." And I went.

Now, when we had come to where the recluse lived, we found a man, with long hair and beard, whose left eye was out; and across his face was a great scar. But, albeit, his one eye blazed with a strange light; and when he talked his voice seemed to come from a sepulcher.

Gathering up my courage I said: "Art thou, indeed, Harold?" His one eye glowed like a living coal; and, from the depths, came the hollow words: "Who art thou?" And I made answer: "I am Ethelbert, who stood beside the King at Hastings; and I saw, first, Cuthbert; then the King; and lastly, the standard-bearer, fall to the earth; and, when they fell, I fled; for I knew the day was lost. But what sayest thou? Art Harold?"

Whereupon the old man answered: "I am, indeed, he." And he would speak no more. And we returned.

Now, it was not many days after that the hermit fell sick; and Norbert, who had gone to tend his wants, one day hurried back, bidding us all come. And when we were gathered around him, he saith: "Register this, mine oath." And a brother, taking ink-horn and quill, did as he commanded. Thus, the hermit continued: "I am, by the glory of the thrice holy God, Harold, King of England!" And the brethren were astounded. But he continued: "When I fell at Hastings, there fell also Cuthbert, pierced thro' the cheek bone, as I was; but the shaft pierced his eye and entered his brain. And, when it was night, there came Osgood and Ailric; and taking me, they fled with all speed to the castle of Dover, where I lay hidden for many months. And two monks were instructed to go and take Edith and find the body of Cuthbert, where they had dragged it from the heaps of slain and to bury it at Waltham. And to this day have they kept their secret. But I took the habit of a friar and journeyed on foot to St. John's, near Chester; where, digging this cave, here have I dwelt, doing penance for my sins, which are not few. But now, the hand of Death hath touched me, and I am even at his gate. Pray for me!" Then the King cried "Charge!"

for his mind wandered. "Ho! see ye not yon Norman bands? Ah, how your axes drink their blood! Steady, brave yeomen; one more shock and the day is ours! William of Normandy, I defy you; for, still am I King of England! Ho! Beware, yon shaft! What, Cuthbert slain? Saxons, let vengeance nerve your arms! Charge!" Whereupon, the King clapped both hands over his blind eye and fell back, as though smitten, crying out: "Oh, God!"

And thus died Harold, last King of the Saxons.

[Ye End.]

Sacratissimo Cordi Jesu.

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

Cor Jesu! apertum lancea
In Te, pium, reconde me
Ut pace magna perfruar
Labente vita sæculi.

Ad te recurro saucius
Ab hoste crudelissimo
Sicut columba convolans
A casse versus nidulum

Cor Jesu! amoris Hostia
Ex quo cruor diffunditur
Te diligenti dulcior
Quam nectar haustum e floribus.

Exple tuo me sanguine
Ut res caducas respuam
Ut unice te diligam
Et nunc et absque termino!

Blessed Reginald of Orleans.

CONFESSOR.

Reginald was born at Saint-Giles, in the south of France, and had taught Canon Law with applause in the University of Paris before being raised to the dignity of Dean of the Chapter of Orleans. Coming to Rome in company with his Bishop in the beginning of the year 1218, with the intention of visiting the tombs of the Apostles before going on pilgrimage to the holy places of Jerusalem, he there became acquainted with our Holy Father, S. Dominic. To him he opened his whole heart, telling him that he greatly desired to quit all things in order to go about preaching Jesus Christ in a state of voluntary poverty. The holy patriarch joyfully promised to receive him into the Order.

Shortly after, Reginald was taken dangerously ill, and the Blessed Dominic, as he himself related to the Brethren, earnestly implored God that He would not take from him a son as yet hardly born, but that He would at least prolong his life, if it were but for a little while. And even whilst he yet prayed, the Blessed Virgin Mary, accompanied by the virgin martyrs, S. Cecilia and S. Catharine, appeared to Master Reginald, and extending her virginal hand, anointed his eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, hands, and feet, pronouncing certain words appropriate to each anointing. Then she showed him the habit of the Friars Preachers, saying to him, "Behold the habit of thy Order." And so she disappeared from his eyes, and Reginald perceived that he was cured. He related all that had passed to his Holy Father, praying him, however, to keep the circumstances secret till after his death. S. Dominic complied with his request; and, in announcing to his Brethren that the linen surplice of the Canons Regular was to be exchanged for the woollen scapular, which was the particular part of the habit which the Blessed Virgin had been seen holding in her hands, he did not make known the reason of the change until after Reginald's death.

This beautiful story is commemorated in the ceremony of clothing, in the words which accompany the giving of the scapular: "Receive the holy scapular of our Order, the most distinguished part of the Dominican habit, the maternal pledge from heaven of the love of the Blessed Virgin Mary towards us."

The remaining events of Blessed Reginald's brief but brilliant career must be summed up in a few words. After his clothing, he departed for the Holy Land, and on his return, after founding a Convent in Sicily, he ruled the Order as Vicar whilst S. Dominic visited Spain. At the

same time he assumed the government of the Convent of Bologna, where, within six months, he received more than a hundred members into the Order, many of them men of great learning and distinction; so that it came to be a common saying that it was scarce safe to go and hear Master Reginald if you did not wish to take the Friars' habit.

The great talents and success of Blessed Reginald induced S. Dominic to remove him to Paris, to the great sorrow of his Brethren; for, notwithstanding the severity of his discipline, they were tenderly attached to their saintly Prior and wept as though being torn from their mothers' arms.

At Paris, his burning eloquence drew all to hear him, and vocations to the Order were as striking as at Bologna. Being one day asked how he, who had been used to so luxurious a life in the world, had found it possible to persevere in the penitential life of the Order, Reginald humbly cast his eyes upon the ground and replied: "Truly, I do not think to merit anything for that before the tribunal of God. He has given me so much consolation in my soul, that the rigors of which you speak have become very sweet and easy to me."

One of the most remarkable subjects whom he drew to the Order was Blessed Jordan of Saxony, to whom God was pleased to reveal the approaching death of Reginald in a vision, wherein he beheld a clear and sparkling fountain suddenly spring up in the Dominican Church of S. James, and as suddenly fail.

The death of the holy man took place in February, 1220, when he had worn the habit scarcely two years. When Abbot Mathew, who then governed the Community at Paris, came to announce to him that his illness was mortal and proposed to administer to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, the dying man made answer: "I do not fear the assault of death, since the blessed hands of Mary anointed me in Rome. Nevertheless, because I would not make light of the Church's Sacrament, I will receive it, and humbly ask that it may be given to me."

Blessed Reginald has ever been held in veneration in the Order, though he was not solemnly beatified until the pontificate of Pius the Ninth.

Love-Lies-Bleeding.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Speak for the many wounded hearts
To the cruel world unheeding—
They have a champion good in you,
Beautiful Love-lies-bleeding!

Editorial.

A solemn High Mass of requiem was celebrated at Saint Dominic's, San Francisco, on Monday, January thirtieth, for the repose of the soul of Reverend J. L. O'Neil, O. P. January twenty-eighth marked the anniversary of the death of Father O'Neil, the beloved founder and late editor of DOMINICANA, whose sudden taking away, by pneumonia, is still sincerely mourned by a multitude of loving friends.

In the unaffected outpourings of the heart in fervent prayer during the solemn services commemorative of Father O'Neil's passing from terrestrial vicissitudes, a great concourse of friends evidenced their tender appreciation of the noble attributes of heart and mind that characterized the beloved friend who, but yesterday, had lightened the burden of their individual grief.

To-day the brightness of his heroic courage, his splendid magnanimity, his gentle human sympathy, remains undimmed in the memory of all who were blessed with his loyal, Christian friendship. Sweet is the recollection of Father O'Neil's uniform, cheerful courtesy. He was bravest of the brave in his exercise of a rare and Christ-like charity; and, though time has been denied him for the accomplishment of much that we have wished, eternity has given him the priceless privilege of still directing our footsteps in the way of peace. In our constant supplication for celestial favors in behalf of our beloved friend, let us take comfort from the knowledge of his tender faith, trusting in the mercy of the Eternal Father, strengthened and consoled by the words of our loving Saviour: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and every one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever."

From *Osservatore Romano*, the official publication of the Vatican, we quote some remarks especially commendatory of the results of Catholic Federation in the United States:

"Catholic Federation has for scope Catholic progress, the defense of Catholic rights when they are contravened or disregarded; and has now made such headway, and attained proportions so imposing, as to draw into it, in a few years, almost every Catholic society of the country.

"Bishop McFaul makes manifest the necessity which is felt in our era to organize, to associate together, whatever be the object in view.

The Federation of which we speak aims at uniting all Catholic associations in one great confederacy. It must be remembered that Catholics should not, as such, associate themselves with any political party: that would do grave injury to their own interests. Of what use, then, is Federation? Bishop McFaul answers, that, while Federation has no political object, it has for purpose to educate all Catholics to avail themselves of their rights as American citizens for their civil, social and religious advancement. Federation gives great help in this educational campaign through discussion of problems of the day and the popularizing of Catholic solutions.

"Besides, its influence on Catholic societies of various nationalities will confer the benefit of protecting them against Protestant proselytism. Federation has already made a great step by forming public opinion on the great questions of the day, its conclusions having been made matter of public discussion. There is no doubt that since the beginning of the Federation movement, the Catholic position with regard to education, divorce, socialism, etc., has been proclaimed with a vigor never before felt in the history of the Republic.

"As a practical result of Federation may also be cited the concessions made to Catholics in Philippine affairs, the present friendly relations existing in Porto Rico, the change in matters regarding the Indian schools, and the clear light which is breaking on the famous question of the Public Schools. The arrangement proposed is this: Let the Catholic Schools remain in possession of the Church, and be taught, as now, by Brothers and Sisters. No religious instruction will be paid for by public money. Let the children be examined in the Catholic Schools; and if it be found that they have received the instruction demanded by the State, let the State pay for such secular education as it does in the Public Schools.

"To those who look with fear on Federation, the Bishop recalls that it is advancing with all the prudence and forethought that a work so serious and promising demands.

"Mgr. James Augustine McFaul is of Irish birth, and still in the flower of his age, being only fifty-four. He is considered one of the most learned and popular of American Bishops, being sympathetic in manner, and the very type of a prelate who believes in action."

The following tribute to the memory of Reverend Michael King, late Rector of the Church of the Immaculate Church, Oakland, comes

from the pen of Margaret Glody, in affectionate commemoration of her beloved pastor:

Time in its flight doth mark a month, to-day,
Since our Beloved Father passed to the
Eternal Sabbath, where triumphantly
He, Mass of Joyous Jubilee, doth say
With happy saints, who grateful homage pay
As pæans of praise they sing exultingly;
For, through long years of patient ministry,
He guided them to realms of Perfect Day.

Fond, Loving Pastor, we shall come ere long,
Thy absence bide we but for little while;
Already, catch we echoes of the song
Of those, like us, you've led through hour of trial:
From Church Triumphant bless thy people now,
As 'neath the Cross, resigned, we humbly bow.

The laying of the corner-stone of Saint Rose's new Academy, San Francisco, took place on the Feast of the Holy Name, Sunday, January fifteenth, at two o'clock. The ceremony of blessing the stone, conducted by Reverend Father F. S. Welch, O. P., assisted by Fathers Newell, Rourke, Driscoll and Corcoran, was of a most impressive character. Among the interested spectators were numbers of Sisters of Saint Dominic, representing various houses of their Order throughout California. The beautiful block of marble which occupies so conspicuous a position in the foundation of the magnificent brick structure to be erected, is the gift of Miss Katie Carroll, a former pupil and devoted friend of Saint Rose's Academy.

In acknowledging the kind interest of friends in the progress of the building, the Dominican Sisters beg to make special mention of their indebtedness to Very Reverend Father Pius Murphy, O. P., and his community, whose generous gift of the land on which the Convent is to be built has enabled them to extend more effectually the educational work of the Institution.

Charles F. Lummis, in January *Out West*, calls attention to the present condition of destitution and impending famine among the Indians of Southern California. The paper, backed by an official "confession of judgment," aggravates the fact that the general distress upon

Indian reservations, though persistently kept before the Department at Washington for the past forty years, has failed to elicit energetic measures for the preservation of Indian life and effectual provision for human needs.

In the proposed movement, initiated by the Sequoya League, to secure by government appropriation, arable lands that may be cultivated by the Indian, each citizen should be personally interested and actively engaged until happy results will have been obtained.

We trust that our readers will avail themselves of informational data, regarding the habits and industries of the Indian, in the January and in earlier numbers of *Out West*.

Mr. Lummis, in his fearless campaign against injustice in its varied phases and ingenious disguises, has ably demonstrated that a *live* Indian is susceptible to influences for good; that the national sin consists in depriving him of his rightful inheritance; and that the white man, whose individual efforts have augmented the evils of physical discomfort and spiritual inanition, could take to himself no more bitter reproach, in palliation of his deceitful methods, than the lurid stigma attached to the unfortunate red man, "A good Indian is a dead Indian!"

We note with regret the passing, after a lingering illness, of Reverend Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., of England. Father Wilberforce was widely known for his missionary zeal and his untiring efforts to spread Catholic truth on literary lines. The excellent quality of his productions and their practical adaptation to general spiritual needs, impress all who are familiar with his writings. By his death the Order of Saint Dominic has lost a devoted son and a beloved priest. May he rest in peace.

In gratifying recognition of the phenomenal activity of The Catholic University of America on educational lines, the celebrated University of Berlin has recently included the University among the few American institutions whose bachelor's degree is accepted as the equivalent of the German requirements for admission to work for the doctorate in philosophy. Moreover, the three years' term of residence hitherto rigorously required there of all candidates for the doctorate has been shortened to three semesters, or one and a half years, for students who receive the baccalaureate degree from any one of these universities and who do some graduate work at them. In virtue of this privilege, American students who desire to obtain the doctor's degree at the University of

Berlin may do a large part of the work at one of the recognized home institutions, and obtain credit for the same in Berlin.

These concessions are made only to the institutions in the Association of American Universities. This organization represents the highest attainments of American scholarship, being composed of Harvard, Clark, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, and the Catholic University of America in the East, and Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, California, and Leland Stanford in the West.

The membership of the Catholic University of America in this Association is a testimonial of the excellent work it has accomplished in the comparatively few years that have intervened since its foundation. It is a recognition of merit by those most competent to judge, and an acknowledgment of its contributions to the intellectual life of the nation on the part of its foremost investigators.

The present year is one of unparalleled activity at the University. Important contributions to knowledge have just come from the press: Dr. Moore's "Study in Reaction-Time and Movement," Dr. Trahey's "De Nominibus et Verbis Ennod Hieronymique inter se collatis," and Dr. Nieuwland's "Reactions of Acetylene." Other books in press or in immediate preparation for printing are Dr. Melody's "Physical Basis of Marriage," Dr. Butin "On the Pentateuch," Dr. Oswald's "Prepositions in Apollonius Rhodius," Dr. Healey's "The Valerian Persecution," "Responsibility and the Moral Life" by Dr. O'Connor, "St. Francis, Social Reformer" by Dr. Dubois, and Dr. Dubray's "The Theory of Psychical Disposition."

This creditable array of recent publications illustrates the earnestness of the professors of the Catholic University of America in their efforts for the realization of the hopes of the University's founders, and indicates the distinguished character of the work which will be done to a much greater extent when the plans of the Trustees for increasing the number of its students are in practical operation.

It is gratifying to learn that the Trustees of the University have decided to proceed at once with the full development of undergraduate courses of study. Two motives impelled to this action: the desire of increasing the productivity of the University in all its departments by the better preparation of young men for subsequent scientific investigation and research in the graduate schools and in the learned professions, and the urgent necessity of doing something to prevent the continued increase in the number of our young men attending non-Catholic institutions.

The Board of Trustees has inaugurated a new era in the history of Catholic education by placing the laboratories and libraries of the University at the disposal of a larger body of lay students working under the direction of the trained investigators of its professorial corps. It is to be hoped that, henceforth, every Catholic citizen of the United States will feel that he has a direct personal interest in the University; that it belongs to the Catholic people of the country, and that it is their right to partake of its advantages, and their duty to defend it and support it liberally.

The following pertinent set of "Dont's," from an exchange, will bear repetition, particularly for the benefit of a certain class of people who assume that their presence at Divine service exempts them from the observance of ordinary Christian courtesy. It is a lamentable fact that there are some persons who pride themselves upon their strict practice of the details of society etiquette, who feel perfectly free to inflict their personal shortcomings upon their neighbors during the solemn moment of prayer:

Don't come late to Mass.

Don't sprawl out in your seat—kneel.

Don't gaze about you or try to attract attention.

Don't mumble the prayers that you are expected to say in a clear voice.

Don't talk during the sermon.

Don't leave church until service is over, and that is when the clergy have left the sanctuary.

Don't greet your acquaintances during the service.

Don't run out of church as if you were glad Mass was over, or as if a creditor were at your heels.

Don't run in the church; walk reverently to your seat, there is no lightning express for moving around in the house of God.

Don't stand at the back of the church while you can afford to pay for a seat—it looks bad.

Father O'Neil, in his direction as to "What We Ought to Read," says:

The lives of many men and women who have attained reputations in a literary way illustrate the benefit of early association with books, and the life-long impressions made on their minds, in childhood, by familiarity with the few good books that formed the humble library of their unpretentious homes.

Do not commit the error of treating books as fashions, good for a season, and then to be thrown aside. A good book is always a friend; a bad one is always an enemy. Seek the few books that are immortal, for many are still-born; more die very properly in their cradles; others come out and enjoy a season; some endure to a green old age; but the immortals can easily be counted. Seek the books of genius, of the men who think, and of the men who make you think. Seek the books that have done more for the human race than war or diplomacy has done.

Remember that as a man sinks or rises to the level of his habitual society, so is it of mind and of books. Be at least as careful of your intellectual companionships as you are of those that are social. Purity of

mind is assuredly as much to be desired as tone and place in society, nor may truth be sacrificed for aught that the spirit of the world can give. I admit that danger is on every side, that bad books are not the only temptations. I know that dwelling even in the desert would not be a safeguard, for deep down in our nature lies evil; but I also know that care in seeking only what will elevate will aid us in purifying our higher powers, and in securing their dominion over the lower soul. The mud will not be removed from the river's bottom, but it will settle; and over the hardening surface the waters will flow in clearness undisturbed.

And here I commend to you the advice of Lord Lytton: "It is a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievement to take, every year, some one great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be carried, studied, and brooded over; to go into the country with it; travel with it; be devotedly faithful to it; be without any other book for the time; compel yourself thus to read it again and again. Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar intercourse with some transcendent mind, and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?"

"Good Catholic newspapers," says the celebrated Father William Barry, in a recent address to English Catholics, "have a claim to be supported much more than, in fact, they ever have been. The truth is that we do not yet understand our situation as regards the printing press. If clergy and laity once perceive that by printing we can spread the Gospel, that infidelity is the present anti-Christ, and the pen his most effective weapon, we shall see a great change. Authors, booksellers, distributing agencies will no longer be starved; Catholic intellect will cease to lie barren, as in lamentable degree it does all over the country."

Don't dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see.

Don't show less courtesy to your dependents than you would to your equals in position.

Don't take the world into your confidence either about your troubles or your family affairs.

Don't forget to be gentle and respectful to the aged, even when they are fussy and tiresome.

Don't criticise the food at meal times.

Don't contradict your friends when speaking, and don't appear impatient if they are somewhat long-winded.

Don't refuse ungraciously when some one offers to do you a favor.

Don't, when traveling by train or trolley, behave as if you were the one person who had a right to be there and the rest were all interlopers.



Some Recent Books

To travelers, or to those who have neither the time nor money to travel, to Catholics and to non-Catholics, *IN MANY LANDS* will open vistas of pleasure. The nom de plume, "A member of the Order of Mercy," has ceased to cover the identity of the writer, Mother Teresa Austin Carroll, a Sister of Mercy, now stationed at a Convent of her Order in Mobile, Ala. She is the author of several other works equally delightful. Her style is simple, but magnetic; vivid and descriptive. One is charmed by her poetic descriptions of places and persons. The reader is not only entertained but highly instructed. Memorable facts are interspersed with flashes of keen wit and delightful anecdote. These memoirs will be read and re-read with profit and pleasure.

A SHORT CUT TO HAPPINESS well deserves its title. The writer has long remained unknown to the public, but is supposed to be Lady Lovat, a convert to the Faith who wrote a few years ago a work entitled "The Catholic Church from Within." All men seek happiness in some form, but the road to real happiness is here clearly set forth, and is summed up in the renunciation of self. Of the many excellent chapters one holds special attraction for those who are really seeking their souls' welfare, and that is the chapter entitled "The Worship of Self." The book is published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

A book that will be read by the people at large with great interest has recently been published by Benziger Brothers, New York. *THE LIFE OF POPE PIUS THE TENTH*, our present Pope, is a very interesting work, profusely illustrated; it contains not only the life of Pope Pius up to the present, but also a sketch of our late illustrious Pontiff's death and the attending ceremonies. Perhaps one of the most interesting chapters is that pertaining to the elections of the Popes. The account of the Conclave is authentic. The preface is written by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

WELCOME! a collection of beautiful prayers and devout thoughts expressive of the joy with which Jesus should be welcomed in Holy Communion, has been recently edited by Reverend Herbert Thurston,

S. J., from the devotional writings of Mother Loyola. This excellent work, illustrative of the tender love manifested by Jesus while on earth towards the sick, the lame, the blind, the sinner, is admirably adapted to encourage the spiritually burdened to present their petitions with familiar confidence to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

THE MASTER-FEELING, strongly developed in the extraordinary heroine of a fascinating romance, is delightfully portrayed by Miss N. Almirall, in her "Story of Agatha Peynton."

Psychologically an interesting study, in her wanderings through the "crystal maze" of life, Agatha finally satisfies the reader's wishes in regard to the desires of the long-suffering hero. Dr. Latimer gains sympathy from the outset, and we would have given him happiness at an earlier stage in the drama; but Miss Almirall cannot be equalled in her telling of "the story."

The publisher, Mr. Richard Badger, Boston, has brought out the book in excellent style. The appropriate cover design, interpreted "two hearts that beat as one," with rosy garlands hung, will appeal to those who, like Agatha, hesitate in choosing between a public career and "*unbounded domesticity*."

THE TERRITORIAL ACQUISITIONS OF THE UNITED STATES, historically reviewed by Edward Bicknell, is a timely treatise on the gradual extension of the boundaries of the United States of America. The author briefly states the facts in relation to the acquisition of contiguous and of foreign territory, whether desirable for commercial advantages or for the exercise of humanitarian principles. In conclusion the writer points out the moral responsibility assumed by our country in its latest acquisitions, those included in the Spanish cession, and emphasizes particularly the change in the character of transactions that regard simply the possession of desirable tracts of land and those that regard the moral welfare and political future of millions of people.

This interesting hand-book of American territorial expansion is published in convenient size by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, Mass.

William E. Chancellor, Superintendent of Schools, Bloomfield, New Jersey, has prepared a series of text books especially adapted to the use of students in evening schools. Based upon his teaching experience of many years, the author has admirably combined practical and interesting work. STUDIES IN ENGLISH, READING AND LANGUAGE LESSONS, ARITHMETIC admirably answer the requirements of beginners, or of adult students in English, evening schools.

A FIRST LATIN WRITER, prepared by Mather A. Abbot, Master in Groton School, practically elucidates "those rules of Latin composition which are absolutely necessary to the grammatical rendering of English into Latin prose."

The subject matter of this valuable hand-book has been selected from the second book of "Cæsar's Gallic War"—as an incentive to the second-year Latin student to base his English-Latin work on classical lines.

These interesting publications are issued by the American Book Company, New York.

Among Benziger's latest publications we note, with pleasure, a COMPLETE PRAYER-BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS, compiled by Reverend F. X. Lasance, whose former works "Visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," "The Sacred Heart Book," "Mass Devotions," and other books of piety, bespeak for the present volume of beautiful prayers more than an ordinary excellence deserving of general practice in religious communities. Lay persons, also, will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded in this compendium of indulgenced prayers to enrich themselves spiritually by a devout daily recitation of the same.

Under title of ANECDOTES AND EXAMPLES, edited by Reverend James J. Baxter, D.D., both teachers and pupils in Christian doctrine are given a very useful work. It contains the full Catechism of the Council of Baltimore, and under each question is one or more striking anecdote or example. The truths of religion illustrated thereby are thus fixed in the minds of children. The author very truly says, "The great value of examples and illustrations in teaching children and the uneducated is universally acknowledged." The book may be obtained from Benziger Brothers, New York.

A. C. Green has arranged in dictionary form "A Guide to Polite Usage for All Social Functions." This DICTIONARY OF ETIQUETTE includes simple and brief explanations of essential points of good breeding conceded to be necessary and established by the usage of the best society. Alphabetically arranged, the duties of host, hostess, guests, and individual members of society are clearly defined for public and private occasions that require the exercise of social courtesy.

This admirable handbook of etiquette comes from Brentano's Publishing House, New York City.

A new edition of the *PRAYERS AND MEDITATION ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST*, by Thomas á Kempis, has just been published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

The present translation, from the text of the edition of M. Joseph Pohl, Ph. D., of these sublime meditations, comes from the pen of W. Duthoit, D. C. L., who gives, in his introductory notes, information regarding the life and writings of Thomas á Kempis, which will be affectionately valued by the admirers of that glorious apostle of prayer.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CHURCH, adapted from the French of Reverend J. Laxenaire, by Reverend J. M. Leleu, is a valuable disquisition on an important subject of the one true Church and man's salvation through its means.

Having glanced at the pretensions of founders of modern churches from Luther to Mother Eddy, the translator closes his preface with these words: "The true religion must have God only as its foundation and support. The Roman Catholic Church alone goes back to the Christ-God. Therefore she alone is the true Church.

"This is the *thesis*, but, on account of the possibility of good faith everywhere, on account of the possibility of certitude founded upon error, there is an *antithesis*—the unity of religion has to be conciliated with the dignity of consciences. With the Catholic theory of the *body and soul* of the Church, Dr. Laxenaire is to make up for us the *synthesis*. We are usually more ignorant than weak, we need more light than strength, let us then study his work."

The study of this work will bring special consolation to those who have suffered from ignorance of the true spirit of the Church and her dogmatic teaching on many important points. "The soul of the Church," says Dr. Laxenaire, "has a greater field than the body. Like the soul of every living creature, it tends to attract to itself elements which are susceptible of assimilation and to incorporate them in the organism which it vivifies. It, therefore, extends beyond the body." "Many of those who seem outside the Church," wrote Saint Augustine, "are really within, and many who appear within are actually without."

In this scholarly treatise, explanatory of the axiom, "Outside the Church there is no salvation," the writer logically shows that, "despite the party-walls of religions, there is, among Christians, a true community of spirits and hearts."

This commendable booklet is published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

HOW TYSON CAME HOME, prefaced by his adventures before setting out from America and during his stay among the "blue-blooded" aristocracy of England, is most entertainingly set forth by William H. Rideing. The reader eagerly accompanies Tyson on his homeward trip to scenes of honest labor and vigorous enterprise. Of course, there are rival heroines in the story, each interesting in her way—ways that are widely divergent. Nona, the American girl, is a character study of the breezy sort, who, whether in throes of doubt or in the sure haven of joy, contentedly "munches an apple." Mary Leigh, the English heroine, typifies the self-contained of her stereotyped class who stifle sentiment, lest it might warm the "blue-blood" in a chilled arterial system.

John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, publishes the book in attractive form.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS, by Catherine Emmerich, prefaced by a brief sketch of the life of that favored servant of God, has been recently published by O'Shea & Company, New York.

This valuable little treatise, upon the sufferings of our Saviour, the details of which are so vividly described by this loving client, especially inspires compassionate sympathy and repentant sorrow in the hearts of all who meditate upon the simple, consoling truths contained therein. The announcement of a new edition will be welcomed by all who appreciate the efficacy of meditation upon Christ's passion and death.

The Society of the Divine Word, Shermerville, Illinois, has brought out a new edition of a deservedly popular book of Catholic instruction. In his ANSWERS TO OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE CATHOLIC RELIGION, the reverend author, Mgr. Segur, eminent for his sanctity and learning, logically refutes, in a peculiarly elevated style, arguments advanced against the teachings of Christianity as illustrated in Catholic belief and practice. The chief purport of this praiseworthy work—the removal of prejudice from the minds of those who asperse our holy religion on account of a misunderstanding of its doctrines—may be happily furthered by those who, professing an esteem for the Faith, labor for their own and their neighbor's salvation.

The second English edition of the LIFE OF ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH has been brought out in two volumes by Francois Pustet & Co., New York.

English readers will hail with joy this record of the wonderful favors bestowed by Heaven on this devout soul. The name of Catherine Emmerich is familiar to the entire Catholic world; her mission—to bring souls in touch with Christ—brightly illumines the history of the Church in the nineteenth century; the influence generated by her virtues will endure into eternity. A perusal of the life of this extraordinary soul God is His manifestations of hidden things to His creatures through the God is His manifestations of hidden things to his creatures through the instrumentality of Catherine Emmerich who received not His gifts "in the agitation of delusion, but in the purity of simplicity."

Volume XX—THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, comprising interesting data concerning the internal development of the Philippine Colony, particularized in the records of controversies between the secular and ecclesiastical authorities, throws some light upon complications incident to so extraordinary a situation as that described in the documentary evidence of 1621-1624.

The report of the Archbishop of Manila, Miguel Garcia Serrano, written in 1621, and sent to the King of Spain after his official visitation of the Archdiocese of Manila, is a stupendous argument in favor of the zeal of the religious Orders of that early period. Quoting briefly from the editor's preface, we learn that:

"Among the clergy he (Serrano) finds no offenses, save that a few have gambled in public; these are promptly disciplined. The Cathedral of Manila is the only parochial church; it cares for two thousand four hundred souls. Another curate is in charge of the Indians and slaves of Manila, who number one thousand six hundred and forty, and one thousand nine hundred and seventy, respectively; but many of these confess at the Convents of the various Orders. * * * The Indians in the Archdiocese of Manila are mainly as follows:

"Of the Augustinians, ninety thousand souls; Franciscans, forty-eight thousand four hundred; Dominicans, twenty-eight thousand; Jesuits, ten thousand six hundred; Recollects, eight thousand. Besides these twenty thousand Indians are under the care of secular priests, making a total of two hundred and five thousand. * * * Chinese converts residing in the outskirts of Manila number one thousand five hundred souls, in charge of the Dominicans and Franciscans. Among the Japanese in the Islands there are more than one thousand five hundred Christians. In the bishopric of Cebu are two hundred Spaniards; the Indians and other people under instruction amount to one hundred and nineteen thousand six hundred and fifty. Of these about sixteen thousand are in the care of secular priests; nearly fifty thousand, of the Augustinians; and fifty-four thousand of the Jesuits.

"In the bishopric of Cagayan (in northern Luzon) there are but seventy Spaniards; the Augustinians instruct fifty thousand and the Dominicans seventy thousand. Finally, the total number of souls of *natives* under religious instruction in the Islands amounts to more than half a million—apparently not counting children! The great number of Indians still unconverted demands many more missionaries whom the King is urged to send."

We again commend this important publication, *THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*, to the attention of our readers. Full information as to terms of subscription for the set may be obtained from The Arthur H. Clark Co., 1023 Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

LIFE AND DEATH AND OTHER LEGENDS AND STORIES, translated from the original Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz, by Jeremiah Curtain, exercise the usual fascination upon the reader that characterizes the works of this famous author. These brief productions, brilliant in literary power, have their sources in interesting historical incidents, outlined by Mr. Curtain in his prefatory remarks.

This little volume is beautifully printed by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

In *VEGETARIAN SAVOURIES* Mary Pope has certainly "served up" most delicious substitutes for meat diet. Recipes for "Sauces," "Soups," "Purees," "Curries," "Cutlets," "Fritters," "Rissoles," in which the flesh of animals form no part, are astonishingly multiplied. Careful attention to directions in preparing "Salads," "Sandwiches," etc., will tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicure.

This useful handbook of vegetarian cookery is published by John Lane, New York.

SEUIL, OR THINGS WHICH AIN'T FINISHED IN THE FIRST, by Henry A. Shute, published by The Everett Press, Boston, Mass., is the continuation of the author's former work, "The Real Diary of a Real Boy." The "real boy" in "Seuil" is a prodigious writer, but no speller; he welcomes the days that are "brite and fair" equally with those that are as "*rany as time*," when the atmospheric conditions do not interfere with his chief pleasures—racing horses, or staying away from Sunday service! When the "boy diarist" *grows up* he may give us something better.

Calendar for February.

1—S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr. Constancy.

2—Candlemas Day—Purification of the Blessed Virgin. Feast of Devotion. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers.

3—S. Blase, Bishop and Martyr. Invoked for the cure of ailments of the throat.

4—S. Andrew Corsini; Carmelite Bishop. Forbearance. Votive Mass of the Rosary. Requiem High Mass for the parents of the members of the Dominican Order. Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; assist at Mass; prayers.

5—First Sunday of the month—S. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr. Three Plenary Indulgences: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers; (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers; (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

6—S. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr. Amiability.

7—S. Romuald, Abbot. Silence.

8—S. John of Matha, Priest and Founder of the Order of Trinitarians for the Redemption of Captives. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

9—B. Bernard Scammaca, O. P. True conversion.

10—S. Scholastica, Virgin. Gentleness.

11—Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

12—Second Sunday of the month—B. Reginald of Orleans, O. P. Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

13—S. Catherine de Ricci, O. P., Virgin. Mildness.

14—B. Nicholas, O. P. Humility.

15—B. Jordan of Saxony. Sec-

ond General of the Dominican Order.

16—B. Gregory the Tenth Pope. Christian Courage.

17—The Seven Founders of the Order of Servites.

18—B. Laurence of Rippafratta, O. P., Priest. Poverty.

19—Third Sunday of the month—Septuagesima Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

20—S. Catherine, Virgin.

21—Our Lord's Prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. First Sorrowful mystery of the Rosary.

22—Chair of S. Peter at Antioch.

23—S. Peter Damien, Bishop. Hospitality.

24—S. Matthias, Apostle. Obedience.

25—B. Constantius, O. P., Votive Mass of the Rosary.

26—Last Sunday of the month—Sexuagesima Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

27—S. Philip of Jesus, O. F. M., Priest and Martyr.

28—Commemoration of Our Lord's Passion.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Brigid of Ireland, Abbess; S. Severinus, Abbot; S. Peter Damien, Bishop and Doctor; S. Dorothy, Virgin and Martyr; S. Andrew, Corsini. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Matthias, Apostle; S. Valentine, Martyr; S. Apollonia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr; S. Blase, Bishop and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Finstan, Abbot; S. Scholastica, Virgin; S. Joseph of Seonissa, Confessor; S. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr; S. Alice, Abbess.

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Dominicana

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1905.

No. 3.

Magnificat.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

MAGNIFICAT!

Ringling timbrel-toned on Judah's heights
In raptured jubilance,
The broad air, startled, lights
As dawn's red rose-buds clamber o'er the ba
Of flying night.

MAGNIFICAT!

One lone white star,
A laggard on the azure zenith, takes
Its raptured throes.
The wan-faced moon awakes,
As fain to list that music heaven-born
Flooding the portals of lone lands afar,
Above the blossoming of that April morn.

MAGNIFICAT!

The fragrant distances of crimson lime;
The silvering olives; and the new-leafed vines,
Pulse to that psalmody, all quivering;
The distant lines
Of palms that smuggle sunbeams, summer long
For Autumn fruitage, take the song.
And Nature to its note keeps happy time.

MAGNIFICAT!

In that swift utterance pent,
The voice of myriad waiting eons rings.
Prisoned within its syllables, there heaves
The music of a hundred seraph choirs.
Strait in its minute's span Immortal fires,
That leap beyond a span of centuries.
Seas of cherubic adoration blend,
With rapt harmonies of unquenched desires,
But widening in fulfillment as they bend,
Wing-veiled before the King.

MAGNIFICAT!

Day draws the shimmering, saffron veils,
Swift from her blushing face; the sacred hills
Throb as the heart-strain thrills
From Olivet, in emerald set,
To Tabor's height, mantled in light,
And dies on Calvary,
To wake again in mightier throes
Of lip-lute melody;
Swelling beyond the summits to the sea
Of brighted-banked ethers, out beyond the glows
Of star-mists, to the boundless mystery
Between Time and Eternity.

MAGNIFICAT!

The lucid space of thought,
'Twixt the swift syllables throbs music fraught,
Echoes of one deep chord,
From midnight Nazareth,
Fragrant with lilies' breath,
Silences sweet and dim
To stern Golgotha's ghastly height,
Mantled in gloom; noon merged in night
Thrills the soul-song in one accord:
"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

ELIZABETH!

What swift responses woke within thy heart,
 To die in silences that loud confessed
 The wingless flight of speech, oppressed
 With weight of syllables that burden breath;
 Thy spirit, mute, thrilled like a lute;
 Thy raptured glance,
 From the gray vistas of the shadowed Past,
 Speeds to the present jubilation:
 Thou canst not leap the broad expanse,
 With narrow sight.
 Thy eager heart, in the swift-coming thrills,
 Lives; thy dim eyes rest calm on Judah's hills.
 The lonely height
 Thou dost not see.
 The curtain is not drawn for thee
 Beyond the veils of mist-wove light
 To the dim slopes of Calvary.

MAGNIFICAT!

The seraph's summons to the shepherd-throng,
 The Orient psalmody of raptured Seers,
 The singing silences of Exile, throb
 Within the song;
 And Nazareth,
 With the mute melodies of mystic years,—
 The problem of the Sanctities,
 The wonder of futurities,
 The lesson of Eternities,
 That solving which the flesh-freed
 Intellect
 Still nears,
 And nearing still, the soul of mysteries,
 Like sapphire circles linking skies and seas,
 Over the straining vision ever flees,—
 The three long years of separation blend
 In harmonies, a throbbing undertone,
 Between the jubilation of Bethlehem
 And the hushed heart-dirge of Golgotha lone.

MAGNIFICAT!

Day queens the world high from her golden throne,
 Dawn's drooping petals fall in showers of light.
 The last lone guardian of the Monarch Night
 In sullen splendor follows the swift route
 Of starry sentinels that erst had fled.
 Mary again is mute.
 And yet we hear her singing on the hills,
 And every pulse of being wakes and thrills
 To her heart-lute,
 The key-note of that Spirit's sweet accord,
 With the harmonies of Immortal song,
 Around whose symphonies the singing hosts,
 Silenced—throng.
 "MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD."
 The matin-melody: the vesper-song:
 The bliss—the pain,
 One throb: the strain,
 A pæan and a psalm.

MAGNIFICAT!

'Neath the wide-flashing of Faith's crystal ray,
 The silver Dawn of Promise, rifted, shows
 The blossoming Morn of rapt fulfillment nigh;
 The purple hills of time are flushed with rose,
 The gray mists fly,
 But in the breast of Mary it is Day.

MAGNIFICAT!

'Tis dusk on Judah's hills; in tremulous lakes
 Of liquid violets Light bathes her feet;
 The night-bird in the ilex covert wakes;
 But still the vocal echoes linger on
 That matin sweet,
 And hill to hill sends thro' the shadows long
 Low fragments of the song,
 With lute-linked lapses, yet replete
 With melodies.

MAGNIFICAT!

Upon the sobbing seas
 Of human centuries,
 The song breaks still;
 Its lyred syllables startle and thrill
 In quickening harmonies
 Adown the eons to the silent shore,
 Where breaks the last lone wave of lapsing years,
 And time shall be no more.

MAGNIFICAT!

And o'er the gleaming jasper battlements,
 And jacinth turrets lit with living gold,
 The song is rolled;
 Out from the gates of carven pearl,
 The strain is sent;
 The harpers harping hush their melody,
 That sounds forever by the waveless sea;
 And heaven sounds with one accord:
 "MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD!"

Star of the Morn.

W. J. DONAHOE.

Star of the morn, whose ray
 Shines o'er the ocean wave,
 Seeking thy cheering light,
 Come we to thee;
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 Out of the tempest save,
 Wandering all the night
 O'er the dark sea.

Bride of the Mighty One,
 Born without stain of sin,
 Burdened by weariness
 Come we to thee;
 Plead with thy tender Son;—
 May we His mercy win;
 Save us in our distress,
 Tossed on the sea.

Saint Dominic at Rome.

San Sisto Vecchio.

EDITH R. WILSON.

Prior even to Santa Sabina, in the data of Dominican annals at Rome, stands San Sisto Vecchio, the quaint old church which marks the meeting-place of the martyred Pope Sisto and his faithful deacon, S. Laurence; for, as the aged pontiff was led to martyrdom, S. Laurence met him and besought permission to follow him, saying: "Whither goest thou, O Father, without thy son? Whither dost thou hasten, O holy priest, without thy deacon? Thou wast never wont to offer the holy Sacrifice without thy minister; therefore, desert me not. Behold, the treasures which thou entrusted to me are already expended upon the poor."

And Sisto answered, saying: "I do not desert thee; neither do I abandon thee, O my son; but greater sufferings are reserved for thee, for the faith of Christ. After three days the levite shall follow his priest."

This church was, as all Dominican readers know, S. Dominic's first dwelling-place at Rome, the first abode appointed him by Pope Honorius. Here he gathered around him more than a hundred religious, and from San Sisto the first branch foundation was made, that of Bologna, under Bertrand of Garrigua. It was not until some time later, when Pope Honorius entrusted the saint with what Mother Drane speaks of as the "delicate task of gathering together a number of religious women then living in Rome without enclosure and without regular discipline," that S. Dominic resigned his first home for the occupancy of these Sisters, forty-four in number, who consented to accept cloister there. He, himself, received in return from the Pope the gift of Santa Sabina.

The courtyard of San Sisto opens on the Via Porta San Sebastiano, beyond which gate the famous Via Appia begins. We can approach it either from the Colosseum, passing under the Arch of Constantine and along the Via San Gregorio, or from S. John Lateran by the Via San Sisto Vecchio, passing by the Piazza della Navicella, the Villa Mattei and the Fountain of Egeria. Whichever route we select, we feel ourselves, as it were, already on the Roman campagna. We are pacing a country road between high walls; this road is over-arched by trees part of the way. The historic stream of the Almo, now known as the "Marranna," flows beside us. The surrounding country stretches out in long, level tracts. We have left the seven hills behind us. True, we are still within the limits of the modern, or rather, of the mediæval city, for the Porta San Sebastiano is a mediæval gate, but the ancient Porta Capena,

whose remains were identified by the English archeologist, Parker, in the time of Pio Nono, stands in the vineyard of the Gregorian monks close by, so that we are, in a measure, justified in feeling ourselves already on the campagna. It is a charming walk in early spring when apple and almond trees are in bloom, and boughs of purple lilac overhang the cool grey walls which line the road on either side; the grass so green and the earth so soft beneath our feet enhances our exhilaration. Peasants' carts, laden with hay, pass and repass us, and we receive kindly smiles and greetings from the owners.

Just before San Sisto lies the immense ruin of the Baths of Caracalla to our right, and a stone's throw beyond the interesting little church of SS. Nereus and Achilles. It was at this spot, tradition tells us, that S. Peter, going to martyrdom, dropped a bandage from one of his wounds, and here an oratory was built by the early Christians, called "Fasciola," to commemorate the incident. Later the bodies of Nereus and Achilles, chamberlains in the house of Flavius Clement, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, were brought hither; the oratory was made into a church in their honor.

We must turn to the left, however, and enter the large, irregular courtyard which leads us to San Sisto. A most interesting group of buildings faces us, all of cold grey travertine; irregular and of most ancient aspect, without ornament of any kind. In the center rises the venerable campanile; yet, we are a little perplexed, as not all the buildings included in the original pile form part of the present convent, and there are signs of secular labor around us. Fragments of marble shafts and capitals are piled in one corner of the court, apparently awaiting the examination of the archeologist. Three buildings remain for ecclesiastical use. The church, the chapter house, and the convent of the Sisters who have succeeded those established here by S. Dominic. These Sisters are not the lineal descendants of the original community. That was removed long since to San Domenico e Sisto, when this part of Rome became unhealthy from its terrible scourge of malarial fever. The present occupants of San Sisto Vecchio were introduced some sixteen years since and came from Palermo in Sicily. They are of the Third Order, and go out to visit the sick as do those of the Via Artistici. The convent and adjacent chapter house are the buildings which face us as we enter the courtyard. The door of the chapter house is open and the entrance is barred only by the Cancelli, peering through which we catch a glimpse of Pere Besson's famous frescoes. But this is not enough to satisfy our interest.

We strike the bell at the door of the cold, grey, little convent before us, noting, as we do so, the Dominican shield above it—

the dog, the torch and the rosary; we also note two narrow gratings for windows at either side. An aperture above is opened and a bright-eyed little Sister looks forth. We are requested to wait a "momentina," and then she descends and acts as our guide to chapter house and church. The former is really a gem; the groined ceiling is supported by heavy stone pillars and studded with golden stars, like that of the Minerva. The walls are covered with frescoes; but, alas, some of the latter have already begun to suffer from the dampness of the locality; this is doubly to be deplored, as they are not only very beautiful artistically, but most interesting historically; they record three great miracles of S. Dominic by which San Sisto is hallowed, namely, the raising to life of the dead child, the fallen mason, and the youth Napoleone Orsini. These three miracles occurred during the early days of S. Dominic's stay at Rome, and won for him so much renown that people "followed him about wherever he went, cutting pieces off his habit to keep as relics."

In the first fresco we see a characteristic Italian landscape, in the center of which the figure of a dead child lies stretched; on one side kneels the heartbroken mother raising her hands in supplication to the saint, who bends forward as if to make the sign of the cross upon the child's forehead. On the opposite side is a picture of busy life, the building of an addition to the monastery; we see the scaffolding, the half completed pillars, the group of masons horrified at the accident which has befallen their fellow-workman, beside whom again stands S. Dominic recalling the dead to life. But the most powerful of the three frescoes is that which represents the resuscitation of the youthful Orsini, who had been killed by being thrown from his horse on the very day of the admission to cloister of the newly-formed community of San Sisto. Certainly no more fitting incident could be found to place in abiding memory upon these walls, for they were witnesses to the event. Upon this very pavement the dead youth was extended. Here stood his uncle, the Cardinal Stefano of Fosse Nuova, in conversation with S. Dominic on that Ash Wednesday of 1218, when the abbess and her nuns had come to take possession of their new home.

We can picture the scene: the little group speaking in low tones or forming for the procession which is to precede the holy Sacrifice. Suddenly a young man enters, tearing his hair, and making great outcries: "Alas, my Lord Cardinal!" he exclaims. Then follow a rapid series of queries and explanations, from which the prelate learns the sad fate of his favorite nephew; as they are speaking, the bearers appear, carrying the lifeless body. The face of the youth is turned to one side, but the dark curls are damp with blood and his bright attire is stained with blood and mire.

"The cardinal," says Jameson, "fell speechless into the arms of Dominic, and the women and others who were present were filled with grief and horror; they brought the body of the youth into the chapter house and laid it before the altar; and Dominic, having prayed, turned to it, saying: '*O adolescens Napoleo, in nomine Domini nostri, Jesu Christi, tibi dico, surge;*' and, thereupon, he arose, sound and whole, to the unspeakable wonder of all present."

Mother Drane describes the miracle more at length: "After offering the Holy Sacrifice," she says, "at the elevation of which Dominic was seen to be raised in ecstasy, he thrice touched the face, then the mangled limbs of the deceased to put them in their places; then he thrice prostrated himself. Having made the sign of the cross with his hands extended toward heaven and his body raised more than a palm above the ground, he cried in a loud voice: 'Young man, Napoleon, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, I say to thee, arise!' Immediately he that was dead arose, alive and unhurt." This fresco is much brighter in color than the other two, partly from the brilliant tones of many of the draperies on the figures which compose it, as compared with the foliage or masses of grey building material in the preceding and following scenes; and partly because this portion of the wall seems to be drier than the surrounding parts; so that this painting has suffered less from dampness.

We now turn from these frescoes of the miracles to examine those of the inner wall. These are likewise three in number, but smaller; they are lunettes, fitting into the archways formed by the stone columns. On the columns are painted sweet, graceful figures of four Dominican virgin saints. On the first, Catherine of Siena with Agnes of Montepulciano; on the second, the great Dominican contemplative, Catherine de Ricci, with S. Rose of Lima. They are very fair and gracious in their white raiment on golden backgrounds; these form a fitting setting for the recessed paintings beyond. Here we see to the left S. Dominic kneeling before the high altar in the (early) Basilica of S. Peter's. He is in ecstasy as he beholds two venerable apostles before him, who present him with a book and staff, saying: "Go and teach, for to this thou art called." The apostles are, as we know, SS. Peter and Paul, and the fresco presents to us the opening scene in Dominic's career. The central panel sets before us one of the most touching incidents of his life, that of the meeting with his brother Francis, and immediately suggests the fresco of Angelico at San Marco; but here the figures are full length, kneeling. The whole spirit and tone, however, of Pere Besson's work are here akin to that of his great predecessor. The third panel represents the gift of the rosary.

From the hand of our Lady, the saint receives the mystic chaplet; his eyes are full of subdued reverence blent with the fire of holy zeal, as if pondering the message, which we almost seem to hear as we gaze: "Preach my Rosary." Meantime, the Divine Child bends from His Mother's knee as if to breathe a tender benediction upon the kneeling friar. There is one miracle noted in the annals of San Sisto, of which Pere Besson's frescoes do not speak; the omission is more to be regretted as the subject is one which would have lent itself admirably to his sympathetic treatment. We refer to the miracle of the Cena, when angels ministered to the portionless brethren who were seated, in obedience to the saint's direction, at the empty table; for the monks of San Sisto were poor and wholly dependent upon alms, which, as in the present instance, sometimes failed them. The wooden table at which the miracle occurred was long treasured at San Sisto as a relic, but was finally removed, at the time of the transfer of the community itself to San Domenico e Sisto, where it is still preserved.

We now cast a last glance around the chapter room. It is not large; it is lighted by a pointed window, in addition to the cancello; a sort of bench or ledge runs along the walls; and a few prayer-desks stand on the open floor. Our eyes rest upon two inscriptions on the walls; one records the Orsini miracle; the other contains a prophecy of S. Dominic as to the evil fate of a brother who had deserted the convent. Leaving, we recross the "cortile" and enter the church at the right. This is very simple in structure, consisting of a single nave only; apparently no attempt at restoration or decoration has been made by the Irish Dominicans—to whose monastery of San Clemente San Sisto has been annexed in patrimony. Probably these sons of S. Dominic are still poor, as our guide apologetically intimated. We are not certain how it may be at San Sisto, but, in many cases, the friars have been obliged to pay a large sum to the Italian government for the purchase of their own confiscated property; naturally, after this outlay, they cannot afford immediate restoration.

In the case of Santa Sabina, not only has the church and much of the monastery been repurchased, but a tract of land, formerly owned by the Order, has recently been repurchased at a high figure in consequence of its having been bought from the government by some foreign religious, anxious to obtain a site in that vicinity, and who were ignorant of the Dominican title to its possession. Great was their distress when they found that they had unwittingly broken the Church's law as to the purchase of such property. To relieve them from their embarrassment, the General offered to take it from them at the same price that they had paid to the State. Encouraged by this transaction, the government intimated to the

community of Santa Sabina that their former novitiate might likewise be redeemed by the payment of an exorbitant sum. This offer was refused, for the present, at least; to-day the beautiful gardens and cloisters of the novitiate adjoining those of the professed, which the brethren still hold and where S. Dominic's orange-tree flourishes, are occupied by an institute for the disinfection of hospital linen and bedding. One would have supposed that sanitary, as well as economic considerations, would have suggested the choice of another locality, and energetic measures taken to remove the plague-spot from the midst of the group of goodly buildings that crown the Aventine.

But to return: the bare plaster of the interior at San Sisto Vecchio is unbroken save by four large paintings; two of these represent the Madonna surrounded by Dominican saints; in the first, among a number of figures, we recognize not only S. Dominic, the Angelic Doctor, the Martyr of the Albigensian heresy, but many others; Dominican saints and their patrons among the saints; the Magdalen, the mystic bride of Alexandria, with white-winged angels fading into the perspective of the background. In the second, however, only four attendant figures are introduced: S. Dominic and the three blessed maidens, Diana and her companions, Cecilia and Amata, so well known in early Dominican history. The third painting represents the famous portrait of S. Dominic found at Suriano; it is upheld by the Virgin who is attended by S. Mary Magdalen and S. Catharine of Alexandria. Lastly, we have the figure of a Dominican saint with no significant or explanatory emblem, but whom we judged to be Blessed Bertrand of Garrigua, who was sent by S. Dominic to found the first convent which branched from San Sisto.

We now approach the altar and see above it the copy of a singular old Byzantine Madonna; the original is at San Domenico e Sisto, as well it may be, in virtue of its history; for the nuns of Santa Maria in Trastevere, who formed one of the communities united by S. Dominic at San Sisto, consented to move only on condition that they might bring with them a San Suca Madonna, highly prized and revered by them; this had also been the cherished possession of the Trasteverini from the very earliest times. To avert possible trouble, S. Dominic came in person by night to remove the picture; he was accompanied by two cardinals and a long train of clerics and laymen, barefoot. When, later, the nuns were again obliged to remove their home, they besought that they might take with them their beloved Madonna. The permission was granted, and the picture, having been placed over the high altar at San Domenico e Sisto, turned its face inwards (saith tradition) and smiled upon the daughters of S. Dominic kneeling in the inner chapel behind the church. However we may explain the tradition, the fact is certain that

the Madonna occupies the position described, as we shall see when we come to visit the sister church. Entering the choir at San Sisto, we come upon some early frescoes of pre-Dominican times, but relating to the history of the church itself. The first represents S. Laurence distributing the treasures of the church to the poor, before the prison window of S. Sixtus. The latter shows us that Saint himself baptizing numbers of his flock through the grating of his prison. On the arched ceiling of the choir, we have a representation of the Blessed Trinity in glory, probably a late and certainly an inferior work. Here ends our survey of the little church, and we pass once more into the open air and sunshine, either to pursue our way to the tombs and catacombs of the Via Appia, or to return by the Colosseum and Forum to visit another group of Dominican buildings not inferior in interest to San Sisto Vecchio itself.

A Plea for Ireland's Famine-Stricken.

MARGARET M. GOODNOW.

O ye whose veins in this fair land
Own Ireland's generous blood,
Stand forth and answer, heart and hand,
Her piteous plea for food!

No niggard offering from your store;
Make full the gift and free;
Throw wide your coffers running o'er;—
Columbia's sons are ye!

Let's have her doors swung free and wide
In answer to the plea
Of famine-scourged and right denied;
Then, "Sons of Liberty,"

Show ye yourselves of stature brave,
Columbia's tenets prove
By springing to the breach to save
The dear old land ye love!

Let British greed, with British lust,
Withhold, if thus her will,
Fair Erin's hard and well-earned crust;
Yet grinds Columbia's mill.

Her shining grist of golden ore,
So, 'mid a heartsome cheer:
"God and the right!" with full outpour
Baptize this glad new year!

New France and Acadia.

JAMES CONNOLLY. .

V.

Of the several countries that have claimed the honor of being the birthplace of pre-Columbian discoverers of the New World, France has been the most modest about proclaiming the priority of one of her son's achievement. He was a navigator named Cousin, of Dieppe. His story, in brief, is that while at sea, off the coast of Africa, in the year 1488, a heavy gale sprang suddenly up, which, with a strong current, drove his ship rapidly westward for many days. He was finally driven in sight of some unknown continent. On its coast he discovered the mouth of a great river. When Cousin finally arrived at his home port of Dieppe he had one of his mutinous men, named Pinzon, dismissed from the marine service of France. A mutineer thus dismissed could not, it seems, find employment in any ship of his own country. So Pinzon found his way to Spain, and, after much difficulty, obtained a meeting with Columbus, to whom he told the story of the new land discovered by Cousin. At the end of his story the Genoese shipped Pinzon, on the spot, for his coming voyage.

From him, it has been claimed, Columbus got some of his best ideas regarding the land of his subsequent discovery and the route thither. But the lack of authentic historical evidence of Cousin's voyage throws the narrative back on the same traditional foundation as those of other pre-Columbian discoverers of remote corners of the Western hemisphere. Such lack is, however, explained by his claimants from the fact that during the bombardment of Dieppe in 1694, when the archives of the place were nearly destroyed, Cousin's records of his voyage were also lost.

Yet there are indubitable historical accounts that the French were the first known to anchor in the northern American waters and to make a landing on a part of the coast of what afterwards became Acadia. As early as 1504 Norman and Breton, Frenchmen, were catching cod-fish on the banks of Newfoundland. Barron de Lerey, in 1518, landed with a French colony on Sable Island. But starvation, and a long, cold winter, drove him from the solitary, unprofitable coast.

The war between France and Spain, which broke out in 1521, put a stop to further French colonization schemes at that time. Her cruisers were all sent to scour the Atlantic Ocean and Spanish Main for Spanish galleons homeward bound from Peru, Mexico, and the other gold and silver producing Spanish colonies. Vast amounts of the treas-

ures of rich mines of those colonies were thus captured. But France was the ultimate loser in a long, disastrous war. Shortly after it was over, 1534, Jacques Cartier sailed from Saint Malo for the New World. Passing through the straits of Belle Isle and entering the Gulf of Chaleurs, he landed on Gaspe, where he raised a cross and proceeded up the S. Lawrence as far as Anticosta. But the violent storms of early autumn disheartened him, also. Mustering every member of his little colonizing party on board his four ships, he set sail for France.

Sieur de Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy, had been, meantime, raised by the French King to Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of Canada. With three ships and two hundred colonists Roberval sailed from Rochelle for New France in April, 1541. He found seventeen fishing vessels in the harbor of S. John and presently saw three ships rounding the harbor entrance. He was surprised and disappointed on discovering that they were the little fleet of Jacques Cartier homeward bound. The Viceroy indignantly ordered Cartier to return. But nothing daunted by the Viceroy's wrath, the captain stole away in the night and proceeded homeward. The Viceroy next day made sail, steering in a northerly direction. The fleet passed through the straits of Belle Isle and on up the S. Lawrence as far as Cape Rouge, where the ships came to anchor under the hights. Next day the whole colonization party landed with their tools and supplies and the work of clearing away a corner of the wilderness and house building was begun. One large structure, capacious and roomy enough to accommodate every soul under the same roof, was run up. Nobles of fine French chateaus, convicts from the Bastile, peasants from their rude hovels, officers, artisans, laborers, soldiers, women and children here dwelt together. It was constructed for a castle of defence against attacks by the natives as well as for barrack and workshop, hall and chamber store-house and kitchen; it was named by the Viceroy, France Roy. After the colony was thus securely located, two of the ships were ordered back to France.

The season had run on to late autumn before those accountable for the oversight seemed to realize that they were dangerously short of provisions. Nor were the small quantities of dried fish bought of the Indians or edible roots found in the ground of any great relief. During the long, cold winter, famine and disease carried off one-third of the party. Men and women were hanged or shot by their arbitrary rulers, even for slight offences. Authentic records of the ultimate fate of the survivors are lacking. It is, however, safe to conclude that they all perished. Cartier was, the year following, sent out to find and bring back Roberval, whom the King needed at home. The Viceroy was found alive and returned to his native land. The most probable account of his end is

that he was killed at night in Paris, years afterwards, near the Church of the Innocents.

During many years following this last colonizing failure the fishing fleets to the banks steadily increased. A new industry in the way of hunting walrus, for the ivory in their tusks, sprang up. S. Malo sent out a fleet of hunters to the S. Lawrence waters. Fur-sealers, too, were steadily on the increase on the north American Coast. Of this lucrative business two S. Malo merchants gained a complete monopoly in 1588, holding it long enough to enrich themselves to their hearts' content.

Then the Marquis de La Roche arranged with the King of France to colonize New France. He was created Lieutenant-General with almost unlimited powers over the vast domain to be colonized. With forty convicts, picked up in prisons, for colonists, and a small crew on board his small vessel, La Roche put to sea. Sable Island, lying off the cape of the same name, was the first land of the Western hemisphere which he sighted, and here he landed his forty convicts and proceeded to explore other coasts. But, here again, a higher than human power intervened. The gale which sprang up shortly after he put to sea was so furious as to compel him to run his frail vessel, for safety, before it. It drove him back to France where many enemies combined against him. He lost his titles and was, for a time, imprisoned. A Norman pilot was, years after, sent out to bring home La Roche's colonists left on Sable Island. On reaching there in September, 1603, he found but eleven survivors of the forty that had been landed. These he returned to France, and by means of a bounty conferred on them by the King, they were enabled to start in the Canadian trade for themselves. Imprisonment, misfortune and disrepute broke Roche's spirit and he did not long survive his downfall.

Another enterprise, under the direction of Captain Chauvin, late of the French navy, and a merchant of S. Malo, named Pontgrave, was granted a royal patent, on condition that they should colonize New France. But the plentiful fur-seal of the Canadian waters was the chief object of their voyage. Landing at Tadoussac, on the mouth of the Saguenay, they built storehouses, left sixteen men to fill them with furs, and proceeded. Those of the party whom the rigors of the following winter spared, were found in the woods existing on the charity of the Indians.

France was now recovering from the disastrous effects of her thirty years' war. Some of the intrepid spirits who had followed their country's often precarious fortune throughout the long season of campaign, now began to seek activity for their restless energies in the enterprises of peace. Amongst the first of these to embark in such pursuit in

the New World, was Samuel de Champlain, a Catholic gentleman, born in the little seaport town of Brouage on the Bay of Biscay. From his sailor-father, who was captain in the French navy, and in which Samuel himself had served, he had inherited adventurous instincts which impelled him to embark in New World exploration. He associated himself without delay with Pontgrave. From his early boyhood Champlain had followed the sea, and was most at home on mid-ocean when all the winds were up. After attaining the rank of commander, the greater the danger the more calm and self-possessed he became.

An uncle of Champlain had been "Pilot Major" of the Spanish fleets. After the peace of 1598 he accompanied this uncle to Seville. On their arrival there they found that Admiral Francisco Colombo was about to sail with a Spanish fleet for Mexico; and, through his uncle's influence, Champlain was placed in command of one of the ships. He kept a diary of his two-years' cruises at sea and adventure on land, which, on his return to France, he soon amplified into a narrative. This was so pleasing to the King that he granted Champlain a pension.

From Champlain the world probably had the first hint of the great utility of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama; for, it was while resting there, that he noted the fact that such a canal would shorten the distance to India more than the discovery of a Northwest passage. His descriptions of coasts, harbors, headlands, bays, rivers, mountains, and his charts thereof, were so accurate as to render them invaluable guides to other mariners of his time and of many years after.

Charles was now dead and Sieur de Monts, a French nobleman, was commissioned in his place, with a royal grant to colonize from Montreal to Philadelphia. In this first really effective colonization enterprise of the French in the New World there seems to have been no dominant missionary activity. De Monts himself being a Huguenot, popular outcries were raised because no steps had been taken towards the spiritual enlightenment of the Indians. The King, to meet public opinion half way, directed that de Monts should take a missionary priest to spread the light of Christianity in his colony. He was permitted to take a Huguenot minister also, for his own spiritual guidance.

An oversight appears to have been made in embarking those two gentlemen on one ship. Champlain was also on board, the active captain it seems; and, in his journal of the voyage, he gives some amusing sketches of the vigorous disputations of those reverend gentlemen. Instead of the usual encounters between the ship's officers and sailors, the quarter deck was enlivened by the controversies of the two clerics, ere the French coast had been lost sight of. Nor could words satisfactorily

settle the more knotty points in dispute, when blows were frequently resorted to as the more potent and compelling instructors.

Champlain, in his record of such combats, seems to have been disposed to treat them as far as he might with the charity of silence; or, to veil their malice with a tissue of humor.

"I forget, just now, which was the harder hitter," he says, "but I leave you to imagine what a fine spectacle they made, aiming and dodging blows, while the sailors gathered around, backed them according to their sectarian prejudices, some shouting 'Hang the Huguenot!' and others 'Down with the Papist!' Their failure of a final settlement of their disputes on ship-board was, doubtless, the most deplorable feature of their discord, as the renewal of their conflicts on shore, in presence of the Indians, could not have very favorably impressed the heathens with the peaceful and holy characters of the men who had come to save their souls."

The records give no account of either the success or failure met by these two, the first Christian missionaries in Acadia, during their brief span of life there. Neither long survived the hardships met with, and both died about the same time. The sailors are said to have buried them in the same grave, voicing the hope, as they did so, that, after so much strife in life they would rest in peace together in the grave.

Nothing in all creation could be better calculated to inspire the ideal and artistic element in a person so endowed than the romantic atmosphere and grand scenery of this primeval wild. In palpable illustration of this fact, were the yards of Alexandrine verses and volumes of prose thrown off, descriptive of the beginning of New France, by Marc Lescarbot, a man of letters and the Advocate of colony; he and Baron de Poutrincourt, a man of equal distinction, though on different lines, were, next to Monts and Champlain, the two rare spirits of the enterprise.

Not long after they had begun to build their first settlement at the mouth of the Ste. Croix, Poutrincourt discovered and was resistlessly attracted by the Gulf, since named Annapolis, by the English. Monts gave him a grant of that, together with some adjoining territory, which he named Port Royal. At that point was presently centered the activity of the colonists. Champlain, with a small corps of assistants, spent all his time in exploration, surveying, and making charts of the coasts he explored. He explored the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers in Maine. Then he pushed on southwesterly, entered the Charles river and mistook it for the Hudson; passed Plymouth, rounded Cape Cod and anchored in Nauset Harbor, fifteen years before the Mayflower landed her pilgrims on Cape Cod. The main object of this cruise of Champlain seems to

have been the search for a more desirable location for a settlement than any they had seen in Canada or Nova Scotia. The banks of the Charles river seemed to have been the most tempting spot they had seen. Indian villages dotted all the more sightly and fertile places, and in the ever beautiful verdure of spring and summer the prospect was simply delightful wherever they went.

After the long winter spent at Port Royal, Poutrincourt accompanied Champlain on another summer's exploration. They broke their rudder by striking on a shoal off Cape Malabar and had to put into Chatham harbor for repairs. When damages had been repaired they proceeded southward, stopping at Hyannis. After viewing Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, Poutrincourt decided that there was no better place for their colony, after all, than Port Royal, and he headed his vessel thither in season to reach port ere the storms of late autumn had set in. A gale encountered off Mt. Desert again crippled their rudder and delayed their reaching port. But this slight mishap was doubly compensated by the surprising pageant which honored their return. At the very water's edge where they landed had been erected an arched gateway, back of which were bastions, mounting cannon. This and all the fortress and living quarters were illuminated. The triumphal arch was topped by the royal arms of France, upheld on either side by the "heraldic emblems of Baron Poutrincourt and the Sieur de Monts." When Champlain and his two distinguished shipmates stepped ashore, under the arch, they were met by Neptune and an escort of Tritons marching out with stately strides to meet the ship, reciting Alexandrine verse of acclaim and welcome, composed by Lescarbot in the absence of the explorers. To the weary mariners it seemed all a happy dream of festive joy, no doubt; this was further enhanced by their being ushered politely into a cheerful and hospitable dining-room. Bear, venison, grouse, wild duck and plover, smoking on the table, made up no poor home-coming feast to sit down to, after six month's absence. During the following winter the social enjoyments of the little colony went far toward turning this spot of New France at least into a new, "Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease."

In whatever degree the missionary spirit may have been wanting, the festive certainly was in lively evidence. They had brought from Old France such a full supply of wine that every colonist was allowed three pints a day. The season's crop of grain had been good. There was game in abundance in the forests and fields. An order of Knighthood named "The Order of Good Times" was instituted by the ingenious Lescarbot, who boasted "that their fare could not be excelled in the best restaurants in Paris."

But short has ever been the reign of all such merely human happiness and sensual enjoyments. During the very hours when these Acadian delights were at their height, on the shore-side edge of the unpruned forest, the fishermen and merchants of Brittany and Normandy were petitioning the French King for a repeal of "Mont's Monopoly." Their petition was granted; the news, reaching Port Royal in early spring, fell like the proverbial wet blanket on the elated hearts of these happy colonists. Without the monopoly of the fur trade, which had cost Monts more than \$100,000 of his personal funds, the continuance of the colony was out of the question with them. So, the chief promoters of the colony shortly returned to France; still, Baron Poutrincourt did not relinquish his schemes for the upbuilding of Port Royal; nor did the scholarly Lescarbot wholly forego his delight in throwing off an occasional yard of Alexandrine couplets. As for Champlain, he tells us, himself, that he was like a man in a dream walking the streets of Paris. The wilderness of New France held his heart with the tender, but tenacious, grip of a charming, fickle woman. From the forests, lakes, rivers and mountains of Acadia, came infinite appeals of familiar voices to him to come back to their charming haunts. Yet, his missionary zeal was still the dominant impulse of his noble mind. The King's tardiness in sending out missionaries to the Indians of New France evoked from him frequent avowals that "the saving of a soul is of more worth than the conquest of an empire."

In consultation with Pontgrave and Monts, Champlain stoutly insisted that Frenchmen were, louder than ever, called upon to save souls. They, of course, shared his belief in that respect and, on their urging the matter upon the attention of the King, he openly favored their purpose. But his prime minister, Sully, opposed it. This, and the popular cry against monopolies, were serious obstacles. Henry the Fourth finally renewed Monts' monopoly of the fur business for one year. So, with the hope of securing extension before the expiration of that time, the three explorers at once began the outfitting of another expedition.

But, as they had failed to make any practical or definite arrangements for "the saving of souls" of the Indians, the events of their subsequent journeyings do not call for record here. They sailed from Honfleur in April, 1608, making for the St. Lawrence, which they reached in good time. At Quebec it was arranged that Pontgrave should remain thereabouts, trading with the Indians for furs, while Champlain pressed inland on another exploring expedition. In September of that year Pontgrave sailed with a fine cargo of furs for France. Champlain, with his handful of followers, remained to winter in the snow and ice-bound wilderness. During the following spring and summer, he became involved

in his first deadly conflict with the aborigines. He was, perhaps, not yet sufficiently familiar with the history of their tribal feuds to warrant the wisdom of his making mortal enemies of the Iroquois, Ottawas and Montagnais by making allies of the Hurons and Algonquins. Before the summer was over the Mohawks, too, were arrayed against him. The record of his summer's journeyings, exploits, and final victory over his enemies, on July twenty-ninth, is as thrilling a bit of romantic history as one might wish to read; but it lacks missionary achievement for the purpose of this history. Moreover, enough of the beginnings of New France have been looked into to show the actual condition of things there at the time of the incoming of the real missionaries.

The Changed Heart.

ELISE PARDOW ROMÁ.

And spring has come again!
 But, oh! my changèd heart
 Does welcome her no more.
 Before, I seemed a part

Of Nature's every mood.
 My soul drank in with bliss
 The perfume of Spring days,
 And felt the quiet kiss

Of Autumn on each leaf.
 The voice of Winter's wind,
 That swelled o'er land and sea,
 In me did ever find

A chord responsive. Now
 All this is past and o'er;
 The varying landscape fair
 To me appeals no more.

Impassive, I now look
On what I loved ere this,—
The numbing draught of grief
Has filled my soul's abyss

And I stand desolate.
I live my life each day
In striving dull to see
Where duty calls; the way

Is long and weary, but
The love of faithful hearts
And hope in Him above—
Each to my soul imparts

New strength to journey on.
I seek the Christian's goal.
Till reached, oh, God above,
Support my fainting soul,

And give more faith and love
Unto Thy child. 'Tis Thou
Who rulest all, and all
To Thy decrees must bow.

The Turn of the Tide.

MARGARET OLSEN.

The great blue depths were flooded with the beauty of a new moon and infinitesimal stars swung like burning censers before a gorgeous altar. The hills wading deep in the broad flow of light, joining and rolling away to the distance, bordered the straits on either side. The water! It was one sheet of silent, shimmering brightness.

As I sat alone on the pebbly beach, drinking in the mystery of that perfect night, I suddenly became conscious of little breaks on the shore, and the ripples lapped nearer to my feet. The shells dropped from my hand and I looked out over the water. Soft! There was the fisherman's song, a gayly-pensive ditty, beautiful in its simplicity, more beautiful as it broke the profound silence—

"Sul mare luccica, L'astro d' argento
 Placidæ' londa, Prospero éil vento—
 Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia."

A thin, black line was lengthening round the bend on my right, and in another moment the moon gleamed on a little white sail; and Petro sang. Slowly he drew nearer and very near—and then pure night dissolved the melody; Petro had seen me. I called out to him and the little skiff made to shore.

"You come?" he asked.

Petro lived on our farm; he had often promised me a sail on the straits. It was full tide and there would be good fishing at the old point. So I went.

A light breeze blew astern and we skimmed down shore. Somehow, we did not speak; there was nothing to say excepting that the night was glorious; but that was easier to feel than to express, and Petro could not say so much in English. Every little while he would dash his big, scarred hand through the water and break spontaneously and sadly, I think, into "Santa Lucia." There was nothing unusual in it, but there was something premeditated in it; and I wondered why.

It was nine o'clock when the little boat was moored and we climbed up on the frail wharf. The nets had been cast some hours, but it was not the hour yet. So we sat, I musing and seeming to see, somewhere along the conscious horizon, numberless little whiffs of human passion lifting and losing themselves in the sublime, soon—so soon! Meanwhile, Petro was mending an old net and humming the Italian boat-song. Presently the drone ceased, and then, just in a moment, as though the pressure were too great, the aching loneliness overflowed, and the notes told their own story. He sighed on the words "Cosi serena," and

"You like to fish, Signorina?"

I answered I had never tried.

"No!" he responded, with an air of mingled satisfaction and surprise. Then he snatched up his song again, dreamily, wearily.

"Leonora fish," he mused aloud. The net slipped from his grasp. Then as if in sad recollection—"Leonora, Leonora fish."

I did not venture farther; *but it was night and the moon shone!* And this is his story:

They lived in Custozza, pretty Custozza. In the summer they used to pick olives, Leonora and he; in the winter, they sold lemons at the square, "stood by de corna de alley," as Petro put it. When they grew up and Petro could no longer see the yellow stockings, they would walk together at evening, and say such pretty things! "America, Amer-

ica!" she would exclaim. Ah! she knew it not, but she would go; yes, she would go with Petro far, far over the waters. Then the proud lover bought a fishing boat; he painted it green and called it *Santa Lucia*. Every night Leonora would throw out the little white package and wave her little "fazzoletto" from the far shore. He was catching, oh! lots of fish now, and soon she would be his own, *his* Leonora. And the Saint Lucy! And America!

One day he went home so happy; he had bought Leonora a ring! (It was a sapphire, I think, for Petro pointed to the sky where it was very blue.) It was on a Sunday afternoon, and they strolled alone by the bank of a small stream. Pretty Custozza! Then they sat down under the trees on the narrow beach and talked of the little home and the far away; and then Leonora pleaded, "Soon?"

"Oh! my heart go so fast, and I take out the ring. Ah! Leonora see it, and her head bend over the water and she laugh! One curl hang over her forehead and the water—pink!" he said.

But one night—it was a moonlight night, too—Petro took his "in-amorata," as he put it, and a certain Amiel out in the *Saint Lucy*. They fished out on the wharf-piles. But somehow Leonora helped Amiel with *his* net—and Petro—Petro only smiled—sadly; and while he sat apart, Amiel played with Leonora's hands, and she laughed so! Then Petro looked down into his net—"and there were no fish! Ha! I know! I know!" he cried. He turned round, and it seemed to him that something bright ran its little course against the sky like a meteor and dropped into the water. It was Leonora's ring!

On the way home, a great cloud darkened the sky, and they did not speak. But once when the moon peaked, Petro saw a little brown cord knotted on Leonora's finger where the ring had been.

"Leonora! Leonora!" he repeated, and the soft Italian accent died away in fond pity and lingering love.

Yes, there on the conscious horizon *was* a whiff of passion losing itself in the sublime!

"Was it long ago?" I queried.

"Four years," Petro responded. "And then I came to America—alone. Leon—" I clasped his rough hand. "You very kind to me," he said.

Then we dragged the lines—and *the net was full!*

In reading, a man converses with the wise; in action, generally with fools.—*Lord Bacon*.

Editorial.

The month of March is dedicated to Saint Joseph, in the same manner as the month of May is to the Blessed Virgin Mary. An indulgence of three hundred days was granted by Pope Pius the Ninth to all those who practiced special devotions daily during the month of March. A plenary indulgence may be gained, with the usual conditions, on the feast of the saint, which is kept on the nineteenth of the month. We refer our readers to the calendar for reminders of the many spiritual privileges to be gained during this month so rich in glorious feasts.

In response to the following petition the Holy See has given generous encouragement to that most deserving Association, which is commonly known as the "Preservation Society":

"MOST HOLY FATHER:

"James Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of Baltimore, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, in behalf of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, erected in his Archdiocese, the scope of which Society is to supply aid to the Indian Missions of this country, and especially to maintain Catholic schools for Indian children, humbly requests:

"First—That on the Feast of Epiphany of Our Lord, a plenary indulgence be granted, under the usual conditions, to the members of the said Society.

"Second—That the members of the Society may once a day gain an indulgence of one hundred days by devoutly reciting the following prayer:

" 'O Lord Jesus Christ, who hast died that all men may live, and hast sent thy apostles to teach all nations, we beseech Thee to grant that the Indian people, through the merits of Thy passion and the intercession of Thy martyrs, may obtain temporal succor and everlasting life. Who livest and reignest world without end.'

"In an Audience of His Holiness held on the twentieth day of December, 1904, the matter being referred by me, the undersigned Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, Our Most Holy Lord, Pius the Tenth, by Divine Providence Pope, graciously accorded the requested favors, notwithstanding whatever may exist to the contrary.

"Given at Rome, at the office of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, on the aforesaid day and year."

When in June, 1904, Father Ketcham, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, visited Rome in the interest of the Indian Missions of the United States, through the courtesy of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Diomedea Falconio (who takes a most kindly interest in these Missions), the work of the Catholic Indian Bureau was explained at length to the Holy Father, who listened to the recital with evident pleasure, and, turning to the Reverend Director, gave his special blessing to the Bureau, to the Indian people, their missionaries and teachers, and to all who in any way assist them in their spiritual and temporal needs.

I take this occasion once more to recommend the Preservation Society to the clergy and laity of the United States. With a membership of five hundred thousand, which is less than one twenty-fourth of our Catholic population, this Society would be able to support our Indian schools. I see no reason why such a membership cannot be secured in a very short time.

J. CARD. GIBBONS,

President of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

A statement of the receipts of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children for the year 1904 will be of interest to the Catholic public.

The total receipts were \$22,708.75.

The following returns merit particular notice:

| | |
|---|------------|
| From the Association of the Holy Childhood..... | \$3,863.56 |
| From the Special Appeal of the Bureau for 1904..... | 3,113.51 |
| From the Marquette League..... | 600.00 |

Included in the responses to the Special Appeal of the Bureau is a donation of \$236.40 from the Ludwig-Missions-Verein of Munich, Bavaria.

It should be stated that the returns from the Diocese of Cleveland (\$2,346.78) were received too late to be noted in our statement for 1904.

Notwithstanding most earnest efforts to propagate the Society among the people, the receipts for 1904 have fallen below those of 1903 by \$9,725.66. It will be seen how necessary it is for our promoters to persevere in their work, and for all who have at heart the salvation of souls to lend their aid to the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children.

WM. H. KETCHAM,

Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, noting the recent celebration of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception in Rome, enumerates divers tongues in which the praises of the Blessed Virgin were chanted; and this in illustration of the universality of the Catholic Church:

"The first language on the list was Hebrew, in which a Maronite student spoke of the Immaculate pre-announced by the prophets. Then followed brief addresses, or occasionally poetic compositions, in many tongues; Greek and Latin; and then followed the languages of Asia. Here was Samaritan, spoken by Ephrem Haddad of Diarbeker; Arabic Asforico, a dialect of Arabic; Syriac, Ethiopian, Coptic, Turkish, Kurdish Chinese, by John Inen, a Chinese; Malabaric, Literary Armenian, Bacca, a dialect of Zulu, by a student from Natal; Vulgar Armenian, Literary Chaldaic; Caffre, a dialect; Zulu, Tamul, and Vulgar Chaldaic. Then followed the languages of Europe; Portuguese, by a Brazilian student; German, by Franz Renner, of the Diocese of Columbus, Ohio; Hungarian; English, by Francis James, from England; Latin, by a student from Zante; Modern Greek, by a student from Santorin; German dialect poetry, by Friederich Prieshoff, of Cincinnati, U. S.; Rhetian Romanic; Irish ('O Mary Virgin Most Prudent'), by William O'Bryen, from Ireland; Scotch Celtic, by John MacDonald, of Nova Scotia; Rumenian, Norwegian, Albanian; French, by Samuel Lange, a Canadian; Polish, and Danish."

The following statistics of membership of the Sacred College will be of interest to our readers:

The number of Cardinals in 1904 was 61; number of vacancies, 9. During the present pontificate four Cardinals died, one of whom, Cardinal Langenieux, died on New Year's Day. Of the sixty-one Cardinals, only one, Cardinal Oreglia, was created by Pius IX, fifty-eight were created by Leo XIII, and two, Cardinals Merry del Val and Callegari were created by the reigning Pontiff. The oldest Cardinal is Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, who is 86 years old; the youngest is Cardinal Merry del Val, who is in his fortieth year.

Of the sixty-one Cardinals 37 are Italians. The Roman Curia is made up of 30 Cardinals, of whom four are non-Italians. They are Cardinals Merry del Val, Vives, Steinhuber and Mathieu. During the pontificate of Leo XIII, 146 Cardinals died. Of these four had been created by Gregory XVI, 57 by Pius IX, and 85 by Leo XIII.



Some Recent Books

The experience of the United States with greenbacks, from an economic and a historic point of view, holds peculiar interest for the student of past monetary expedients, as viewed in their effects upon our domestic financial system.

Wesley Clair Mitchell, in his *HISTORY OF THE GREENBACKS, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ECONOMICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR ISSUE*, furnishes detailed statistical *data* bearing upon the subject. This work, published by the University of Chicago Press, in 1903, includes a detailed analysis of the Aldrich Report in comparison with the hitherto almost unused material of Mr. J. D. Weeks, in Volume XX of the Census of 1880. The closing studies on "Wages," "Rent," "Interest" and "Profits," commend themselves to the attention of the financier.

To the aspirant for distinction in the science of economics, the opportunity afforded by the Chicago University in its institution of a course of *LECTURES ON COMMERCE*, is an invaluable advantage. The practical views of representative, successful business men cannot fail to stimulate youthful students to follow where they lead.

The lectures, published in book form, 1904, by the University of Chicago Press, are classified as Lectures on "Railroads," "Trade and Industry," "Banking, Insurance." The attractive presentation of prominent features of their special business experimentation by these eminent leaders is certainly of profit to the neophyte.

Mr. Richard G. Badger, of the Gorham Press, Boston, has well sustained his reputation for skillful workmanship and tasteful design in the delightful variety displayed in many of his latest publications in verse. Among those printed on superior paper, and of elaborate cover design, may be noted: *A NATIONAL PAEAN*, by Walter Allen Rice; *CASSIA AND OTHER VERSE*, by Edith M. Thomas; *FANCIES AND THOUGHTS IN VERSE*, by Augustus George Heaton; *POEMS*, by William M. Byram; *POEMS*, by Alexander Francis Chamberlain; *POEMS LYRIC AND DRAMATIC*, by Ethel Louise Cox; *MY HOUSE—CHIPS THE BUILDER THREW AWAY*, by Edward A. Brackett; *ONE'S SELF I SING*, by Elizabeth Porter Gould; *PEBBLES FROM THE SHORE*, by E. A. Kimball;

POEMS, by Annie M. L. Clarke; HEART LINES, by F. A. Van Denburg; A SKY PANORAMA, by Emma C. Dulaney; ECHOES, by Elizabeth H. Rand. In handsome boards with original design for title labels are printed: POEMS AND SONGS, by J. R. Newell; THE PATH O' DREAMS, by Thomas J. Jones, Jr.; MEMORIES, by Kathleen A. Sullivan; CRUX AETATIS AND OTHER POEMS, by Martin Schultze; THE HEAVENLY DYKES POEMS, by June E. Downey.

From this goodly array of poetic fancies one may easily sing the song that murmurs his cherished past or paints his future joys.

THE CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS, in convenient pocket edition, published by Benziger Brothers, New York, supplies, in detail, information concerning common, solemn, and pontifical ceremonies in which the Altar-boy should be thoroughly versed. The author of this practical instruction book, Reverend Matthew Britt, O. S. B., has, in concise language, made clear many important points of the rubric according to the standards of propriety approved by the Sacred Congregation. The liturgical authorities cited will be especially appreciated by those who are called upon to drill the members of a Sanctuary Society.

The Catholic Truth Society, London, has brought out in pamphlet form the celebrated Lectures of John Henry Newman, D. D., on THE PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND. These lectures were delivered in 1851 and bear directly upon the unreasonableness of the "Protestant View of the Catholic Church." They are choice specimens of rare eloquence in defense of Catholic truth prejudiced by the atrocious legends of Protestant tradition.

"The Glories of Mary for the Sake of Her Son," and "The Fitness of the Glories of Mary," by Cardinal Newman; "Lacordaire," by the Very Reverend Vincent McNab, O. P.; "Church History and Government," by Reverend Harold Castle, C. SS. R.; "Blessed Peter Canisius," by Rev. A. Anzini; "The Rationalistic Propaganda and How It Must be Met," by Rev. John Gerard, S. J.; "Chinese Wayside Tales," by Lady Herbert; "Another Handful of Myrrh"; "The Yoke of Christ," first and second series, by Rev. Robert Eaton, are also issued in pamphlet form.

"Lance and Friends," and "The Luck of Linden Chase," are excellent stories published in the interests of young people. The commendable work of the Catholic Truth Society is being widely extended.

Katherine E. Conway, in her portraiture of *A CHRISTIAN GENTLEWOMAN*, clearly outlines beautiful traits of character, acquired by patient effort and intelligently exercised for the benefit of one's neighbor in the ordinary routine of daily life. In her *SOCIAL APOSTOLATE*, woman holds a mighty influence; that she may acquit herself of her responsibilities creditably, and in the spirit of unselfishness, is the purport of Miss Conway's praiseworthy and practical little book.

The *Christian Gentlewoman* and *Her Social Apostolate* is published by Thomas J. Flynn & Company, Boston.

We are pleased to announce an American edition of *IRISH LITERATURE*, which is being brought out by John P. Morris & Company, Philadelphia. The work comprises ten illustrated volumes, comprehending a survey of national genius as expressed in Ireland's literature from the earliest days of the peaceful civilization that characterized her pagan history. But the glories of her pagan splendors fade in the gorgeous setting of her Christian illumination.

For three centuries after the death of Saint Patrick, Ireland was the "Island of Saints" as well as the Island of the Learned; she was the nursery of learning for all Europe; students flocked to her shores to be enriched with the priceless treasures of her lore; her sages dispensed Irish faith and Irish learning to the people of Ireland, Norway, Wales, France, Austria, Germany and even Italy.

During the sad period of her bondage under English misrule, she waited and wept. Ireland has retained her love of learning; she has held her faith, she has perpetuated it in exile!

In the outcome of Ireland's national life—her literature—may be traced the loftiness of her hereditary disposition during the sad epoch of her oppression. This monumental work under the joint editorship of the Honorable Justin McCarthy, M. P., Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, James Jeffery Roche, Editor of *THE PILOT*, Boston; Maurice Francis Egan, Professor of Literature at Washington University; with Charles Welsh, the biographer of John Newbery, friend and publisher of Goldsmith, as Managing Editor, opens to the student of literature vast fields hitherto unexplored. The editors and publishers deserve cordial commendation for their praiseworthy work in supplying so reliable a guide to the golden treasures of Gaelic lore.

SAINT CUTHBERT'S, a delightful story for boys, by the Reverend J. E. Copus, S. J. is steadily gaining in favor. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

EIGHTEEN MILES FROM HOME, is a charming, entertaining story by William T. Hodge. The reader regrets that the distance from the first to the last chapter is not greater, as the interest awakened in the beginning never flags, and the final word is spoken too soon.

The book is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, has brought out in a handsomely illustrated volume Frederick Starr's account of his journey in Yezo whither he set out in January 1904 to rescue a group of Ainu people. Mr. Starr's narrative of his experiences in the Ainu country and his return to St. Louis with members of the aboriginal race of Japan, forms most enjoyable and instructive reading. Those who are denied the privilege of viewing this interesting group in its native dwellings transferred, with all its picturesque appurtenances, to the Exposition grounds, will welcome Mr. Starr's graphic description of the leading traits in the character of this remarkable people.

THE MEANING OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING—An Essay in Interpretation, by Condé B. Pallen, LL. D., has been published by the American Book Company, New York.

These exquisite studies of Tennyson's Idylls will enable the reader to appreciate the profound sense of the poems in his better understanding of the poet's purpose.

Dr. Pallen, in his present praiseworthy work, has notably added to his several eminent literary productions. Lovers of Tennyson's poetic imagery will hail with joy the message of purity made luminous by Dr. Pallen's delightful interpretation.

WELLESLEY STORIES, told with admirable spirit by Grace Louise Cook, hold special attractions for the enthusiastic college girls. They are not less enjoyable when listened to by those whose circumstances do not permit a participation in the joys of college life.

Beautifully illustrated, the book is published by E. H. Bacon & Company, Boston.

ANCILLA'S DEBT, A Drama in Three Acts, by Madame Cecilia, in which seven female characters are impersonated, offers scope for contrasted roles of a pleasing variety. The well-known quality of Madame Cecilia's writings bespeaks an interest in Ancilla—the heroine of the play—and commends the drama for reproduction in the home and school.

The book is printed in convenient pocket edition by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Calendar for March.

1—B. Christopher, O. P., Priest. Bearing the Cross. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

2—Translation of S. Catherine, O. P., Virgin. Spirit of Penance.

3—B. Alvarez, O. P., (from Feb. 19), Priest. Care of the sick.

4—S. Casimir, Prince of Poland. Detachment from the world. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

5—First Sunday of the month—Quinquagesima. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; Assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

6—B. Jordan of Pisa, O. P., Priest. Trust in God.

7—S. Thomas Aquinas, O. P., Doctor of the Church, Patron of Catholic Schools. Love of study and scholars. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit Dominican Church; prayers.

8—Ash Wednesday. Lent begins. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

9—S. Frances of Rome. Founders of the Oblate or Collatine Nuns. Kindness.

10—B. Peter Jeremiah, O. P., Priest. Recollection.

11—S. Pacian, Bishop of Barcelona. Watchfulness. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

12—Second Sunday of the month. First Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indulgences for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

13—B. Aimo, O. P., Priest. Generosity.

14—Octave Day of S. Thomas Aquinas.

15—S. Brigid, Virgin, (from Feb. 26), Purity. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

16—B. Villana, O. P., Widow, (from Feb. 28), Docility to God.

17—S. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. Temperance.

18—B. Sybillina, O. P., Virgin. Submission to God's will.

19—Third Sunday of the month. S. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin. Patron of the Universal Church. Plenary Indulgence for the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit, prayers.

20—B. Henry Suso, O. P., Priest, (from March 2), Cleanliness.

21—S. Benedict, Abbot, Father of the Western Monks and Founder of the Benedictine Order. Industry.

22—B. Ambrose, O. P., Priest. Silence. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

23—S. John of God, (from March 8), Spirit of Prayer.

24—Holy Winding Sheet of Our Lord's Passion.

25—The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.

26—Fourth Sunday of the month. Third Sunday of Lent. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

27—S. Gregory the Great, Pope and Doctor of the Church, (from March 12), Christian courage.

28—Spear and Nails of Our Lord's Passion.

29—S. Gabriel, Archangel, (from March 24).

30—Of the Octave of the Annunciation. Love of Our Blessed Mother.

31—The Five Wounds of Our Lord.

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are—The Five Joyful Mysteries: S. Fridolin, Abbot; S. Patrick, Bishop; S. Benedict, Abbot; S. Frances of Rome, Widow; S. Lucius, Pope.

The Five Sorrowful Mysteries: S. Gregory the Great, Pope; S. Cuthbert, Bishop; S. Casimir, King; S. Joseph, Spouse of Mary; S. Felicitas, Widow and Martyr.

The Five Glorious Mysteries: S. Maud, Queen; S. Irenaeus, Bishop and Martyr; S. David, Bishop; S. Rupert, Bishop; S. Thomas Aquinas, Doctor.

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Dominicana

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Devotion of S. Dominic to the Blessed Virgin.

Translated from the French of

THE VERY REVEREND P. FR. HYACINTHE-MARIE CORNIER, O. P.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

The devotion of S. Dominic and his companions to the Blessed Virgin is so well known throughout the entire Christian world, that, with a peculiar sense of fitness and appropriateness of title in which sentiments voiced by the people so often prevail, they have been called, not only Friars Preachers, but "Brothers of Mary." What was the source of this pious distinction? The lessons of a religious mother, or that supernatural instinct so often observed in saintly hearts? Far more than either—it was a special grace, a gift reserved by Heaven for Saint Dominic in his capacity of founder of an Order—that he might better accomplish his great mission. And such is the subject on which I have the honor to address this noble audience, asking your indulgence for the imperfection of my words and the poverty of my thoughts.

The mission and the passion of Saint Dominic are revealed in the motto which is written on his standard—"Veritas." This is why the liturgy proclaims him "Doctor of Truth," *Doctor veritatis*; and one of the most frequent counsels of the Saint to his disciples is the following: "My friends, let Truth be dear to you above all things."

Great mind, greater heart, he comprehended that the greatest charity is that of truth, and that the first of truths is that of the Word Incarnate, Redeemer, Saviour. To announce, above all to spread this

*Sermon delivered before the Marian Congress at Rome December, 1901.

truth, with the assistance of Mary, is the grand mission, the sublime apostolate which, on this occasion, it shall be ours to consider under a two-fold aspect—"The truth of Faith or the Sacred Scriptures, and the Truth of Christian piety."

In the first place, there is nothing more attractive, and, at the same time more formidable, than this apostolate of Faith and Truth. The man chosen by God to engage in it, must meet as an adversary, upheld by his satellites, him to whom truth is a stranger, "*in veritate non stetit.*" To penetrate and confound this cunning and craftiness, it is not sufficient to bring to the faith a calm conscientiousness; it is necessary to have an exquisite intelligence, so to speak, a wonderful comprehension, which must assume towards dogmatic error, at once a deep penetration and a profound repulsion. Let us listen to what that great convert, Father Faber, has to say on this subject:

"In the judgment of worldings," he says, "this repulsion for heresy is exaggeration, acrimony, indiscretion. It is called bigotry, intolerance, senselessness, immorality. Their *soi-distant* charity has a preference for those who are farthest from God, while, at the same time, they show themselves pitiless towards others. And, nevertheless, the integrity of faith constitutes one of the interests most dear to Jesus. Besides, a heart penetrated by sincere charity, suffers more than can be described when it hears the exposition of false doctrines. Every opinion which tends to make us forget Almighty God, to depreciate his grace, to diminish our regard for the Sacraments, to lessen the honor due his Holy Mother, to restrain the prerogatives of his Vicar here below, wounds the Hearts of Jesus even to the point of physical pain."

This instinct, this animosity to error, Mary possesses to a degree almost divine, and the Church does not exaggerate her power in this beautiful eulogy: "You alone; you have annihilated all the heresies of the world; *cunctas haereses sola interemisti in universo mundo.*"

If we consider her more especially in the mystery of her Immaculate Conception, the serenity of her brow, and the smile on her lips united to the strength with which her foot, firmly planted, she crushes the head of the serpent, and mark well, this attitude, does not represent two phases in the life of the same person. At the same moment, in the same attitude, she shows us the two extremes—Mary crowned, peaceful, smiling; Mary valiant, crushing the head of her enemy. What do I say? It is precisely because of this that she is peaceful and smiling, happy in becoming our liberator by the triumph of Truth: "*Veritas liberabit vos.*"

It is superfluous to relate here the revelation to Saint Dominic, in

which he saw before him the monstrous errors of the Albigenses. At this spectacle his soul was filled with horror, dissolved in tears and sighs, yearning with the ardent desire of confounding those impious and calumnious dogmas, all the more from the fact that by their infernal logic these sectarians combated at the same time Jesus the Redeemer and Mary, His Mother.

We are assured that his book of doctrines submitted by him three times to the trial by fire, before the heretics, explicitly taught the immaculate purity of Mary. Three times the flames rejected it, uninjured—without even the least mark or stain.

This explains how the Blessed Jean de Vicence, beloved disciple of Saint Dominic, is represented in the ancient gallery of the Convent of Friars Preachers of Treviso (1352) holding in his hand a parchment, on which is inscribed in gold these words: "*Sancta Maria sine labe.*" (1)

But, to banish the venomous serpents from the garden of the Church, is, for the apostle, but the negative portion of his task; it behooves him to pass to the opposite extreme, the positive, attractive, creative side; *Evellas et destruas, aedifices et plantes*; it is necessary to demonstrate luminous truth in a manner persuasive even to its adversaries, if they be not too obstinate to receive it, and even in this labor Dominic has the Blessed Virgin for his helper.

We can understand how, after having championed her purity, which is the glory of Heaven, he preached to the Christian people on her holy maternity, which gave salvation to the world, since the mystery of the Redemption could not have taken place without her. This was for Dominic a fundamental principle, one by which he was penetrated so profoundly that he never ceased commenting on the virtues, prerogatives and example of this Virgin Mother. It was for him an all-sufficing theme; nothing from his lips was more efficacious in restoring piety and sanctity to all humanity, however humble it might be. The great Saint Augustine, whose rule he had adopted in his constitutions, had advocated this doctrine; he had presented it to the world under various forms, through the declarations of his spiritual son, Thomas Aquinas, as well as through the brush of Angelico de Fiesole, that brilliant, charming and immortal Friar painter.

(1) The gallery of Treviso, which contains the painting above alluded to, is also in possession of portraits of several other celebrated personages, whose identity is not very well known, but who, from time immemorial, have been honored there, some with aureoles and the title of Blessed, especially when miracles are mentioned in connection with them. Many of these, moreover, are named in the old chronicles as valiant apostles and pious servants of Mary.

To this end, it is related, Dominic introduced the *Ave Maria* as the exordium of all his sermons, and in the Holy Tribunal he usually gave as a penance some practice in honor of Mary in order to produce in the soul contrition and a firm purpose of amendment. Above all things, he was "a flaming and brilliant torch" given to the world by Mary, to dissipate the dense darkness of error and sin.

These characteristics of the mission of Saint Dominic appear in a charming environment when viewed with Rome as a background, in the Convent of Santa Sabina. The celebrated Master of Canon Law, Reginald d'Orleans, was on the ground, disposed to embrace the new Institute, when a violent fever seized and reduced him to the last extremity. But when all seemed lost, the Queen of Heaven appeared to him, and approaching his bedside, and anointing his feet, said to him:

"May this unction serve to thy feet as a preparation for preaching the Gospel of Peace." Immediately afterward she gave him for all the sons of Saint Dominic a new kind of habit, the creation of the eternal love, and distinguished by the white scapular. We can easily understand that it was not only the simple Master Reginald who was here set apart, but each individual Friar Preacher, thus invested with the mark of his vocation. The prominence of the white scapular indicates not only the purity of life but also that of doctrine, which should shine particularly in the soul of a Friar Preacher. And, as it is not enough for an apostle to be the jealous guardian, the feet of Reginald, protagonist and *avant-courier* of the grand company of Friars through the centuries, received, with the Virginal unction, a strength, a vigor, a promptitude, a wonderful intrepidity, in order to carry to the world the beautiful, pure and beneficent truth.

Another marvel of Santa Sabina further confirms this demonstration. Saint Hyacinthe d'Odrowatz received the white habit from the hands of the patriarch Saint Dominic himself, remaining thereafter but a short time within the sheltering arms of this venerated cloister. Almost as soon as he had been clothed in body and soul with the mantle of his Father, he went forth to evangelize the countries of the North, in spite of ice and snow, almost impassable rivers, and hordes of Tartars; and that with such perseverance that he four times made the tour of the then known world. What renders this fact more striking is that he crossed the Dnieper with dry feet, carrying in his arms the Holy Eucharist and the statue of Mary. This statute recalls the mystery of the Immaculate Conception in that it shows us Mary, Queen of the world, beneath her the serpent conquered by the cross, conformably to the words of the sacred liturgy: *ex morte Filii tui praevisa eam ab omni*

labe præservasti. The miraculous statue of which we speak is of alabaster, and is preserved in the Convent of Friars Preachers of Leopol in Galicia, where it is held in great veneration.

As eulogistic of Saint Dominic in his character of apostle of true piety, noble in its principles, simple in its developments, practical and salutary in its results, Rome offers to our consideration another of his sanctuaries, that of Saint Sixtus on the Appian Way, the history of which can be given in a few words.

At that time there were in the Transtevere a certain relaxed Order of Religious women distracted, impatient of the yoke, enemies of the cloister, slaves of family affection. The august authority of Pope Honorius the Third was not sufficient to restore them to fervor. At the request of the Pontiff, Dominic addressed himself to the work, and by the beauty of his discourses the influence of his kindness, and the menace of Divine judgments, he led these Religious to repentance and to renounce their follies. They consented to become his adopted daughters, to conform to his rule, and cloister themselves at Saint Sixtus.

Meanwhile they had one regret; they were parted from the miraculous image preserved in their church of Santa Maria of Transtevere—a few words descriptive of this painting may not here be amiss.

La Vierge de S. Sixte is one of those called Acheropite, that is to say, not painted by the hand of man.

Diverse chronicles have placed it among those claimed to have been painted by Saint Luke; Mabillon mentions seven venerated at Rome; a subsequent writer has enumerated twelve. * * * The image of which we speak is painted on wood on a gold background; the features somewhat long, the complexion dark, the expression animated, the eyelashes almost black, the forehead rather broad, the nose straight and pointed, the lips like coral, the hands long, the whole picture noble and majestic. The tunic is blue, the mantle of red bordering on violet, with a hood drawn gracefully over the head. The Virgin does not hold the Infant Jesus in her arms, but beneath her shoulder, surrounded by a kind of framework of finely embroidered gold decorations, appear the Greek words: IC. XC. NIKA.; and a little farther over a silver star. The virgin holds the left hand extended on the breast; the right is raised as if in blessing.

To return to Saint Dominic, who, in reply to the expressions of regret for their beloved image made, by the Religious, said: "As to the picture not being your own, we will take it with us, and if, as we are assured has formerly happened, it will return itself to its own place, you shall be at liberty to return also."

The transfer was made at midnight, in order not to antagonize the populace. Dominic went first carrying the Holy Image close to his heart; at his side walked two cardinals, his intimate friends, then the nuns two by two, all bare-footed. The picture was put in place and remained there—the foundation was complete; but, we mistake, not complete, only beginning. The moral work which the Friar Preachers had begun was yet to be finished, and Mary here again, in her own personality in the hearts of the Sisters, reproduced her own virtues in the souls already prepared for their reception by Saint Dominic. And it is but justice to say that the same applies to similar Institutions wherein male or female, under all difficulties, through all time, including our own, provided they have not allowed themselves to be seduced by liberal ideas, forgetting their one end and aim. Pausing before a retreat peopled by these saintly souls, the passer-by may perhaps inquire, "What do they do there? What but boast of their humanitarian works, or at least of the new practices of piety which have their origin in their own imagination—high-sounding phrases invented to attract the crowd." Without doubt they cherish all forms of virtue, but, as far as themselves are concerned, in their humility and gratitude they never cease to cry out, *funes ceciderunt mihi in praeclaris*. Their mission is to elevate, to adorn, to fill with incense and harmony, sometimes joyous, sometimes plaintive, the temple of true piety, with Mary as the central figure, the object of their daily praise. Thus may they say in all truth: "*I live no longer, but Mary lives in me.*"

In effect, the Blessed Virgin lives in them through the unity and diversity of the mysteries. In them lives Mary Immaculate by the virginity, which, from their tenderest years they have cherished, cultivated, preserved, embellished. Mary lives in them, as the seat of wisdom, by their application to the study of the grand masters of asceticism and by their avidity in listening to the Divine Word, whether from without or from within, seated at the feet of their Virginal Mistress, whose silence ever is a sermon and a lesson. Mary lives in them through Calvary, whereby beings innocent and pure as they are, do penance unceasingly for poor sinners; suffering in their hearts ineffable torments, and identifying themselves with our Blessed Mother and her sorrows. In them Mary lives through the Cenacle, by their fidelity in mediating upon the gifts of the Holy Spirit, making them to dwell in hearts desirous of perfection, making these gifts to pervade every practice of their daily lives, whose excellence is a species of silent heroism, causing these chosen souls to diffuse even through the outside world celestial perfumes and ineffable benedictions. In a word, they are

faithful mirrors, living continuations of the life of Mary, of the goodness of Mary, of the truth of Mary, of the beauty of Mary, ever ancient and ever new. Now, then, ye passers-by, of whatever kind; simply curious, philosophers, economists, statisticians, law-makers, you who demand to know the why and wherefore of such retreats, such dwellings, now that you know it, may you be able to understand it *et nunc, reges intelligite*. Princes and rulers of this world, be also wise; leave to those who dwell within these sanctuaries, if not temporal favors, at least, peace. Give them, ye rich men, earthly bread to eat, and ye, O priests, the supersubstantial and heavenly bread of doctrine; for well you know *that their piety is beneficial for all, as it has the promise of this life and the life of the future*. Here, on earth, indeed, they are a defense against the anger of the most High. And there, above, perhaps it may be revealed, to their great atonement and no less great joy, that the nineteenth century, which seemed to work them so much ill, as well as the twentieth, which is still more doubtful, will count among the most glorious in the Church, thanks to the silent reparations and interior elevation of these predestined souls.

Furthermore, to whom do they owe it? To you, to you, O Virgin Immaculate; you, who, in deigning to crown their virtues and their deeds will have crowned but your own gifts.

Love Hides the Cross.

ANNA LETITIA CONNOLLY.

I only thought of self, and of the ill
Which I had suffered. And, as if to aid
Rebellious nature, feelings reason swayed,
And something in me said that love sufficed without the cross.
A little while, my heart grew calm, the test
Was still upon me. Yet all that was best
Within my soul stood forth, and then I knew
That trials are our portion, and that few
Can realize the love with which we bear them hides the cross.

The Burning of Infant Acadia.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

VI.

Baron Pontrincourt had, meantime, clung with the affection of a parent for his child to his beloved Port Royal. While other arrangements were progressing for the departure of a new enterprise thither he took the precaution of having his grant of the place from De Monts confirmed by the King. A number of noble French ladies, headed by the Queen herself, took active interest in the missionary work of the Colony and lent thereto their aid in every possible way. From his fine Baronial estate of Saint Just, in Champagne, Pontrincourt boated down the rivers Aube and Seine, provisions, furniture, munitions and supplies of various other sorts to the port of Dieppe, where they were loaded on his outward bound ship. With him sailed on, February twenty-sixth, the missionary priest, Father La Fleche.

The discomforts of their long, stormy passage were increased by the most shocking of all evils at sea, a mutiny among the crew. But, by the rare tact and foresight of Pontrincourt, the more disastrous features of the mutiny were suppressed. On their arrival at Port Royal he was overjoyed to find matters there about as he had left them. The buildings were all intact externally, and within they found furnishings and little decorations untouched.

True to his essential purpose, as well as his promise to the Pope, before sailing, Pontrincourt, shortly after landing, began paving the way for the missionary endeavors of Father La Fleche. The Indians around the little settlement were, of course, overjoyed at their white friend's return; but, most of all, was the venerable centenarian, Member-ton, left in charge of the buildings. His corrugated, tan face, glowed with looks of welcome. He was first of the tribe to receive the good father's blessing. Then he and all his children's children were duly baptized. On the day of the Nativity of S. John the Baptist fully twenty-five of these converts were assembled in presence of the entire white members of the Colony. The Indians knelt before the primeval altar and were confirmed in the true faith.

These new converts were not slow in spreading far and wide among the tribes of the surrounding forests the news of their conversion. The glad tidings had the usual effect of starting hundreds to flock into Port

Royal, to share in the new spiritual awakening. Father La Fleche was simply so overworked with the increasing number of baptisms that some of the impatient natives had to wait their turn for weeks ahead. Pontreincourt had a certified list of all baptisms drawn up for transmission to France. His son, Biencourt, on his return for assistance from the friends of the colony the following year, was bearer of the register to the King.

Parkman states that Biencourt "heard the dire news from fishermen on the Grand Banks" of the cowardly assassination of Henry the Fourth by Ravaillac, in Paris. But Parkman's anti-Catholic instinct rendered him a doubtful authority on such matters. The daring young nobleman, however, found on his arrival in France that the King had been murdered as above stated. The shock had been so appalling that the work still seemed "turned upside down." All Europe was still shaken from the recoil. Yet, for all the political turmoil incident to the foul murder of Henry, young Biencourt was not long in making his way to the Louvre and obtaining an audience with the Queen, to whom he presented his list of baptisms. Her Majesty could not be but pleased at such a showing of Christian progress in so short a time in New France; the young man was made the happy recipient of her gracious thanks and congratulations. Such royal favor had been rarely won by a young sailor, only eighteen years old, and never more nobly won.

Some merchants of Dieppe, were about this time, fitting out a new expedition for America. On learning that they included Port Royal in their points of commercial enterprise, Biencourt took occasion to inquire into the extent of their ventures and the time of sailing their ships. In this connection he met some of the Jesuit Fathers, from whom he learned that they were looking toward sending a mission of their society to Port Royal. It had been the request of the late King that they do so at the earliest possible day. But the merchants of this new expedition had objected to having any of the Jesuits sail on their ships.

But this obstacle was presently overcome by Madame de Guercheville, one of the three noble lady friends of that Society, who bought a controlling interest in the expedition. Many other noble ladies of the French court contributed generously to the fund. They were, in fact, enthusiastic in favoring the movement, so that a Jesuit mission should reach New France as early as possible. So, when the Huguenot merchants heard that they had been thus overcome in their opposition to the Jesuits, they were naturally very wroth. They even flatly refused to receive on board their ship Fathers Biard and Masse, the two Jesu-

its appointed for the Port Royal Mission. On the Father's insistence to take passage in the ship, the merchants demanded payment for their outlay in the enterprise, saying they would then have done with it. This word being sent by Father Biard to Father Coton, his Superior, he, in turn, notified Madame de Guercheville who, at once, bought out the objecting merchants, whereupon the two missionary priests embarked without further opposition.

Young Pontrincourt also took passage in the same ship, which bore the name "The Grace of God." They put to sea from Dieppe on January 26, 1611. The midwinter passage to the westward, under sail, in a small, slow ship of that period, was necessarily long—four months. It was very stormy, too, and ocean travelers of to-day, in the great ocean greyhounds, with their palatial accommodations and luxurious fare, can form no idea of the discomforts of an ocean voyage at the period of which we write. Nor was the tedium of this long sea voyage much relieved by their reception upon their arrival at Port Royal. They found, in fact, the little colony there on the verge of starvation, long and eagerly awaiting the aid which they had brought. But the stock of supplies on board the ship was nearly exhausted. A coldness between the temporal heads of the colony and the missionaries made matters still worse. This lack of harmony was the unquestionable outgrowth of deep-rooted Huguenot prejudice, of long standing, against the Society of Jesus. The Catholic or the Protestant student of history, aiming at a true and candid deduction of the causes of this calamitous friction, cannot honestly evade this fact. During the thirty years' war with Spain, the French Huguenots kept harping on the report that Spain, urged by the Jesuits, was bent upon the subjugation of all France. What better proof of the existence of such Huguenot prejudice can be asked than the refusal of the two Huguenot merchants of Dieppe to allow the missionary Fathers to take passage in their ship? Their only excuse for such refusal was that "they would not aid in building up a colony for the profit of the King of Spain, nor risk their money in a venture where Jesuits were allowed to intermeddle."

This same sentiment regarding the Jesuits was not only rife among many of the Port Royal colonists on the arrival of "The Grace of God," but it had been communicated to many of the Indians as well. It can be seen, therefore, that Fathers Biard and Masse were heavily handicapped in their missionary work from the start. Even Pontrincourt and his son, for what reason does not appear on the surface, gave the Fathers a cold reception.

But these merely temporal concerns had little effect on the mission-

ary zeal and spiritual activity of the priests. Still, it could not but be a source of serious disappointment to them to find their steps impeded at every turn by this prejudice previously imparted to the Indians. So high did the opposition to their presence in the colony run that one old Sagamore proposed to the Pontrincourts to kill the two Jesuit Fathers—that it would, in fact, be a pleasure to him if it would be agreeable to them. But his offer was declined, to his surprise and disappointment. Matters in and about the colony kept going from bad to worse, till Baron Pontrincourt, seeing no chance of betterment, leaving his son in charge, sailed for France. Young Bien-court had, on his visit to the French court, been promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral in the waters of New France.

When the older Pontrincourt arrived in France, in 1613, he was imprisoned for debt accumulated in the losing effort to maintain and extend his Port Royal colony. Madame Guercheville had, meantime, bought up all rights and titles of Monts in Acadia. She had also procured from King Louis the Thirteenth a grant of all the territory between Florida and the Saint Lawrence River. This, of course, included the lands granted to the Virginia settlers at Jamestown by James the First of England some six years previously. Another ship was being fitted out for a new expedition, under this good lady's direction. This later expedition of Madame Guercheville was purely a missionary one, under the supervision of the Jesuits. The grant of King Louis was no more than an essential authority for the missionaries to pursue their divine calling of converting the nations to Christianity throughout the territory covered by the royal grant. In this was also included the Dutch possessions in Manhattan.

The missionary ship named "Jonas" got away under propitious circumstances. Father Quentin and Brother Du Thet were the only two missionaries on board, besides whom there were, in all, forty-eight officers, sailors, and colonists. Her cargo consisted of stores and supplies suitable for the purpose of the enterprise upon which she was bound. Captain Charles Fleury was in command of the ship and the colony was headed by a gentleman named La Saussage. At La Plane, where they touched, a landing was made and they raised a cross on the shore.

On arrival at Port Royal, about the end of May, 1613, Fathers Biard, Masse, and a couple of attendants, were the only white persons found at the little settlement. The others were out about their respective industries in the neighboring woods.

Taking the two Fathers on board the ship they proceeded toward the Penobscot. Next day they anchored in a bay of Mount Desert,

which they named Frenchman's bay. A party of Indians invited them to their village. Their great Chief, Asticon, was sick, they said, and was eager to be baptized before he died. Father Biard went with them to the chief's wigwam.

While the captain of the ship and leader of the colony were debating whether they should land supplies and start a settlement on the island, a sail was sighted, heading toward them. With a fair wind the stranger came up flying under all sail, till the "Jonas" officers made out her colors to be English, and the next moment they descried the grim black rows of seven cannon on a side protruding through her port holes. That those discerning French men were not slow in getting to their boats and off alongside the "Jonas" goes without telling. They had scarcely time to pull themselves together after getting on board and look about their weapons of defense when the English sloop of war, for such the stranger really was, had come up in range and opened fire on them with a raking broadside. Captain Fleury, thus caught wholly unprepared for such an attack, could make but feeble resistance. Several of his crew were still on shore, amongst whom was his gunner, and it was Brother Du Thet who fired the one gun which they were able to aim at the enemy ere being carried by the British boarders. On the "Jonas" deck, among the French dead and wounded, lay the body of Brother Du Thet. He had, too soon, met the martyrdom which he sought. Captain Fleury was severely wounded. On making a prize of the "Jonas" the captors hastened on shore to the deserted French camp there. Amongst La Saussage's luggage Argall's men found the former's commission from King Louis, the one thing of all for which the doughty Englishman most eagerly sought. Next day, when hunger drove La Saussage from his hiding-place in the hills, Argall politely requested to see the Frenchman's authority for occupying that territory. He had hitherto believed that it belonged to his Majesty of England, King James. La Saussage's failure to find his commission from Louis, in the chest from whence Argall had taken it and secreted it in his own pocket, the English captain roundly berated the Frenchman as robber and pirate. Then he ordered everything of any value belonging to the French to be taken on board his own ship. By the inhuman victors the French colonists were not only robbed of everything they had but were stripped of the clothes they had on their backs and left nearly naked.

This pillage done with, and two of his captives flogged, Argall ordered that La Saussage, Father Masse, with fifteen of the colonists, should be put in an open boat and set adrift. Father Biard, with thir-

teen other French prisoners, were held captive on board Argall's ship and carried to Jamestown.

Sir Thomas Dale, head of that first English colony in the New World, was about to hang all those Frenchmen when the astute Argall, by his interposition and display of La Saussage's commission from King Louis, saved their necks. Among the islands Father Masse and his companions in the open boat fell in with their pilot, who had run away at sight of the coming English ship. The friendship and aid of the Indians saved them from perishing of hunger and exposure. They crossed the bay of Fundy, rounded Cape Sable and coasted southward till they fell in with two small French trading vessels; which rescued and carried them safe home to France.

But though he spared his prisoners' lives, Sir Thomas Dale's wrath was far from being appeased by Argall's explanations, prompted, no doubt, by fear of the exposure of his own perfidy. Dale, thereupon convened his council and they promptly decided to drive all French intruders from all North American territory lying between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of latitude; this, King James the First had granted to the Virginia and Plymouth companies by patents of 1606. England was then, in fact, claiming all of North America by virtue of Cabot's surreptitious discovery thereof. So, probably ignorant of the fact that his Virginia authorities had not full jurisdiction, Sir Thomas ordered that Fathers Biard, Quentin and most of the other prisoners be embarked with La Saussage and taken back to New France. Argall's ship and the "Jonas," with another smaller vessel, were equipped for the voyage of destruction.

Argall at the head of the expedition shaped their course for Mount Desert, where, on arrival, they landed and destroyed every vestige of the French settlement to be seen, cut down the French cross standing on the ruins and planted theirs in its place. Proceeding to Saint Croix they there leveled all that remained of De Mont's little settlement, took what there was worth carrying away and crossed the bay of Fundy to Port Royal. Young Pontrincourt and some friends were absent on a visit to some neighboring Indians and the rest of the little colony were afield reaping, five or six miles beyond the fort. Fresh supplies of ammunition, horses, cattle, hogs and provisions had recently arrived from France. This was a lucky windfall for the rapacious Britons. They carried off what cattle, horses and hogs they had room for on board and slaughtered the rest. They ransacked the buildings, leaving nothing worth taking, not even the locks and latches of the doors, and set fire to the rest. When they had seen Port Royal laid in ashes, the British

started up river in boats to where the reapers were at their harvesting. The Frenchmen fled at sight of their armed foes, to shelter behind a neighboring hill, whence they could but watch with heart-burnings the wanton destruction of the fruits of their season's industry.

The English had completed their ruin and were re-embarking when Biencourt and his friends returned in sight of the ashes of their homes. Failing in an attempt to ambush Argall and some of his officers, Biencourt requested an interview. This was granted by Argall, both leaders pledging their words of honor to observe the conditions of such parley. But, in the nature of things, nothing favorable that the Frenchman could accept, without forfeiting his self-respect, came of it.

Having satisfactorily wiped out all traces of this French settlement of Acadia, Argall ordered sail, and his little fleet made for Virginia, on the thirteenth of November. They had scarcely cleared the harbor headlands when a gale sprang up with such violence as to scatter the squadron. Of the three, Argall's ship alone reached Jamestown, after a long buffeting by gale and wave. The smaller vessel was never heard of; the "Jonas," with Fathers Biard, Quentin, and Mr. La Sausage on board, finally reached the harbor of Fayal, Azores.

For fear of any possible evil effect to their country's colonization scheme in the New World, from the Jesuit Fathers' communication with any of the Catholic authorities of Fayal, the priests were secreted under hatches, while the customs officers searched the ship, while she lay off the island.

His supply of provisions and water replenished, Vice-Admiral Turnel, in charge of the ship, sailed for Pembroke, Wales. Here the dignitaries of the Anglican Church were filled with wonder and admiration at what they heard of the Fathers' late missionary adventures. The priests were given passage home to Calais. Father Biard afterwards occupied the chair of theology at Lyons. The other French prisoners taken at Port Royal were sent from Jamestown to England, and thence to France.

Argall, for his laying waste and plundering exploits, was promoted to the office of Deputy Governor of Virginia. In his official capacity on shore he proved himself quite as competent, especially at feathering his own nest, as he had been at sea. Under his strenuous administration, persons who absented themselves one day from church, were imprisoned for a night and made slaves for a week for the first offence; for the second, they were enslaved a month; and, for the third, a year. This was certainly laying the foundation of English liberty in the New

World with the characteristic firm hand. Nor did his seemingly dominant concern about the salvation of the souls of other men cause him to neglect his own bodily sustenance. Most men are said to have their share of "unguarded hours," in which they do things more or less inconsistent with their better or worse rules of action. So it is due to Argall to infer that it must have been during such hours of his that "he enriched himself by extortion and wholesale speculation." He was, in the year 1623, knighted by the hand of his Majesty, King James.

But something more deterring than a few such reverses and their concomitant bloodshed and sufferings was required to compel the French to wholly abandon the colonization of New France. Young Biencourt, with his few trusty followers, who escaped Argall's arrest, aided by friendly Indians in time began rebuilding Port Royal. Baron Pontreincourt, in the spring following Argall's burning of Port Royal, came there to find his son Biencourt and his men in a rather bad case, after the long winter, during which they had existed mostly on lichens, roots and buds of trees. The friendly Indians had, of course, lent what aid they could. The sight of the ruin of the outcome of so many years' toil, the destruction or plunder of the noble family heirlooms brought from Saint Just, must have deeply touched the Baron's heart; for he returned directly to France. But the son, determined that a new Port Royal should ascend upon the ashes of the old, accordingly remained. The father was, during the next year, 1615, on the outbreak of disturbance, following the marriage of King Louis to Anne of Austria, given command of the Royal troops, subsequently sent to subdue Mery. Here he fell, sword in hand, just after taking the town, "by a treacherous shot" and was buried in his Barony of Saint Just.

Life's April Days.

WILL F. O'NEIL.

In life we have days of sadness and gloom—
But we try in our hearts to give sunshine some room;
Never was there a storm so dark and so drear,
That a rainbow of hope did not brighten and cheer.

A Coal Region Idyl.

WILL W. WHALEN.

She was heavily veiled, yet there was something very attractive about her pose, so Urban Day thought. Perhaps he would not have noticed her at first, but that she was the only woman in the miners' car. On the dusty bench which ran through the center of the car and served as a seat, she sat as a queen might sit on a throne. In her sombre garments, she seemed to be a statue of black marble, so still was she.

Urban Day had run up to the coal regions to spend a week with friends. He enjoyed the trip immensely. It was his first journey on the miners' train, and he was surprised to find that women as well as men ride in the dirty cars. He liked the miners, they were so very different from the people he had met in the city.

"Relay!" The conductor threw open the door, and a line of dusty, drilling-clothed men and boys, with tin cans and bottles, rushed out of the car and down the steps. The woman—she was scarcely more than a girl—arose to leave. Day was directly behind her, and he saw that she had fluffy red-gold hair. She was tall and very slender, almost fragile.

The miners' train had pulled out, but the girl was still standing at the station. Day noticed that her hands were ungloved and purple from cold. He tightened the collar of his great coat, for the air was piercingly cold. He stared at the girl for a full minute, then went to cross the tracks.

He heard the roar of a train, and a hoarse cry of "Look out for the flyer!" He had just realized his danger, when slipping on a tie he fell prostrate on the track, striking his temple against the rail. There was a buzzing in his head and the noise of the train, with its shrill whistle, was almost deafening. Day felt a pair of slim hands grip his wrists, then he was being dragged from the tracks. A skirt brushed his cheek, and he knew his rescuer was a woman. A stinging pain in his ankles, a shriek of a woman's voice, noise and confusion which seemed far away; was he dreaming? He thought he heard a voice say, "His feet are cut off." And then rain, warm drops fell on his face; perhaps a woman's tears; he could not tell.

* * * * *

"What address did you say, Susie; 15 North 54th street?" The young physician was drawing on his gloves. "I'll try to get back in time for dinner. Roast goose, eh? Hope that you stuffed it in the good old-

fashioned way—with mashed potatoes and onions; ha! you know what I like."

He boarded a trolley-car and soon reached the house of his new patient. An elderly woman, a little creature with thin, gray hair and bright black eyes, met him at the door.

"I'm glad that yo've come so soon, doctor," she said, leading him upstairs; "my niece is very weak to-day; I think the city does not agree with her; yo' know, she is from the country, the coal regions."

She brought him into a cheaply-furnished but very tidy room, containing one bed. The walls were neatly papered, and a few pictures adorned the walls. A girl, whose gold-tinted tresses flowed over her shoulders, smiled up at him from the bed. Her delicate face was as white as the pillow-cover, but her lips were full and red. The eyes were like a child's, big, innocent, trustful. The face won him immediately.

"You've overworked yourself," he told the girl, "and you've neglected to take sufficient fresh air."

"That's so, doctor," replied the aunt, "but what could she do? She was in a store, an' the girls has got t' work there. I think, though, that, may be, if Dorie had a' been raised down here, she wouldn't find it so awful hard. Yo' know, it ain't easy t' make a girl get used to a cage. When I firs' left the coal regions an' come down here, I thought I'd die, but I jus' pitched in an' got used to it; but my poor Dorie ain't strong."

"Your niece, you say?" asked the doctor, more inquisitive than polite. He was but eight and twenty, and the girl was beautiful.

"Yes; she's down here t' stay a year, maybe longer. Yo' see, she's a school teacher, but this year she didn't get no school. It's all politics that runs them schools; so she come down here t' work till nex' term."

Somehow the doctor felt glad that she had missed the school. He called to see his fair patient every day for a week, though there was no necessity for so many visits; but, then, he did not mean to charge anything. Dorie always seemed worse after the physician was gone, but never failed to brighten up when he came. The girl was an entertaining companion, and she took up many an hour of the young physician's time which might have been better expended on other patients.

One day she noticed a change come over him. She had mentioned that her home was at Relay.

"I was up there two years ago," he said; "strange that I did not see you; Relay is so small."

She smiled mysteriously. He was gloomy all that day and the

next, Dorie remarked to her aunt. Then the gloom became desperation, Dorie thought. She tried to work out an explanation of his conduct, but failed. Evidently there was something weighing on his mind.

"You ought to have a change of air," he said.

"Indeed, I should like a change of air, myself; I should so love to travel—to California, or Florida, say," she sighed.

"Would you really like to travel?" he asked eagerly.

She smiled assent, that bewitching smile of hers, which always made his brain reel.

"Dorie"—he forgot to call her Miss King—"would you care to travel as a doctor's wife?"

She blushed and was silent. Then the gloom came over him again, and despair settled down on his fine, clear-cut features. His face had been full of joyous expectation for a minute, but now there was a look of pain on it—as if a heavy cloud had suddenly crossed a smiling sky.

"But I must be fair with you. You would not care to marry one crippled for life."

He expected her to cry out in incredulity, but she only smiled.

"You walk remarkably well," she replied; "only a very slight limp; one would think you had a trifling touch of rheumatism."

"I manage my artificial limb fairly well; but, Dorie, dare I hope for your love as I am. I concealed my misfortune from you for obvious reasons, and ——"

"How did the accident occur?" she asked, still with that odd smile.

He told her. "I visited Relay just a year before I was graduated, and while there fell in front of a train. I should have lost my life, but a woman dragged me from the wheels."

She looked into his eyes, and her smile shed sunshine upon him. "The woman; who was she?"

"I never could find out, though I tried hard enough. She was veiled, and I did not see her face, but she had goldish hair."

"Like mine?"

He grew bewildered as the truth began to dawn upon him.

"You goose," she said, rising from her invalid chair, and putting her arm about his neck, "you can't see the connection between things. She had auburn hair, so have I; she was at Relay; my home is there. I recognized you the first minute you came to see me, and I noticed the limp; but I am thankful that I saved your precious life that day; for I had lost my heart. And—and—I'll take the change of air."

A Morning Ride to Salvador.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Across the mesa's lucent green
The golden poppy's gorgeous sheen
Such affluence of beauty flung,
The leagues of wild flowers far among,
That over all the glorious show
Uprose a ruddy golden glow,
And o'er the cloudless dome of blue
A gossamer of saffron drew.

On every blade of grass and thorn
Glistened the dewy gems of morn,
And fragrances more rich and rare
Than Ceylon's spiceries were there;
A lark's wild song the heavens filled—
On palm and pine the brown thrush trilled;
An eagle from his mountain eyre
Far north, sailed down the blithe March sky—
And now, a song sublime—O, hark!
Surpassing voice of thrush or lark—
It is the inspired mocking bird—
The song that Saints in Heaven heard
When bright Cecilia's soul took flight
Upward, on that dark, fatal night
When, martyr to God's truth, she died
And was in Heaven beatified.

"Those ruins, girl, the hill below?
The old Franciscan pueblo,
Perhaps the only heritage
Of a more glad, romantic age,
When men lived less for pelf and power,
And beauty and truth was woman's dower—
Here on this fallen Sala floor
In mirthful maze full many a score
Of señoritas, fairer far
Than Dian or the Morning Star,
Danced, their fine figure's grace of motion,

Like waves of some bright star-lit ocean
 Or wind-stirred lake, their dark eye's glance
 Shot through you like a Cupid's lance,
 Their cavalier's admiring eyes
 Hung on their beauties' witcheries.

"This is the ruined altar where
 They knelt at Mass or Vespers, ere
 A hostile Saxon foot had trod
 Upon their shores, with rapine shod—
 You see his footprints everywhere,
 Sign of destruction, death, despair.

Standing the shriveled palms beneath,
 The freer to respire the breath
 Of the wild rose and jessamine,
 There came out of the fallen fane
 A woman, bent, grey and decrepit;
 She paused before the door and wept,
 As if her poor old heart would break.
 'Let's ask the stricken soul to take
 A ride,' Cecilia said, 'away
 From scenes that on her poor heart lay
 Heavier than the weight of sin.'
 'Pray, madam, may I help you in
 To our poor coche? There is peace,
 And of your sorrow sweet surcease
 Down in our sea-side cities throng.'
Gracias senor, here I belong,
Mi marido, ninos, todo lie
 Here long in dust and soon shall I."

Gentle and meek as any child,
 Through her hot tears she bowing smiled;
 Then, with the grace, polite and grand,
 Of her complaisant native land,
 She reached my wife her hand and said:
 "*Adios, senora.* Do not shed
 A tear for me; I no more care
 For things the world in common share—
 My dead await me there above,
 Where all is joy and peace and love."

Editorial.

We note, with a deep sense of personal loss, the passing of Father J. A. Rooney, O. P., whose death occurred on February twenty-second, at Saint Dominic's, Benicia.

Beloved by all who knew him, revered for his great piety and admired for his extraordinary talents, Father Rooney's death, after many years of poor health, has saddened his faithful and affectionate friends.

Father Rooney was born near Dundalk, Ireland, December 16, 1837. Coming to America when very young, he was placed with the Jesuit Fathers of Saint Francis Xavier's College, New York, where he finished a course in secular studies. He made his profession in the Dominican Order in 1855 and was ordained priest in 1860. His subsequent career was marked by untiring zeal in arduous missionary work throughout the Eastern, Southern and Western States. Brilliant in pulpit oratory, eloquent, with a pathos born of tender love for the Queen of Heaven, Father Rooney preached, prayed, and won souls to the practice of the powerful devotion of the Rosary. Unbounded confidence in Mary's maternal solicitude, unlimited faith in her heavenly prerogatives, inspired his preaching "in season and out of season" of the glorious devotion of the Rosary—the devotion in which the Son of God and His holy Mother are never separated, the devotion that is so pleasing to Heaven and so formidable to hell; the devotion that preserves faith—as it fosters love of God and of His Immaculate Mother—the devotion that is lisped by infant lips and fervently re-echoed by hoary age.

By the numerous bands of Mary's clients, formed in solid piety by Father Rooney's loving initiative, we may judge of the fruits of his heroic zeal. May the prayers of those for whom he so untiringly labored, obtain for him infinite joy—everlasting peace.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, an eye-witness of the riots which occurred in Russia on January twenty-second, writing on the "Doom of Russian Autocracy" in the March number of the *Review of Reviews*, thus forecasts the future of the Empire:

The revolution has not failed; it has only begun. It is likely to

prove a slow process in a country where the troops are with the ruler against the people, and in Russia it is certain to assume a peculiar character of its own. Unhappily, the authorities imported a deplorable element into the struggle when they taught by example that killing and murder for political purposes are no crimes. The situation is sufficiently characterized by these salient facts. All sections of society, from the peasant and the workman to the Czar, proclaim that Russia cannot go on as she is going. Law must take the place of caprice. The Czar himself in his ukase openly confesses all this, and more than this. The whole nation has since assured him that autocracy cannot save the country, but that the country may save the Autocrat if he be wise in time. The alternatives now are the abolition of the one-man *regime* of the Romanoffs or the ruin of Russia. And Nicholas II. refuses to give up his prerogatives.

Between these two, then, the nation and the Czar, the struggle will now be carried on. The first encounter took place on Sunday, January 22, between the troops of the autocracy and the unarmed multitude, and the autocracy, in possession of brute force, won the day. The people will now resort to force, but to force aided by cunning, and the next episodes of political justice may perhaps be classified by friends of the autocracy as crimes. But in matters of that kind public opinion is deemed to be the right rule of conscience, and in Russia public opinion approves the violent deed of Sozonoff. Great progress can hardly be made in the contest before the war with Japan is concluded, the troops return home, and the financial bills are presented for payment. Then the day of reckoning will be nigh. For financial insolvency bids fair to accompany spiritual bankruptcy. Meanwhile it is possible, and personally I regard it as almost certain, that Nicholas the Second will convoke an assembly of notables on the model of the *zemsky* assembly convened by the first Czar of the Romanoff dynasty. That, however, will not satisfy the legitimate demands of his people. Yet it is in the highest degree improbable that the Emperor will grant a constitution; though an autocrat, be he ever so powerful, cannot carry on a campaign against a foreign enemy, thousands of miles away, and at the same time wage war on his own people at home. Even Archimedes needed a fulcrum. At present nearly all Russia has recorded its opinion in unmistakable terms that the game which is now being played by the autocracy is not worth the candle. Why, to quote a Russian saying, go to hell to light a cigarette?

President Roosevelt's inaugural address bears the impress of a Christian patriot who gratefully notes the rulings of a Divine Providence. In opening his address the President called attention to our present prosperity and gratefully acknowledges the beneficence of Heaven by which we are especially favored. "No people on earth," said Mr. Roosevelt, "has more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good, who has blessed us with conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and happiness."

In his exhortation to maintain a cordial and sincere friendship towards other nations, the President dwelt upon the virtues of *peace*, emphasizing the qualities of peace that spring from *justice*—the peace of *righteousness*. Continuing his consideration of our foreign relations, the President said:

"Our relations with the other powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population, and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now face other perils, the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half century are felt in every fibre of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, and have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, also have brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centres. Upon the success of our experiment much depends, not only as regards our welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind.

"If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and, therefore, our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from

ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright."

The Young Men's *Institute Journal* of California, speaking of the observance of Y. M. I. day in San Francisco, says:

"Washington's Birthday was appropriately observed by the San Francisco Councils of the Institute under the auspices of the Board of Management. In accordance with established custom the day was in the first instance given over to the celebration of the annual Mass of Requiem for the deceased members of the Order. The Requiem Mass of the local Councils was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral at 10 o'clock and the occasion was marked by a splendid attendance of the members of the organization. Reverend William Sullivan was celebrant, Rev. J. B. Hannigan, deacon; Rev. C. A. Ramm, sub-deacon, and Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, master of ceremonies. The special music of the Mass was rendered by the choir under the direction of Professor R. J. Harrison, organist; Miss Veva Hickey, soprano; Miss Julia Sullivan, contralto; T. A. Zavala, tenor, and S. J. Sandy, basso. Wilcox's Requiem and offertory, "Pie Jesu," were sung. The rendition of the music was very beautiful. The sermon was to have been preached by Rev. William E. McGough, but owing to the death of his father he was unable to be present. The members generally expressed their sympathy with the Reverend Father in his bereavement, and the *Journal*, in the name of the Institute, tenders to the Reverend Father the sincere condolence of all members of the society.

The annual Requiem Mass celebrated for the repose of the souls of the members of Ignatian Council No. 35 was celebrated at S. Ignatius' Church at 10:00 o'clock and was largely attended by members of that Council and friends. Rev. P. G. Butler was celebrant, assisted by Rev. J. E. Cottle, as deacon, Rev. J. Cullen, as sub-deacon, and Rev. J. Leherthy, S. J., as master of ceremonies. An augmented choir under the leadership of Mr. O'Connell rendered the music of the Mass. Most Reverend Archbishop Montgomery delivered an earnest and appropriate sermon, referring in particular to the beautiful ceremonies of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which permits us to unite our prayers for the repose of the souls of those who have gone before.

The evening exercises were held at the Alhambra Theater, where a crowded house assembled in response to the invitation issued by the Board of Management. The programme was excellent and appreciated

by the large audience, each number being heartily and several times encored. Neal Power of Cathedral Council No. 59 was to have delivered the principal address of the evening, but he was unfortunately delayed *en route* from Santa Barbara, by a train wreck, and thereby prevented from being present. By reason of that fact Grand President John P. Fitzgerald was at the last moment called upon to enlarge upon the duty assigned him as president of the evening and requested to make an address appropriate to the occasion. That the Grand President acquitted himself with great credit under trying circumstances is but faint praise, and his impromptu address was warmly applauded by the audience and appreciated highly by every member of the Institute.

We congratulate the Young Men upon their activity in affairs of interest to Catholics and wish them continued success in their good work.

The announcement that arrangements have been completed for the publication in the English language of a Catholic Encyclopedia is enthusiastically welcomed by English-speaking Catholics. Of the great need of a work of the character outlined by the editors there is no doubt. We bespeak for the undertaking the active interest and energetic co-operation of our readers.

The Catholic Encyclopedia is designed to meet the needs of all classes of readers and students, Catholic and non-Catholic. It will present, in concise form, authentic statements of the doctrine and discipline of the Church, historical facts, correct accounts of individuals, equitable judgments on events, situations and controversies.

Among the subjects to be treated in the encyclopedia are:

The Bible: Biblical Criticism, Geography, Antiquities and Languages.

Catholic Theology, doctrinal, moral, ascetical, mystical, and pastoral.

The Fathers of the Church and ecclesiastical writers.

Christian Apologetics.

Canon Law; Civil Law affecting the Church.

The Papacy, the Hierarchy and the Priesthood.

Religious Orders and Associations.

The Catholic Laity: religious, scientific and philanthropic work of individuals and organizations.

Relations of Church and State.

Church History; Christian Archaeology.

Biography: the Saints; distinguished Churchmen and Laymen.

Religious Art: architecture, sculpture, painting, music.

Philosophy and Education.

Comparative religion, literature, science, political economy, sociology and civil history, so far as they relate to the Catholic Church, will receive adequate treatment.

Special attention will be paid to those subjects which are of interest to Catholics in English-speaking countries. The growth and present status of the Church in the United States and Canada, in England, Scotland, Ireland and Australia, will be exhibited with full historical and statistical details. Similar information regarding the Church in other countries will be brought within the reach of English-speaking peoples.

The subjects indicated above, and other subjects that may fall within the scope of the Encyclopedia, will be treated in accordance with the latest results of scientific investigation. In addition, whenever it is called for, a carefully selected list of the best authorities will be given. The bibliography will be an important feature of the Encyclopedia, and will make it especially valuable as a work of reference.

The Encyclopedia will comprise fifteen volumes, quarto, each containing eight hundred and thirty-two pages, one hundred text illustrations, ten half-tones, three colored plates and several maps. The plates, topography, paper and binding will be of superior quality. The first volume will appear in one year, and the entire work will be finished in five years from the appearance of the first volume.

The need of a Catholic encyclopedia is obvious. It becomes more urgent as the work of the Church develops and compels the attention of thoughtful men. The space which can be allowed to Catholic subjects in a general encyclopedia is too limited to permit their proper treatment. On the other hand, Catholic sources of information are not always accessible. The most effectual means of placing them at the disposal of all readers is an encyclopedia of the character described above.

To the clergy, to every Catholic home, to schools, colleges and libraries, a work of this nature is indispensable. It must appeal also to many non-Catholics whose profession or interest obliges them to have an accurate knowledge of the nature, history and aims of the Church.

So far, we possess nothing in English that corresponds to the Catholic encyclopedias in German and French. The benefits accruing from these publications are a strong argument in favor of the production of a similar work for the English-speaking world.

The editors are confident that the Catholic Encyclopedia, when

completed, will be a literary monument to Catholicism wherever the English tongue prevails.

The Board of Editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia consists of:

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The editors and publishers have opened an office at No. 1 Union Square, New York City.

Literature, taken in all its bearings, forms the grand line of demarcation between the human and the animal kingdoms. He that loves reading has everything within his reach. He has but to desire, and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom.—*W. Godwin*.

You may have in a house costly pictures and costly ornaments, and a great variety of decoration, yet, so far as my judgment goes, I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply.
—*John Bright*.



Some Recent Books

SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP are most entertaining friends; their personal experiences in a small town furnish situations ludicrous in the extreme. Susan breaks the record for feminine loquacity; while Mrs. Clegg, in her attempts to "get a word in edgewise," provokes most enjoyable mirth and side-splitting laughter.

Anne Varner, the writer of the story, excels in her delineation of humorous characters. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Among the recent publications of Richard G. Badger, we note the following worthy productions in verse: SONGS FOR MOMENTS OF HOPE, by Clara E. Vester; THE PALACE OF THE HEART, AND OTHER POEMS OF LOVE, by Pattie Williams Gee; AS THOUGHT IS LED, LYRICS AND SONNETS, by Alicia K. Van Buren; CONTRASTED SONGS, by Marian Longfellow; APRIL DAYS, by Luella Clark; THE DAWN OF FREEDOM, or THE LAST DAYS OF CHIVALRY, and Other Poems, by Charles Henry St. John; ECHOES FROM THE FOREST, by H. W. Bugbee; POEMS, by Hildegard Hawthorne; THE DIAL OF THE HEART, by Philip Green Wright; CORPORAL DAY, A NEW ENGLAND IDYL, by Charles Henry St. John.

From the same publisher in interesting prose works we have BROWNING AND MEREDITH—SOME POINTS OF SIMILARITY, by Mary Winchester-Abbott; THE STORY OF A MISSION INDIAN, by Kathryn Wallace; A PIONEER DOCTOR, by Elizabeth Porter Gould.

Mr. Badger's excellent taste is evidenced in pleasing variety of cover designs, and the superior quality of workmanship that characterize these publications.

THE HOLLADAY CASE, by Burton E. Stevenson, a mild sort of "detective story," told by the detective himself, develops into an interesting romance. The scenes are laid in America and France.

The book is published by the Henry Holt Co., New York.

FABIOLA: A TALE OF THE CATACOMBS, by Cardinal Wiseman; VERA SAPIENTIA, OR TRUE WISDOM, translated from the Latin of Thomas a Kempis, by Right Reverend Mgr. Byrne, D.D.; CATHOLIC IDEALS IN SOCIAL LIFE, by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., LETTERS OF BLESSED JOHN OF AVILA, translated from the Spanish by the Benedictines of Stanbrook and prefaced by a biographical sketch of Blessed John—"the learned and saintly preacher of Andalusia"—by Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B.; and THE LIVES OF SIR THOMAS MORE, HENRI BREMOND, of "The Saints" series, are among the recent publications of Benziger Brothers, New York.

A debt of gratitude is due to the publishers of these commendable works, some of them appearing for the first time in English; they illustrate Christian courage in a sublime degree, and exhale a rare perfume of virtue redolent of past ages of Faith.

THE INQUISITION, AN ESSAY, extracted from De Vivier's "Christian Apologetics," by Reverend Joseph C. Sasia, S. J., is a timely refutation of malignant perversions of historical truth in regard to the special tribunal known as the "Ecclesiastical Inquisition." The immediate occasion for the publication of these important facts in pamphlet form is the insertion of calumnious statements on the subject of the Inquisition in Volume X. of the "Historians' History," compiled and published under the auspices of the *Outlook Company*, New York.

This brief study of the origin and nature of the Ecclesiastical Inquisition, its lawfulness in principle, the justness of its measures and its beneficial results should be placed in the hands of growing youth, that they may be able to defend the institutions of the Church from malignant and untruthful attacks.

The pamphlet may be obtained from Gallagher Brothers, Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

Louis Pendleton, in his very entertaining novel entitled A FOREST DRAMA, revives interest in the great waterways and portage paths of North America—those keys of the country in the pioneer days of fur-trading with the Indians. The heroine of the story partakes of the rugged characteristics of the country and courageously meets the difficulties of a perilous situation.

The book is published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

Volume XXI—THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS is entirely devoted to religious matters, ecclesiastical or missionary in their scope, during 1624. The current documents for that year are concerned with the adjustment of misunderstandings between the diocesan authorities and the religious orders, and also between the civil and religious authorities in Manila. The account of the foundation of the Recollect missions in the Islands, in May, 1605; the labors of the missionaries among the Marivedes, an unusually brutal and ferocious tribe, in the vicinity of Manila; the hardships and privations of the religious; their marvelous escapes from death, and the nature of their stupendous spiritual conquests among brutalized, savage idolaters, are subjects of living interest. Graphically detailed in the original documents, the experiences of the religious in the extension of their spiritual work, reveal a supernatural courage and an unconquerable bravery.

The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio, deserves special commendation for their promptness in publishing the interesting volumes of this documentary history.

In his text-book of Elocution for the use of colleges, high schools, or for self-instruction, Edward Amherst Ott gives some profitable exercises, in the first part of his book, for mechanical drill in breathing as the foundation of voice culture. Having, in this manner, guaranteed the development of a good voice, he instructs the possessor *How to Use the Voice in Reading and Speaking*. Part II is devoted to the power of the voice in varied studies of thought and emotion expression. Selections in poetry and prose, from standard authors, are appended for effective class-drill practice. Diagrams showing the vocal organs, the scientific control of which renders one perfect in the "art of arts," forms part of an interesting introduction.

Hinds & Noble, New York, are the publishers of the book.

Professor Goodwin D. Sweezey, in a recent work, entitled *PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN ASTRONOMY*, gives definite and detailed instruction for some profitable laboratory work in the study of Astronomy. The appliances necessary to carry on interesting measurements may be constructed by ingenious pupils at a trifling expense, as the "Specifications for the Construction of Instruments," appended to the work, clearly show.

This commendable hand-book of practical Astronomy is published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

FOOTPRINTS OF FORMER MEN IN FAR CORNWALL, vividly re-traced by R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Mouverstow, lead through tangled paths to heights of peace. The editor of the present sketches, C. E. Byles, in his introductory note, says: "There is an element of fiction in Hawker's biographical studies. He never lets facts, or the absence of them, stand in the way of his imagination, and he had a Chattertonian habit of passing off compositions of his own as ancient manuscripts." The sketches reveal his rich native humor and his rare gift of telling a story. He is always at best in describing his own dearly-loved Cornwall, and in particular the wild coast by which his years were spent.

The book is appropriately illustrated by J. Ley Pettibridge, and is published by John Lane, New York.

From the same publisher comes, in the new Pocket Library Series, Captain Marryatt's inimitable MIDSHIPMAN EASY, who will be heartily welcomed as the hero of "exquisitely funny" adventures in the days when *sailors* sailed the seas. Captivating in his robust personality, Captain Marryatt holds the attention of his delighted listeners as he spins off yarn after yarn which resounds with the mirthful laughter of the frolicsome, gleeful sea.

THE BOOK OF THE SHORT STORY, edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Seider Canby, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, includes some short stories of ancient and modern writers, that typify excellence of narrative and enduring fame. In an interesting introduction, the Short Story, the Tale, the Novel, and the rise of the Short Story, are analyzed from a literary standpoint. Among the authors quoted, Defoe, Cervantes, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling entertain. Each, in his peculiarly happy style, holds the interest and wins the grateful acknowledgments of the reader. The book, intended as a guide for supplementary reading in advance of literature, opens pleasurable vistas in its listed works, indicative of literary treasures to be found in the world's masterpieces.

To travelers, or to those who have neither the time nor money to travel, to Catholics and to non-Catholics, IN MANY LANDS will open vistas of pleasure. The *nom de plume*, "A member of the Order of Mercy," has ceased to cover the identity of the writer, Mother Teresa Austin Carroll, a Sister of Mercy, now stationed at a Convent of her Order in Mobile, Ala. She is the author of several other works equally delightful. Her style is simple, but magnetic; vivid and descriptive.

One is charmed by her poetic descriptions of places and persons. The reader is not only entertained, but highly instructed. Memorable facts are interspersed with flashes of keen wit and delightful anecdote. These memoirs will be read and re-read with profit and pleasure.

IN MANY LANDS is beautifully printed and bound by O'Shea & Co., Barclay street, New York.

Music.

Wm. Pond & Co., New York, has published, for piano: MOONLIGHT ON THE JAMES, a bright, vivacious Valse Brillante, entertaining to second grade students; for violin and piano a very sweet BERCEUSE, by Lynnel Reed; two songs for medium voice by H. W. Ruffner; I HAVE A SIXPENCE, and WHEN LOVE IS GONE, songs by Christopher Marks; HARK, WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES, a Christmas solo, which would make a good unison chorus, and THE DAY IS GENTLY SINKING TO A CLOSE, a sacred solo; THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS, by Sidney Thomson; JESU, WORD OF GOD, by Gounod, arranged with AVE VERUM words by Walter O. Wilkinson; two sacred vocal duets, soprano and baritone: BEHOLD, O STRANGER AT THE DOOR, by J. A. Fairfield, and SING TO THE LORD A JOYFUL SONG, by Tosti, both duets arranged by G. B. Nevin. Some quartettes for mixed voices: THE DEATH IT IS THE BREEZY NIGHT; FAR, FAR, FROM OLDEN TIME, both by Jacques Mendelssohn; COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING—(Foster)—a fair arrangement by Wm. Dressler. Of the sacred quartettes, the following: SINCE THE DAY THAT I BROUGHT FORTH MY PEOPLE, by H. P. Danks; LOVE OF JESUS, ALL DIVINE, soprano solo and chorus by J. Christopher Marks; THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS, by H. P. Danks.

J. Fischer and Brother, New York, publish THE PRINCIPAL OFFERTORIES OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR, for four mixed voices, edited by J. Gubing, a compilation of offertories by different composers, suitable for all the feasts of the year, beginning with the first Sunday in Advent. The music is Gregorian in style, conforming with the wishes of the Holy Father, with organ accompaniment or ad libitum; AVE VERUM, arranged from W. A. Mozart for two violins and piano by Rudolf Sinnhold; OLD FOLKS AT HOME (Foster), a good transcription for the piano by J. Wiegand; THORNROSE, a pleasing little Gavotte for piano by C. Lehnert; LA HARPE DE S. CECILIA, by A. Weigand, transcribed for piano by E. J. Biederman; also, for organ and harp, violincello and harp. This is a religious melody over a running, harp-like accompaniment.

Calendar for April.

- 1—Octave of the Annunciation.
- 2—First Sunday of the month.
Fourth Sunday of Lent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.
- 3—Stigmata of S. Catherine of Siena, O. P., Virgin. Devotion to the Five Wounds.
- 4—S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor. Christian courage.
- 5—S. Vincent Ferrer, O. P., Priest. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 6—S. Francis of Paula, Priest. Founder of the Minims, (from April 2).
- 7—Feast of the Most Precious Blood.
- 8—Of the Octave of S. Vincent. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 9—Second Sunday of the month. Passion Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.
- 10—B. Anthony Neyrot, O. P., Martyr. True conversion.
- 11—S. Leo, Pope. Fortitude.
- 12—B. Anthony Pavia, O. P., Martyr. (from April 9). Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 13—B. Margaret, O. P., Virgin. Christian sympathy.
- 14—The compassion of the Blessed Virgin.
- 15—S. Hermingild, Martyr. Fear of God. Votive Mass of the Rosary.
- 16—Third Sunday of the month. Palm Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 17—Monday of Holy Week.
- 18—Tuesday of Holy Week.
- 19—Wednesday of Holy Week.
- 20—Maundy Thursday. Institution of the Holy Eucharist.
- 21—Good Friday. Veneration of the Cross.
- 22—Easter Saturday. Blessing of new fire, Easter Candle and Water.
- 23—Fourth Sunday of the month. Easter Sunday. The First Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians: C. C.; visit; prayers.
- 24—Easter Monday.
- 25—Easter Tuesday.
- 26—Of the Octave.
- 27—Of the Octave.
- 28—Of the Octave.
- 29—Of the Octave.
- 30—Last Sunday of the month. Low Sunday. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Emma, Widow; S. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor; S. Richard, Bishop; S. Julius, Pope; S. Leo the Great, Pope. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Sophia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Justin, Martyr; S. George, Martyr; S. Irene, Virgin and Martyr; S. Albert, Bishop. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Catherine of Siena, Virgin; S. Mark, Evangelist; S. Robert, Abbot; S. Walter, Abbot; S. Hugh, Bishop.

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VOL. VI.

MAY, 1905.

No. 5.

A Picture.

SISTER ANTHONY, S. N. D.

"Behold I stand and knock."

If you should ask what picture I love best,
And I might touch its limning with my pen,
This is my picture—

Sunset in the west,
Deep crimson sunset burning low beneath
A dazzling gold, all glorified by the gloom
Of gray-winged shadows. Far in vesper skies
The clouds, like white-mailed seraphs setting watch
In long bright files on sapphire battlements.
And the pale circlet of a summer moon
Half hidden in the rubied gold; below
A darkling valley path, grass-grown and sweet
With sighs of sleeping flowers. This the frame
Of that fair picture.

On the gray and gold
A Face. If you have seen the sky when day
Has rent Dark's ebon barriers; not the glow
Of shy, rose-cheeked clouds, but the full break
Of a clear morn all splendor flashed.
Or watched the radiance of a tropic moon
Marbling the broad bright ocean—you would not
Have caught the glory of that Face, its calm, its depth—
The majesty of meekness; Sanded Feet
Press to a close-barred threshold; in one Hand
A pilgrim's staff, the other raised to plead
Repose and shelter; bent the listening Ear—

It bends not thus when Heaven's raptures break
Like a pent flood in thrilling melody
Of loud Hosannahs; and the sweet, sad Eyes
Whose drooping lashes veil the inner glow
The soul-light's beauty, yearning, hopeful turned
To that cold, voiceless portal-pleading Eyes
With the heart glow of human tenderness
Softening the Vision's splendors. Such were vain
For mortal thought to paint; the dew-damp locks
Thrown backward from the pallid, patient Brow,
Falling in aureole brightness. Have you seen
The hue of distant mountains when the Day
Speeds like an arrow to the silent Past?
Such hue His robe, and sheen of lily leaf
On the broad circles of a summer lake
Sun-glassed at noon; then has your fancy drawn
My picture.

Could I catch the thousand dyes
When clouds, like shattered opals break in bows
Of iris light, nay more, if I could steal
The crystal-captive glints that flashed before
The Eagle Prophet on his lonely isle
From Salem's angel-girded wall, no shades
Were fair enough to make its perfect light
As there it lies, heart-mirrored in my dreams
Of what He is.

How powerless is thought!
I can not draw my Picture; I have failed;
A seraph would have faltered where I dared.
Yet love is bold.

Take you the broken gleams,
And if they send one ray into your dark,
I have not wholly failed, for when you sit
In selfish silence in the twilight cold,
At your barred heart may come the gentle plea
For rest and shelter from the night of sin.
And you will ope; will kiss those wayworn Feet,
Will bathe them with repentant tears, and He
Will bring to you, as Mary, perfect peace.

Father Le Caron and Champlain Among the Hurons and Algonquins.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

VII.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

It was about the time that the elder Poutrincourt, Father of Acadia, fell, while leading the attack on Mery that Champlain, Father of New France, was in Paris soliciting funds for fitting out a new expedition. The rather gory mutations of his former voyages and explorations had convinced him of the essential need of more concerted, effective missionary activity for the conversion of the Indians. Their spiritual salvation he believed to be the most helpful aid to their temporal civilization and enlightenment. Material growth and gain were, therefore, secondary considerations in his conception of the inseparable blending of the spiritual and temporal advancement of such a people. He was an idealist of the highest type. The vast forests, mighty rivers, great lakes, cascades, mountains, picturesque aborigines and the infinite music of it all were potent inspirations for such a mind. He responded to their appeals to him with the heart of a hero vivified with the simple faith of a child. And as freely did the Recollet Friars respond to his appeals for spiritual ministrations for the Indians.

The cardinals, bishops and many noblemen gathered in Paris, touched by his appeal, subscribed to a fund for the purchase of religious supplies for the mission of New France. Letters of patent were obtained from the King and papal authorization came directly from the Holy Father, Paul the Fifth. The Recollets appointed for the mission, four in number, were Fathers Joseph Le Caron, Denis Jamay, Jean Dolbeau and a lay brother, Pacifique du Plessis. The expedition embarked at Honfleur and reached Quebec toward the end of May, 1615. On landing near the building, formerly erected there by Champlain, a temporary altar was raised and the first Mass ever celebrated in Canada was then said by Father Dolbeau.

At the Council subsequently held for the purpose of dividing the vast country of their future labors into provinces, Father Le Caron was assigned to the land of the Huron; Father Dolbeau to that of the Montagnais; Father Jamay and Brother Du Plessis were to attend to stations about Quebec for the time being. Father Le Caron was not slow in mak-

ing a start for the unknown field of his future exertions. In the way-side wigwams of the friendly Hurons, where he found welcome lodgings, stretched on a buffalo, bear or elk skin, spread on mother earth, he studied closely the language, customs, and ways of his spiritual charges. He reached the site of Montreal to find it crowded with Hurons, who had flocked thither to find a market for their furs and other chattels. Father Le Caron, regarding this propitious gathering of natives as a special favor of Heaven granted for his and their spiritual benefit, made the most of it. Champlain and Pontgrave arrived to find him in the midst of the biggest crowd explaining divine truths to them in as clear a manner as possible with his limited command of their language. But he later told Champlain that he was gaining something every day in his study of it, and that he hoped to have, by close application, in a year or two, a good working knowledge of it.

Summer was now nearly gone and, upon Champlain's suggesting to Father Le Caron that it was about time for them to be starting on their return to Quebec, he replied that he must winter in the Huron villages. Champlain reminded him of the terrible suffering to which he would thus be subjected. "What are privations to him whose life is devoted to perpetual poverty, and who has no ambition but to serve God?" questioned the priest. After Champlain and Pontgrave had gone, Father Joseph, with a guard of twelve well-armed Frenchmen, accompanied the crowd of Indians toward their villages. The Ottawa river, on which they journeyed most of the way, was covered with canoes "like swarms of gliding insects." The up-stream and up-hill journey must have been harassing in the extreme.

"It would be hard to tell you how tired I was with paddling all day with all my strength among the Indians," wrote Father Joseph to a friend, "wading the rivers a hundred times or more through the mud and over sharp rocks that cut my feet; carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid rapids and frightful cataracts; and half starved all the while; for we had nothing to eat but sagamite, a sort of porridge of water and pounded maize, of which they gave us a very small allowance every morning and night. But I must needs tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for, when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, one feels inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it one's own repose and life." There speaks in no half-hearted or selfish or worldly spirit the sacrificial soul of the true missionary of Christ.

Father Dolbeau, no less zealous, had been, meantime, making his

devious way toward the field of his labors. Throughout the summer and early autumn he found ample return for the privations and fatigues of the journey in the numbers of the Tadoussacs which he succeeded in converting. But following the migrating tribe to their winter hunting-grounds was a still more trying and hazardous journey for one never robust. The smoke, odors, and other evil infections of hut and wigwam weakened and blinded him till his eyes were finally closed altogether and he was obliged to rest from his labors to recuperate. After partial recovery of his sight, the question whether God required of him the total sacrifice of it in pursuit of his mission, he decided in the negative and returned to Quebec. Upon his arrival there he was rejoiced to see the progress that had been made in the erection of the convent which had been planned immediately after they had disembarked.

The winter's rest from harassing travel had improved his health so that when spring returned Father Dolbeau started on a still wider missionary expedition. The only limit to his sphere of exertion among the natives was his strength. So far north did he journey during the spring and summer that he came amongst encampments of esquimaux.

Champlain, with his interpreter Brule, another Frenchman, with ten Indians and two canoes, had been, meantime, pushing ahead nearly in the wake of Father Joseph. He followed the Ottawa, and passed the Algonquin villages, the terminus of his former ascent. Beyond that the fascination of the primeval mountain and forest scenery through which the narrow stream threaded its way, lured him on and on. This, indeed, was the ideal world of his brightest dreams. On coming to the confluence of the Mattawan he headed his canoes up that little river till he reached a portage trail; this he crossed to the shore of Lake Nipissing. Embarking on this lake they paddled upward till the bark abodes of natives hove in sight, through the narrow openings in the green woods. Thither they headed, and, on landing, found it to be a Nipissing village. Here they rested two days, feasting on bear, venison, fish and other aboriginal luxuries. Then they started westward along the lake till reaching the mouth of the French River down which the canoes were headed. This stream led them into rather a barren and deserted stretch of country, where, their stock of provisions exhausted, they might have starved had it not been for the abundant growth of raspberries and blueberries then ripened along the river banks.

A short distance farther on they fell in with a party of several hundred Indians gathering their next winter's supply of blueberries. Champlain was not a little amused at the spruce fashion in which the nude savages had dressed their hair. Their bows and arrows and broad

shields of bison-hide, painted faces and tattooed bodies gave them a warlike aspect. Yet they were friendly and obliging and pointed out to Champlain's party the direction of the great lake of the Hurons, not far from the spot. Father Le Caron was the first white man to look upon that great inland fresh water sea. Champlain, perhaps, had no definite idea of the latter's whereabouts; nor did he suppose that the priest had yet penetrated so far ahead of him into the great wild. He ordered the canoes launched, embarked with his following and paddled onward along the shining bosom of the wide lake. After passing bays, sounds, inlets and smaller lakes, they finally stopped at Thunder Bay, a little west of the harbor of Penetanguishine, where they made a landing. Then they presently found an Indian trail leading in the direction of their destination. Upon this, after a brief rest, they started across country with their canoes and supplies. Passing through sylvan scenes of rare beauty they came to a wide clearing in the forest where stood the town of the Hurons, named Otonacha, surrounded by fields of maize, pumpkins, sun-flowers and other signs of rude tillage.

The dwellings of the town were mostly long lodges of bark, in one of which several families dwelt together. In the great lodge of the Huron chiefs there was hospitable feasting in honor of Champlain, their mighty white chief, who was to lead them to final victory over all their enemies. Pleased as he was with their many and various tokens of friendship and assurances of loyalty, Champlain nevertheless courteously declined their liberal offerings. The best news they imparted to him was information of the whereabouts of Father Joseph, who was only a few leagues distant at Carhagouha.

Passing through three other thick settlements of the Hurons, Champlain came to Carhagouha to find it encircled by a triple palisade, thirty-five feet high. From Father Le Caron these town folk had heard the best accounts of Champlain, and they were eager to show him all the honor they could. His first wish was to see Father Joseph. An escort of some of their mightiest men was, therefore, appointed to conduct him to the priest's abode. Having entered a contiguous forest the Indians pointed out a "bark-lodge," which they said was the Father's mansion. No lovelier sylvan retreat could be wished for, so far as surroundings went. They were still some steps from the "lodge," when the Father, seeing Champlain, ran out to meet him. They embraced as very dear friends meeting after years of separation.

Though the "lodge" was not quite finished, Champlain was delighted to see that Father Joseph already had an altar erected. He had been holding services morning and evening, to which multitudes of the

Hurons came to hear the divine word. To Champlain, himself, the most gratifying achievement of the whole expedition was the many conversions among the Indians. From the first, this had been the chief purpose of his efforts in exploring New France, and in the manifest success of Father Le Caron's mission he now saw ample ground for the hope of the conversion of all the Indians in North America.

Champlain, after having been several days the honored guest of the Hurons, became tired of enforced inactivity. He could do so little there toward aiding Father Joseph in his missionary work that he again, with a party of Frenchmen and his interpreter, started out on another exploration. During the first three days of their march they came to five other palisaded Huron villages. Reaching Carhagouha, the Huron metropolis, Champlain had fresh honors thrust upon him. Chiefs and warriors came pouring in from far and near. Great feasts and war dances were given day after day preparatory to taking the war path against the Hurons' powerful foe, the Iroquois. They looked to Champlain to assist them with his Frenchmen. The Dutch had been aiding the Iroquois; so, with the French on the side of the Hurons, it would be "Greek to Greek."

The start was made early in September, the fleet of Indian canoes following the shore of Lake Simcoe and across a portage to Lake Sturgeon. This and adjoining lakes were descended to a point where a halt was called, and the whole company camped for a rest and a deer-hunt. The brave sport of five hundred Indians, from childhood trained to the chase, scouring the woods and driving the game to the wooded point where the men in the canoes brought down buck and doe with arrows and spears, Champlain enjoyed, as all such intrepid spirits must. But it was abruptly ended by one of his Frenchmen, who, in firing at a deer, had brought down an Indian. Breaking up camp the canoes pushed up the Trent to Lake Ontario, which they crossed to a landing in New York. Hiding their canoes in the woods they marched swiftly through forest and over stream till they were well into the Iroquois country. A number of Huron scouts one day captured a fishing party of eleven Iroquois—men, women and children, and brought them to the Huron camp.

In the heat of exultation over this propitious event, a Huron chief cut off a finger of one of the Iroquois women. Champlain's indignant condemnation of such torture stopped it for the moment. Next day an advance guard of young Hurons, on coming in sight of several Iroquois at work in a clearing, harvesting their crops of maize and pumpkins, they shouted their war-cry at the top of their voices, simulta-

nously rushing on the unwary husbandmen. But the Iroquois, warned of their danger by their assailants' shouts, had their weapons ready, and killed several, wounding others, and drove the rest back on the run. Nor was the pursuit of the Iroquois checked till Champlain ordered his Frenchmen to the rescue, when the Iroquois, with their dead and wounded, withdrew behind their shot-proof palisades.

The Hurons, against the advice of Champlain, retreated a short distance into the forest, where they encamped for the night. Provoked at such tactless maneuvering he gave them some outspoken instruction in the rudiments of civilized warfare. In the morning he put them to building a wooden tower as a shelter for marksmen and tall enough to overlook the Iroquois palisades. This they finished in four hours' time and a couple of hundred Hurons dragged it to within an arrow-shot of the Iroquois defenses. From its sheltered top, three sharpshooters opened a raking fire on the crowd of defenders within the palisades. But the sound of battle was too exciting for the high strung nerves of the Hurons. Deaf to the voice of stern command, they leaped out upon the open field, shouting their defiant war-cries and letting fly their arrows at the yelling Iroquois within the ramparts. Champlain's efforts to restore anything like order of civilized battle were as futile as his hope to make his voice heard above such ear-splitting din. Then he gave it up to a "go-as-you-please" sort of combat; a dozen of his Frenchmen went to "picking off" the Iroquois on the ramparts. After three hours of this the Hurons, with their seventeen wounded, retired to their forest encampment. Champlain himself had been, for a time, disabled with two arrow wounds; one in the knee, another in the leg. Yet he urged the Hurons to continue the attack. But they stoutly refused to leave camp before the arrival of five hundred allies, hourly expected. These allies, however, failed to turn up, and, after five days waiting, enlivened by frequent skirmishes, in which the Hurons were in every case routed, they began to retreat. Their wounded, Champlain with the others, were carried in baskets on the shoulders of stout warriors. Champlain suffered excruciating tortures on this retreat. "I never suffered such torment in my life," he wrote of it; "for the pain of the wound was nothing to that of being bound and pinioned on the back of one of our savages. I lost patience, and as soon as I could bear my weight I got out of this prison, or rather out of hell."

When they reached their hidden canoes and had crossed to the north shore of Lake Ontario, the chiefs refused to lend Champlain the canoe which they had promised for his return to Quebec. The season was so far advanced that his only alternative was to winter with the Hurons.

He was glad to accept the offer of lodgment with one of their chiefs. Strange and dramatic were Champlain's adventures during that winter's camping on the Huron's hunting-grounds, which terminated in long, fatiguing marches toward the Huron towns. Coming at last thereunto he made no delay in seeking Father Le Caron's hermitage; there he found the good priest busy, as he had left him, in various spiritual activities for the saving of heathen souls. Their meeting could have been nowhere more joyful to themselves. For weeks they remained together in delightful companionship, possible only to men of exalted minds and hearts, devoted almost wholly to the spiritual and temporal betterment of the aborigines of New France. Then they began their journey homeward. They spent several days in visiting the villages of the "Nation of Tobacco," shortly to be incorporated with the Hurons. Proceeding westward they visited a tribe which Champlain named the *Cheveux Releves*. Festivity and rejoicing signalized their presence in every village or town. Treaties were made between Champlain and the ruling chiefs, while Father Joseph was busy about the more important concerns of souls.

The opening spring was now accelerating their progress homeward when, on reaching the Nipissings, bad news from the Huron towns recalled Champlain thither. Father Le Caron, meantime, made his way toward Quebec, spreading the light of Christianity along his path as he went.

Upon again reaching the towns of the Hurons, Champlain was grieved to find that a battle had already been fought between them and the Algonquins, over the killing of an Iroquois prisoner by a Huron, in a lodge or camp of the Algonquins. The great Algonquin chief had been wounded in the ensuing battle, and, as there was but a comparatively small band of his men camped near the Huron stronghold of Carhagouha, far from the main body of his people, he was unprepared for war; he, therefore, bought peace, for a time, with wampum and two female prisoners.

The assembled chiefs of both nations, that filled the great Council-house, looked to Champlain as the arbiter of their hostilities. They listened to his conciliatory, pacific counsels with that respectful attention which foretells the success of mediation. He convinced them that evil only could come to both sides from war. Peace and amity between two nations so powerful was the source of all good and the only safe trail to the happy hunting-ground—or words to that effect. They must shake hands as brothers. French alliance and French trade would, in time, make each of them a mighty and a prosperous people.

His discourse was scarcely ended when the pipe of peace was lighted and smoked by the chiefs of both nations and the war-cloud was dispelled.

Champlain's Huron host, Duralant, accompanied him on his homeward journey. It was the eleventh of July when they arrived at Quebec. Some Indians having, weeks before, reported that Champlain was dead, he was received by his rejoicing friends as one just come to life. Father Joseph and the other Friars in the capital celebrated his return with befitting solemnities. There were also pleasant social functions given in honor of his return. Nor was Chief Duralant in the least neglected during the hospitable festivities.

But the disappointing condition of things in his capital did not admit of Champlain's losing much time in pursuit of enjoyment. The "habitation" was tottering and he at once set about having it rebuilt. Numerous other repairs and improvements were to be made; and there were only a few skilled workmen to make them. Among the French residents, too, there were jealousies and dissensions. The traders and their employes but nominally recognized Champlain's authority as commander. Some of these traders were Catholics, others were Huguenots, the exercise of whose rites was forbidden by law within the boundaries of New France. Yet, the law had laid no restraint upon the "roaring of their heretical psalms from their ships in the river," as Parkman piquantly phrases it.

A serious menace to the colony was the trading with the Indians of firearms for furs, carried on by Rochelle merchants; these had refused to join the chartered company. Even the company itself formed for the express purpose of promoting the growth of the colony was now doing its best to impede it. The greater profit of their fur trade required this of them. The Recollet Fathers and Louis Hebert, who had brought his wife and family thither cultivated the only two farms about Quebec. But these produced little more than enough for their own use, so the greater part of the colony's provisions still came from France.

Champlain went to France to endeavor to strengthen the political and commercial stability of his colony. He had, in 1611, married Helen Boule, the young daughter of the late King's private secretary. In the following spring, before returning to Canada, he induced his wife to spend the time of his absence in an Ursuline convent, where she could enjoy congenial companionship. She was a Calvinist; and he, of course, hoped that the atmosphere of the abbey might have the effect of modifying her religious prejudices. He took her with him to Quebec in 1620. From her first landing amongst the colonists she employed about all her

time and efforts in the spiritual enlightenment of the Indian women and children. She was so beautiful and gentle that some of the Indians at first seemed to worship her as a divinity. Her husband was delighted at her conversion from her Huguenot belief and rejoiced in her missionary zeal among the native women and children, in which she was so successful. She joined the Ursuline Order after Champlain's death, and years later founded a convent at Meaux.

An order from France to give place to two Huguenot merchants in the monopoly of New France and the refusal to comply incited quarrels which threatened the peace of the Colony. These dissensions so discouraged Montmorency's hope for the future prosperity of the Colony that he sold out his viceroyalty of New France to his nephew the Duke of Ventadour. This young nobleman's chief aim in his purchase seems to have been the more active extension of Christianity among the Indians. Richelieu was simultaneously directing a little of his attention to the further extension of French dominion in the New World. The new Viceroy, at the request of the Recollets, induced the Jesuits to send a mission to his Colony to co-operate with them, the field being now too wide for them to cover.

Vantadour had himself retired from court and put himself to school for the Priesthood. The three Jesuit Fathers appointed for the mission to New France were Enemond Masse, Charles Lalemant and Jean de Brebeauf.

Champlain was absent on their arrival in Quebec. The French traders and other white laymen gave them the cold shoulder. But the moment that the Friars at the convent heard of their arrival they put off to the ship and politely tendered the Jesuits the best that the convent could afford. Their presence in Canada was the beginning of a new era of Christian civilization in that colony.

An Easter Draught.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

In the lily-chalice so pearly and fair
And high to the very rim,
I filtered my love thro' His winding-sheet
To make a draught for Him.

He must have drained my flowery cup,
For the fluid is gone, and His hold
Is very plain on the silvered leaves
His fingers imprinted in gold.

Saint Elizabeth of Hungary.

(1207-1231.)

Montalembert, in his beautifully eloquent *Life of Saint Elizabeth*, presents a valuable sketch of the first part of the thirteenth century, "a period which was perhaps the most important, the most complete, and the most brilliant in the history of Catholic Society."

This delightful review is the fruit of long researches and pious pilgrimages offered in affectionate tribute to those of the Catholic faith that they may be enabled to reconstruct, in their thoughts, the sublime edifice of Catholic ages.

Speaking of the purport of his work, Montalembert says: "Thanks to the numerous and truly precious monuments of the life of Saint Elizabeth, which are left to us in the great historical collections of Germany, and in the manuscripts of the libraries of that country; thanks to the innumerable and very precise details concerning her that have been transmitted to us by writers, some contemporary, and others inspired by that charm which her character and her destiny are so well calculated to exert over every Catholic soul; thanks to this very rare combination of happy circumstances, I am enabled to propose to myself a double purpose in relating her life.

While holding faithfully to the fundamental idea of a work of this character, which should be to give *the life of a saint, a legend* of the ages of Faith. I may hope also to furnish a faithful picture of the customs and manners of society at an epoch when the empire of the Church and of chivalry was at the height of its glory. The general opinion has been, for a long time, that the history, even purely profane, of an era so important for the destinies of humanity can not but gain in depth and accuracy from special researches relating to objects of the most fervent belief and the most cherished affection of the people of that time.

I do not hesitate to say that in the history of the Middle Ages there are few biographies which afford greater assistance in such a study than that of Saint Elizabeth. On the other hand, before speaking more at length of this saint and the ideas which she represents, it seems proper that I should describe the state of Christianity at the time in which she lived; for everything in her life would be inexplicable to one who did not understand and appreciate that age. Not only has her career, her own, and her family name, associated more or less intimately with many of the events of her time, but her character offers so many analogies with all that the world then witnessed upon a grander scale, that it is neces-

sary to recall the distinguishing features of a social state in which her name occupied so honored a place." (1)

It has been proved in our own day that the thirteenth century was remarkable for the unceasing influence of women over the social and political world; that they held the sovereign direction of the affairs of many states, (2) as well as in private life. This was the inevitable results of that devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the growth of which I have previously alluded to. For the honor of all women, we must bear in mind, says a poet of that period, that the Mother of God was a woman. (3)

In fact, how could kings and people have taken her constantly as their mediatrix between her Son and themselves, placed under her protection all their works, and chosen her as the object of their most fervent devotion without bestowing some of this veneration upon the sex of which she was the representative before God, and the regenerated type? Since woman was so powerful in Heaven, it was but natural that she should be so on earth.

But whilst other princesses were sharing with kings the rights of supreme government, the daughter of the King of Hungary, the descendant of a race of saints, and whose example was to produce many more, demonstrated that there was a royalty of souls above all earthly pomps; and it was in exercising this, without intending, or even knowing it, that she acquired her place in history. Her life, short, though it was, presents a combination, perhaps unique, of the most diverse phases, of traits the most attractive, and, at the same time, the most austere, that can be found united in the life of a Christian, a princess and a saint. At the same time, in the twenty years that elapsed between the day that she was borne in a silver cradle to her betrothed and that on which she expired on the pallet of the hospital, which she had chosen as her deathbed, there are two parts quite distinct, if not in her character, at least in her exterior life.

The first was all chivalrous, all poetic, calculated to charm the imagination as well as to inspire piety. From the depths of Hungary, from that land half unknown, half oriental, the frontier of Christendom, which to the imagination of the Middle Ages presented itself under a

(1) We refer our readers to Francis Deming Hoyt's translation of *The Life of Saint Elizabeth*, by Count de Montalembert, published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. We cannot refrain, however, from extracting Montalembert's beautiful eulogy of Elizabeth—a perfect model of conjugal fidelity.

(2) Blanche of Castile; Isabelle La Marche, who directed all the affairs of State of John Lackland, her husband; Jane, Countess of Flanders, who claimed the right, as a peer of France, of assisting at the consecration of Saint Louis.

(3) *Frauenlob* a poem of the thirteenth century.

mysterious and grand aspect (4) she arrived at the Court of Thuringia, the most brilliant and the most poetic of all Germany.

During her infancy her precious virtue was disregarded, her piety despised; there was a disposition to send her back ignominiously to her father; but her betrothed preserved an unshaken fidelity to her, consoled her under the persecution of the wicked, and, as soon as he was master of his estates, married her.

The holy love of a sister mingled in her heart, with the devoted tenderness of a wife, for him whose childhood she had shared before sharing with him the happiness of the nuptial union, and who emulated her fervor and piety. A mutual dependence, full of sweetness, a *naïve* and delicious confidence marked their union.

During their wedded life they certainly offered the most beautiful and edifying example of a Christian marriage; and, it may be said, that among all the saints no one has presented in as high a degree as Elizabeth the perfect model of a Christian wife. But in the midst of the happiness of that life, the joys of maternity, the homage and the brilliancy of a chivalrous Court, her soul was already turning towards the eternal source of love, by mortification, humility and fervent devotion; and the germs of this higher life, deposited in her, developed and blossomed into a charity without limits, and into an indefatigable solicitude for all the miseries of the poor.

Meanwhile, the irresistible appeal of the Crusade, the supreme duty of delivering the tomb of Jesus, led far away the young husband, after seven years of most devoted union. He had not yet dared to make known to her this secret project, when, in an outburst of loving tenderness, she discovered it.

She knew not how to resign herself to this stern destiny; she followed and accompanied him a long way beyond the frontiers of her country, unable to tear herself from his arms. When her husband departed she followed him a long time with her eyes; then, half-dead, bathed in tears, and amid the lamentations of her companions, Elizabeth turned towards Wartburg, carrying in her heart the presentiment that she would never see him again.

In the despair that wrung her soul at the moment of this touching farewell, and when she later learned of the premature death of her dearly beloved husband, we recognize all the energy and tenderness that filled her young heart; precious and invincible energy worthy to be con-

(4) The famous Bertha Debonnaire, wife of Pepin, mother of Charlemagne, the principal heroine of the period of the Carolingian epics, was also a daughter of the King of Hungary.

secrated to the conquest of Heaven; profound and insatiable tenderness which God alone could heal and satisfy.

On her return to her sad home, she immediately laid aside her royal costume, to put on, with too well-founded a feeling of despair, the garments of a widow, which she never afterward put off.

Commenting on the most pronounced trait in Elizabeth's character—her tender attachment for her husband—Montalembert says: I might say of her what was said by Saint Bernard, of Mary, be not surprised, my dear brothers, that Mary has been called the martyr of love; to be surprised at this, we must forget that Saint Paul considered it as one of the greatest crimes that the Gentiles were without affection. Suffice it for me to say without any hesitation, after the numerous details I have related in her life, that of all the souls that the Church has crowned with her glory, there is none who presents so truly as Elizabeth does the perfect model of a wife; none who realized to the same extent that she did, the idea that may be conceived of a truly Christian marriage; none who so ennobled and sanctified a human love by giving it so high a place in a heart which was inundated with the love of God.

Nor was it, moreover, so rare a spectacle in those days of strong and pure emotions, to see this union of legitimate earthly affections with the most fervent and austere piety. It would be a pleasant, as well as a profitable task, and, I may some day claim it for myself, to show how, during the Catholic ages, the most tender and impassioned sentiments of the human heart were sanctified and made stronger by faith, and how much dignity and strength, even purely human love, bowing always before the Cross of Christ, acquired in that constant victory of Christian humility over pride and selfishness. Sentiments less varied, less extended, perhaps, less refined than at the present day, were then far more profound; and when once religion had put upon them the seal of her immortality, there was developed in them, I know not what intimate and marvelous force, and a sort of ineffable transfiguration, in which the calmness of age was united with the freshness of innocence, and all the energy of passion with all the purity and simplicity of religion. All who are familiar with the historical and literary monuments of the Middle Ages appreciate the truth of this assertion. Moreover, that which especially characterized the moral and interior life of those times was the inseparable union of the most ardent and intense affections with their legitimate consecration; it was the recognition of duty and religious obligation as an essential element of the impassioned outpouring of the heart. Here again, as in so many other respects, Elizabeth was an admirable and complete personification of her age.

Was it not in that century that Saint Louis, throughout his whole life, preserved for his wife Margaret the most noble and passionate tenderness of his first years; that this great king, this great saint, showing the ring which he always wore, and upon which he had caused to be engraved these three words—*God, France, and Margaret*—said, with beautiful simplicity, "This ring encircles all that is dear to my heart!" Was it not, moreover, in this century, that Edward the First of England erected those fifteen stone crosses—the remains of which may be counted among the wonders of Christian art—at the places where the coffin of his well-beloved wife, Queen Eleanor, rested on its way, from the city where she died, to Westminster? It was undoubtedly the most beautiful and magnificent funeral pomp that was ever known; but, was it too much for the woman who, twenty years before, went with her husband to share with him the dangers of the Crusade, sucked with her own lips the poison which a Saracen's dagger had left in Edward, and so saved his life at the peril of her own?

It is a remarkable thing, moreover, and one that has not been justly appreciated, so far as my observation has gone, that this union is found to exist in fiction as well as in reality, and that the creations of the imagination yield it a tribute of homage as striking as the monuments of history. All the poetry of Elizabeth's time breathes the same spirit. It was not till a later day that illegitimate love, or one not consecrated by the Church, could find interest. (5) Up to that time, it would seem, that in a tale of love, marriage, or at least a betrothal, was an essential condition in the narrative to warrant Christian souls in being moved by the poet's verses; love and interest, far from terminating in marriage, seemed almost to commence with it. Conjugal fidelity is, in some sort, the pivot and the soul of all this beautiful poetry. The most animated and romantic scenes are those that take place between husband and wife. Not only was this the case with legends (6) and poems especially devoted to religious subjects, but works which appear to be purely chivalrous and profane bear the same impress of the *consecration of sentiment by duty*. It is only of woman as the faithful and devoted wife that these chivalrous poets pronounce the apotheosis in those many verses, in which she is almost deified, and in which she seems to share in the tender vener-

(5) *Tristan* is the first great poem of the Middle Ages in which interest rests upon a passion condemned by religion. It did not become popular, especially in Germany, till toward the middle of the thirteenth century.

(6) Such, for example, the beautiful legend of Saint Alexis, which is to be found in German as well as in Italian; those of S. Northburg of Swabia and S. Mathilda, and the episodes of Faustinianus, and of Crescencia in the *Kaiser Chronik*, published by M. Massmann.

ation reserved for Mary. In our national literature the beautiful and chaste love of Roland and his betrothed Aude, in the romance of *Roncevaux*; and the admirable history of the misfortunes of Gerard of Roussillon, shared by his wife, are sufficient to give us an idea of how our own poets recognized this essentially Christian principle.

In Germany, the adopted country of Elizabeth, it may be said to have been more generally observed and appreciated than elsewhere. We see the most striking and popular example of it in the *Nibelungen*, in Siegfried and Chriemhild, the husband and wife so admirable in their simplicity, their purity and devotion. The star of pure love which distinguishes the most beautiful historical traditions of the country, as those of Henry the Lion, Florentia, Genevieve of Brabant, and Count Ulric, is, moreover, the conspicuous feature of the great poems of the chivalric periods.

Perceval is so absorbed in contemplating three drops of blood in the snow, which recall to him the white and rosy complexion of his wife that he is heedless of glory and neglects the fight. Lohengrin's wife, whenever her husband leaves her, faints and remains in a swoon until he returns. In the *Titivel*, when the faithful husband and wife are reunited in death two beautiful vines spring up from the grave in which they rest side by side, and interlacing each other as they grow become a support one to the other. Beautiful and noble symbols of those holy affections which gave to the earth only sweet flowers, but the roots and fruits of which were elsewhere.

Let Us Labor.

FRANCIS NUGENT.

Never idle, let us labor
 While the golden daybeams last;
 In the vineyard of the Master
 Working cheerfully and fast.
 For the bright but fleeting moments
 Come not back at human call;
 Soon the deep'ning shades will fall.
 Never faithless! One is watching
 With an eye that slumbers not;
 Never hopeless! for the sparrow
 Feeble is, yet not forgot.
 Full of earnestness and patience,
 May we work till set set of sun;
 Then to bring our sheaves of gladness.
 And receive the sweet "Well done!"

The Last King of Michoacan.

A Mexican Love-tale.

REV. THOMAS TWAITES.

The waters of the vast lake of Patzcuaro are at rest; in their crystalline depths, as in a bright mirror, the high mountains which fringe it, are imaged; among these the sacred Zirate towers majestically; numerous villages arise from enchanted islands, the profiles of which gently quiver on the glassy surface.

It is eve. The perfume of pines borne on the wings of the breeze, is wafted towards us from the mountain ranges. Flocks of humming birds, brilliant as topazes and emeralds, pass in rapid flight before our eyes; they are hastening to sip the nectar from the flowers which begem those picturesque shores.

Ever and anon, a piragua, like some fantastic shadow, glides swiftly towards the land where night already begins to spread her sable mantle. Like a great disc of incandescent metal, the sun is setting behind the lofty heights of Pichataro, disappearing in the immensity of space. An hour of profound silence and deep darkness succeeds. Suddenly a white ray of tranquil light silvers the topmost branches of the impenetrable forest of Zinziro—the sacred grove—which the natives, full of awe, never enter except to gather the holy wood that burns incessantly on the altars of their gods. At the moment the sentinels, stationed on the high temples in the town which arise from the shores of the islands, perceive the long-desired light; the mysterious and melancholy sound of the quiringuas is heard on all sides; and immediately, as if by enchantment, are everywhere lit immense beacons the red light of which darts across the lake; one would think a huge serpent of fire was writhing on its waters. Meanwhile, the moon, rising above the horizon, bedims the stars.

Whence this enthusiasm in the imperial Tzintzuntzan? Shouts of joy breaking forth from countless multitudes, fill the air. Lights gleam everywhere. The city is celebrating one of its most popular feasts. During the intervals, when the multitude is hushed, the sad but touching notes of an Indian song accompanied by the mournful sounds of the quiringua steal forth from the penetralia of the palace. Amid the glare of torches, bands of warriors on whose heads long and silken plumes are waving, march by; retinues of raidens, dressed in white and crowned with flowers, move slowly to the palace.

It was May, 1522; the Court of Tzintzicha was solemnizing the feast of Parandatzicua as also the betrothal of Itzihuappa, chief of warriors, to Mintzita, the king's favorite daughter. The walls of the palace were hung with flowers, brought from the Hot Country, or culled in the temperate zone or gathered on the Sierra. Spring reigned supreme; Flora had lavishly decked the land with innumerable tropical plants, with the sylph-like, fanciful and voluptuous orchids of inebriating perfume, with the modest yet beautiful roses that hide at the bottom of the ravines in the shade of the pines. Fragrant boughs from these trees covered the ground; and from the leafy bowers hung fruit of an infinite variety with which the woods of Apatzingan regale the most fastidious palate—flowers from Uruapan, and the fresh tamacuas—clad in the green hue of the banks of the mighty and majestic Zacatula. The feast of the Parandatzicua is the feast of oblations, as the word itself implies; it is still kept in some villages of Michoacan; but, in times before the Conquest, it was celebrated with great pomp. The Indians offered the richest produce of the soil to the sun and moon in exchange for the gifts they received from those heavenly bodies, for the fertility they conceded, and the harvests they ripened.

Itzihuappa was the chief of the warriors; his arm in more than a hundred battles had unsheathed the sword of the Tarascans; his body was imbrued in the blood of his foes; every fight had encircled his forehead with a halo of glory. He was the son of Irete, King of Janicho, tributary king of the powerful Lord of Tzintzuntzan. Janicho is the most important island and, at the same time, the most central, of the lake of Patzcuaro. How often had Itzihuappa swum between Janicho, the neighboring islands and the imperial Tzintzuntzan! How often, fastening a copper plate on his shoulders, he had sunk into the depths of the lake, remaining there for several moments, hidden from the astonished gaze of the Indians! The natives, in their picturesque and graphic language, named him: "Itzihuappa, the son of the water."

Mintzita was the king's favorite daughter, the first fruit of the monarch's love. Her mysterious birth took place in a delicious spot called Cuintzio, where in the bosom of a thick wood, there is a small lake, nestling in a rock, and fed by a hundred rills that blend their murmurs with the songs of birds; these are the only sounds that break the holy silence of the forest.

When Tzintzicha ascended the throne, the maiden left the threshold of the palace for the first time and was proclaimed queen on account of her matchless beauty; charming she was indeed; and the people, in their flowery language, called her "Mintzita" (heart).

Tzimtzicha had long before perceived that love with the selfsame arrow had wounded the steel breast of the warrior and the tender heart of his daughter. He, moreover, foresaw the invasion of his country by the indaunted strangers who had already overthrown the Aztec dynasty. He needed men inured to war to defend him; he, therefore, looked with complacency on the attachment of the two youths; paternal fondness and political views urged him to consent to the marriage of Mintzita with Itzihuappa.

Tzimtzicha is sitting under an awning; in the background a golden sun and a silver moon dazzle the beholder with their sheen; the chair which serves him as a throne is made of sandalwood, and is engraved after the peculiar style of the Tarascans; a full-grown eagle is beautifully carved on its high back. His diadem glitters with opals, sapphires and turquoises. His delicate cotton robe, interwoven with golden thread and the feathers of the humming-bird, is the work of his daughter's hand; and the monarch wears it with pride. Long rows of priests stand on either side; and in the center, before the Pontiff-King, the lovers. A chain of flowers encircles their necks; and on their heads they wear the canacuas, emblem of that solemn act. "My children," says the king, "Our Mother, the Moon, sheds her soft light upon us. May she bless you and beseech our father the sun to guide your footsteps through life.; Thou, my son, shalt go to the sacred forest daily and bring thence the wood which must feed the fire on thy hearth; and thou, my daughter, shalt sweep thy husband's path whereon thou must scatter flowers and burn incense. Thy dwelling must be as clean as thy soul, and as spotless as thy body; the flames on thy hearth as bright and lasting as those which must burn in thy bosom; thou shalt take thy lord's hand and live subject to him forever."

Suddenly the crowd at the door disperses, panic-stricken. Four strange beings of unknown race penetrate into the interior of the palace. The king beholds them; a horrible presentiment blanches his countenance; fear unnerves him, he dares not utter a word. The priests fly; the multitudes follow. Mintzita vanishes, trembling in every limb. Itzihuappa alone remains at the side of the king.

Those unknown visitors were four Spaniards who came to greet the king of Michoacan. Itzihuappa drew near to the king; and, in a low, yet firm voice, said: "Sire, remember thou art our king." The face of the monarch forthwith became serene; he summoned his attendants; and with dignified mien arose from his throne; and accompanied by Itzihuappa entered his chamber. Fear and wonder might be read in the eyes of the Spaniards; for on the one hand, danger menaced them, and

on the other, immense wealth surrounded them on all sides. Two messengers arrived from the king to the Spaniards who through their interpreter Xanacua, were requested to follow, as the king had ordered them to be lodged as be seemed their rank.

Meanwhile, Tzintzicha had convoked his council of elders; they advised him to surrender to the monarch of Castile; but Itzihuappa pleaded the cause of freedom with such fiery eloquence that the king decided for war. Itzihuappa was ordered to send messengers throughout the kingdom and march immediately to the frontier of Mexico, uniting on his way the different armies stationed in Acuitzio, Zinapécuaro, Araro and Taximaloyan, while the king entertained the strangers. Itzihuappa hastened to execute his lord's command. On passing by the apartment in which Mintzita had confined herself, he grew pale, pressed his hand to his heart as if to still its emotion—and then went his way with a firm and haughty step. When he left the palace, the first streaks of dawn had already empurpled the lake. The torches were extinguished and lying on the ground, but from them arose black, thick smoke, like a sable canopy, darkening the sky. Mintzita is standing on a hill, bathed in the golden rays of the morning. She gazes sadly on a group of warriors who are fast disappearing down the eastern road. The tears from her eyes mingle with the matin dewdrops.

A month has flown. The army, more than twenty thousand strong, under the command of Itzihuappa, had disappeared in Taximaloyan like the smoke of the torches during the feast of the Parandatizcua. Why did Itzihuappa wander sad and thoughtful through the woods, without approaching any village? Tzintzuni, the king's brother, the same who after a short time was baptized, choosing the name of Don Pedro—journeyed to Mexico on an embassy, accompanied by several elders from Tzintzuntzan to inform Hernan Cortes that Tzintzicha had fled from his court and that on crossing the lake Patzcuaro he had been shipwrecked and drowned.

Let us go back a few days. Tzintzicha, following the counsel of the pusillanimous ministers, and deprived of the support of Itzihuappa, was agitated by constant fears. One night, the Ireti of Janicho, a venerable old man by name Tare arrived at his palace. The king and the Tributary held a long conference; the latter, long before dawn, returned to his island. On the eve of the following day the inhabitants of Tzintzuntzan saw four large vessels, laden with gold, precious stones, shields, suns, moons, and bars of silver, sail towards the south. One of the vessels conveyed also the king, queen and the Princess Mintzita. The natives of Tzintzuntzan returned silently home with strange forebodings

of evil, and that night the melancholy quiringua was not heard from the roof of the temples.

Darker than the shades of night those vessels glided over the leaden surface of the lake, on drawing near Janicho, a small piragua met them. The small fleet stopped rowing. The Ireti of the Island and Tzintzicha called the rowers, and put them to death alleging that the weal of the country demanded the sacrifice of their lives. Without uttering a lament, the bodies of the rowers sank beneath the waves. Tzintzicha ordered the women to enter the Tare's Piragua. The two kings perforated the bottom of the boats and then rejoined the queen and princess. The water crept into the laden vessels, and, in a few moments, the lake swallowed up that fabulous treasure. The piragua of Tare ran silently onward.

Twilight was falling over the immense-mass of Tancitaro, when Tzintzicha and his retinue, two days afterwards, walked, unrecognized thro' the balmy trees of Uruapan. It was not long, however, before the hiding place of the king was discovered, and he was compelled to return to his court. Shortly afterwards he was summoned to Coyohuacan where Hernan Cortes had fixed his residence. He swore allegiance to king Charles the Fifth, and was baptized by the name of Don Francisco, in honor of the meek and lowly Saint Francis. He returned to sway the sceptre over Michoacan, which had in reality passed away from him forever.

The Spaniards, headed by Nuno de Guzman, a blood-thirsty tiger, entered Tzintzuntzan, beating kettle drums. The king of Michoacan trembled as the Spanish chieftain, accompanied by his interpreter drew near. "I am thy subject," said Tzintzicha; then the interpreter spoke to him in his own tongue in this wise. "The treasurer Tapia bids thee keep the greater part of thy wealth for him and not to give it all to the chief who now stands in thy presence."

The king, seeing such knavery and avarice, answered full of wrath, "I have nothing for him, for Tapia or for thee."

Why these secret whisperings between the interpreter and Nuno de Guzman? History informs us that the unhappy monarch was loaded with chains, that he suffered the horrors of torture from which a Franciscan friar finally delivered him, and that he was compelled, together with the Queen and Mintzita, to accompany the Spanish leader on his homeward march. The Indians were forced to build a broad high-road through the woods to Puruandiro.

A fortnight afterwards fifty thousand men mustered in the fortress of Querendaro. Patriotism, rage, revenge and jealousy animated Itzi-

huappa. He it was who had rallied that glorious array. He was determined to rescue the king and his own Mintzita.

The rays of the setting sun added new splendor to the gorgeous banners. Coyohuacan marched under a standard made of the yellow feathers of the parrot! the banner of Huaymeo and Pandacuareo was decorated with an eagle's plumage; warriors from the Sierra bore beautiful canes adorned with the features of the macaw; the islanders' ensign was green, white and red; and, finally, Itzihuappa marshalled the inhabitants of Tzintzuntzan under a banner woven with the feathers of the humming-bird.

At an order from the chief, the army filed off along the roads that lead from the fortress to the shore of the lake. There at the base of a tower called Eronspecuaro they implored the aid of the setting sun.

An Indian hastens over the hills in giddy career. He bears in his hands a branch of apatzecua in sign of mourning.

Itzihuappa hears Tzintzicha's orders to dismiss the troops on pain of death. Itzihuappa communicates the message, and that gallant array disbands like a flock of timid doves when the tempest lowers. The Indian, now alone with the chief, says: "Mintzita, my Lord sends thee this message: "Hasten to thy father; he will tell you in which part of the lake the treasure is hidden; drag it out; bring it, and thou shalt save the king and ransom thy Mintzita."

A shallop flies, like a meteor, over the lake. It reaches Janicho. Itzihuappa learns from his father where the treasure fell. He re-enters the canoe and rows rapidly; he fastens the copper plate on his shoulders, and dives into the water. Not far from him he sees the gold, diamonds and emeralds sparkle. But why does he grow pale and tremble? More than twenty corpses, ghastly pale, intercept his path. He swoons; he sinks; and another corpse guards that fatal treasure.

The Indian returned alone to Puruandiro. Nuno de Guzman seeing him arrive empty-handed, ordered the unfortunate king to be tied to a horse's tail. Bruised and bleeding he was then placed on a pyre of pine wood. A few tears that gushed from his eyes in his agony hissed on falling into the flames. The martyr king expired. The last lambent flame sank and died—like the dynasty of the kings of Michoacan.

Mintzita, mad with grief, flies over the mountains and plains. How wildly she speaks! She calls aloud: "Dear father; my sweetheart Itzihuappa!" and the echoes answer mournfully, "Itzihuappa."

She reaches the shore of the lake at last. She plunges into its cooling waters. Madness adds new vigor to her frame; reaching some rushes, she spies an arrow that had fallen there from a hunter's bow-

string. She buries the arrow deep into her heart, and sinks to rest by the side of her lover Itzihuappa.

Drops of blood dye the waters' bosom. Fishermen on the lake still say that the waves sadly murmur: "Yuririapundaro! Behold the bloody lake!"

The True George Washington.

AGNES C. GORMLEY.

As Margie hurried in from school, she tossed her things on the hall settle, just calling out a hasty greeting to her mother. Forgetting even the usual nibble in the pantry, she steered her course straight for the library, where, in a twinkling, she had dropped on her knees before the lowest tier of an open book-shelf. Running her fingers over the encyclopedias, she promptly selected a volume and carried it to a huge Morris chair before the fireplace. Just as she was settling herself to read, Toto, the little black poodle, wobbled in and leaped up to welcome her.

"No, Toto, not now; I'm busy; I've got to look up George Washington. We're going to write a composition about him to-morrow, in school. February is a very full month, you know, because it has so many famous birthdays. Dickens and Lincoln and Washington and Longfellow were all born in February. Teacher has talked about them so much for the last three weeks that I've got them all mixed up. I like Saint Valentine best myself of any of the February folks. I don't see why she doesn't ask us to write about him. I think I could write a poem about Saint Valentine, Toto; so many pretty rhymes might be worked in; but it's always Washington, or else Lincoln, or Longfellow. Of course they were very, very great and we must learn about great people so we can imitate them, teacher says. Run along, now; that's a good doggie;" and the little brown head bent over the volume to ponder on "Fame's eternal bead roll."

Slowly and softly the February twilight dropped its mantle over the earth and only when its folds had completely enveloped the room did the little student raise her head.

"Oh dear!" yawned the child, "I'm too sleepy for any thing; but I *must* get all this stuff together to-night. There won't be a minute to-morrow to think about it. She stretched her feet out to the fender and leaned back in the chair trying hard to collect her thoughts. The pro-

cess was attended with many sighs and yawns, however, and before long the heavy lids had folded themselves over the dim brown eyes, and deep-drawn breaths were telling their own story; yet in the chambers of sub-consciousness another Margie—an ambitious Margie, still worked over the composition, and this was how it went:

"Once George Washington got a present of a nice little hatchet from his father. As he was good at chopping trees people called him the 'rail-splitter.'

"Georgie's father worked in the Navy office and Georgie thought he'd like to go and be a sailor, so they sent him to the Marshal-sea.

"His father used often to take him to look at a big house on a high place called Gadshill and tell him if he grew to be a good man he might yet live there. Afterwards when Mr. Washington got the house he called it Mt. Vernon; that means 'green hill.' It's a prettier name than Gadshill.

"Mr Washington had a great many slaves but he was good to them and set them free, and he and Mr. Lincoln had a war about it.

"When the war broke out, all the men that were going to fight met under a big tree in Cambridge; after the war was over, the tree was cut down and made into a chair and given to Mr. Washington; they call it the present—dential chair.

"Mr. Washington is a saint now in heaven and people always like to see things that belonged to saints; so his daughters keep his house just as it was when he used to live in it and people go there to visit. You can read about the Daughters of Saint George in the Sunday paper.

"He was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen—I should think that ought to be Saint Valentine. He was the nicest of them all——"

And just at this point in the composition Margie's poor, overtaxed little brain was relieved from any further jumbings by mamma's voice calling, "Come, dear, it's tea-time!" Margie gave a big jump and rubbed her eyes vigorously, hardly able to realize that she had been—fast asleep.

Dear Heart of Jesus, grant me Thy sweet love
Thro' all Thine angels and Thy Saints above.

Editorial.

In reminding our readers of the Church's dedication of the month of May to our Blessed Lady, we beg to recall the spiritual advantages accruing to the practice of her favorite devotion—the recitation of the Rosary. In this beautiful form of vocal prayer, uttered in union with the members of the living Church throughout Christendom, mutual charity is strengthened, confidence awakened, and loving service extended to the living and the dead. A special word on the origin of the devotion known as “The Living Rosary,” its approval by the Holy See, its continued practice during the past eighty years, will not be out of place:

The devotion of the Living Rosary is an organization quite distinct from that of the Rosary Confraternity. The members of each may join the other, but they are independent societies or sodalities. Probably the Association was called the *Living Rosary* because it was founded at Lyons, in the year 1826, by a pious woman, named Marie Pauline Jaricot, with the object of preventing the devotion of the Rosary from dying out of the minds and hearts of the people of France. As a consequence of the French Revolution, many of the pious practices and devotions of the Church had lapsed, or, at least, were in danger of lapsing, and amongst them the Rosary, once a favorite devotion with the French people. Piety had become lax; devotion had grown cold. Many had not zeal sufficient to move them to say the five, much less the fifteen decades at a time. Hence, Marie Jaricot suggested to fifteen personal friends that they should combine; that each should say one decade a day, each saying a different mystery; and that they should thus, *amongst them*, recite the fifteen mysteries daily. This they undertook to do for a month. At the end of the month they renewed their promise, and thus they perpetuated the daily recital of the Rosary throughout the year. Many imitated the pious example, and, forming themselves into circles of fifteen, made the Rosary truly a *Living Rosary*—a devotion which never died, but which was carried on, day by day, and month by month, and many times each day, and thirty times as many times each month—throughout the cycle of the year.

The devotion spread rapidly throughout France. From France it made its way into other lands, and found a home in the hearts and lives

of many peoples. It soon became known in Italy, in Spain and the Spanish dependencies, and later in England, Ireland, and the new world. Local directors were everywhere appointed. They, when named, selected men and women of good-will to work under them. These helpers were called, in Latin, *Zelatores*, or, as we may anglicize the word, promoters. Each promoter was responsible for a group—some for several groups, or “circles,” as they are called—of fifteen men, women, or children. Every member of a circle thus formed, undertook to say, each day of the month, privately, and wherever he chose, the special decade assigned to him, the fifteen decades being distributed amongst the fifteen members of each “circle,” or group, by their respective presidents or promoters. (1) The Catholic Church is ever ready to second and encourage her children in all good works, and especially in their efforts to promote the holy practice of united prayer. Pope Gregory XVI, the then reigning Pontiff, by Apostolic Letters dated January 22, 1832, approved of the Association, and placed it under the care of a Cardinal Protector. General Directors of the Association in France were also named.

But in the course of time, through the death of these and successive directors, the administration of the Living Rosary was somewhat relaxed, and the members became remiss. In order, therefore, to strengthen the organization, and to provide for the stability of the succession of its representative governing power, Pope Pius IX, by the Brief *Quod jure hereditario* of August 17, 1877, placed it under the care of the Dominican Order, and appointed as its Supreme Director or Head, Master General of the Order for the time being, entrusting to the then actual Master General the work of drawing up, by apostolic authority, certain rules for its better organization and further development.

It has, however, been decided by the Holy See that, although the Master General of the Dominicans is also the Supreme Moderator or Head of the Rosary Confraternity, as also of the Perpetual Rosary, nevertheless, the Living Rosary may not be united to any other society or sodality, *e. g.*, to a sodality of the Sacred Heart, or to the Holy Name Confraternity, or even to the Apostleship of Prayer. It must remain a separate association. Although associates of the Living Rosary may be members of other confraternities or societies, such as the Rosary Confraternity or the Apostleship of Prayer, they cannot gain the indulgences of

(1) For gaining the indulgences, it is only necessary to say a decade of the Rosary. A decade consists of one Our Father, and ten Hail Marys and the Creed at the beginning of the Rosary, and even the Glory be to the Father at the end of each decade, are not of obligation, nor are the prayers sometimes said at the end of the mysteries. These may, of course, be said out of devotion, and it is well to say them, but they are not essential.

each without a separate and distinct performance of the good works, or by separate repetition of the prayers prescribed as a condition by each society. One recital of the Rosary decade, for instance, would not suffice for the gaining of the indulgences of both the Rosary Confraternity and the Living Rosary. It must be said separately and independently for one and for the other.

It may be well to recall another decision of the Holy See. The Living Rosary is not a confraternity, but only a pious association. Consequently, it is not affected by laws made for confraternities. It has, and needs, no special center, no particular church or chapel or altar, no *public* practices of devotion, no formal meetings of the associates, no register even, beyond the lists of members of the circles, which, as a matter of convenience, are kept by the promoters and directors. It is a simple, pious, private, although organized, association or union, in which the members unostentatiously, although effectively, meditate upon the mysteries of the Incarnation, the Redemption, and the future rewards, privately pray to God through His holy Mother, and thus give honor to Mary and glory and lowly, loving worship to her Divine Son.

The administration of the Association, was, by a Brief of Pope Pius IX (August 17, 1877), committed to the supreme authority of the Master General of the Dominican Order, as representing the Sovereign Pontiff. The Master General may, and, in fact does, delegate his power to the Provincials of the Order, they acting as his vicars or agents in each nation or province. The Provincials, on their part, appoint the local directors, who are generally—though not necessarily—priests. The local directors name the promoters. The promoters, in fine, form the circles of fifteen members, administer the circles when formed, and distribute the monthly ticket to each of the fifteen to constitute the circle, subject, of course, to the instructions of the director.

The National Convention of the Knights of Columbus will this year be held in Los Angeles. Elaborate preparations are being made by the members of the Order who live in California to make the affair a grand success. There is no doubt that their Eastern brothers, in the many attractions of Southern California, will be fully compensated for their ride across the continent.

From present indications there will be 15,000 Knights of Columbus, who will come from the East to attend the convention; and, it is expected that they will be reinforced by 10,000 members of the Order from northern California, Oregon and Washington. The railroad com-

panies have been most liberal in their special rates and the fare from San Francisco, San Jose, Santa Cruz and Watsonville will only be \$12.00 for a round-trip ticket. From Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno and Bakersfield the rate is one fare for a round trip. This rate is the lowest in the history of railroading.

The Los Angeles Knights of Columbus have interested everybody in their city about the conclave. Among the Reception Committee are the Governor of California, United States Senator, Frank P. Flint, the Mayor of Los Angeles and the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce. Madame Modjeska heads the Ladies' Reception Committee.

Following the reception, which will be held on Monday, June 5, on Tuesday there will be Solemn High Mass, at which Archbishop Riordan, Archbishop Montgomery and the other Bishops of the province will attend. Pleasure trips to Mount Lowe, Catalina, and other points of interest have been arranged.

It has also been arranged by the members of the Committee of the Pilgrimage to Los Angeles that the Eastern visitors will be entertained in San Francisco after they have partaken of Southern California cheer. Hotel and Entertainment Committees have already made their reports. The Eastern Knights and their friends will enjoy a trip to Mount Tamalpais, a ride about the bay, a night at the theater and various other pleasures. Vallejo, not to be behindhand, will also show the Eastern visitors the natural beauties of their town and the wonderful naval facilities of Mare Island, after which a banquet will be served.

The expense of entertaining the Eastern visitors will be borne solely by the Knights of Columbus of California, whose generous subscriptions have already been sent in. The forthcoming celebration will mark an era in the Catholic history of our great Western Empire. Every Catholic who can spare the time is invited to Los Angeles in June and all are cordially asked to make our Eastern visitors' sojourn here a happy and a memorable one.

The Scientific American says: The total population of the Philippine archipelago as returned from 342 independent islands is 7,635,426. Of this number almost seven million are more or less civilized. The wild tribes form about 9 per cent of the entire population. The civilized tribes are practically all adherents of the Catholic Church. The Moros are Mohammedans, and the other wild peoples have no recognized religious beliefs.



Some Recent Books

The Catholic Truth Society, London, has recently published in book-form Reverend Edward Meyers' translation of Lagrange's *Lectures on HISTORICAL CRITICISM AND THE OLD TESTAMENT*. Pere Lagrange is a distinguished member of the Dominican Order. His "sound critical work, worthy of the best Catholic traditions, has won for him a world-wide reputation, and his position as a member of the Biblical Commission, founded by Leo the Thirteenth, gives additional authority to his exposition of the soundness of the position Catholics occupy in dealing with the numerous biblical problems which force themselves upon the attention of all who read and think.

THE LORD'S AMBASSADOR AND OTHER TALES, by M. E. Francis; *WINNIE'S VOCATION AND OTHER TALES*, by Francis Noble; "Two English Martyrs," by John B. Wainwright; "The Christian Revolution," by William Samuel Lilly; "The Lenten Gospels," "Credo," by Mother Loyola; "The Living Rosary" and "The Perpetual Rosary," by The Very Reverend John Proctor, O. P., are also commendable publications of the Catholic Truth Society. *A HANDBOOK OF CATHOLIC CHARITABLE AND SOCIAL WORKS* established throughout the various dioceses of England, Wales and Scotland, under the auspices of religious congregations of men and women, is a gratifying record of aid extended by institutions devoted to the care of the distressed, sick and afflicted of Christ's poor.

THROUGH SUFFERING TO HAPPINESS, by Reverend Victor Van Tright, translated by Reverend J. M. Leuleu, is a consoling series of meditations on the passion of Christ; they are appropriate for the holy season of Lent, which is followed by the glorious feast of the Resurrection. The booklet is published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

The Poet-Lore Company, Boston, has published an interesting study entitled *THE BROWNING'S AND AMERICA*, by Elizabeth Porter Gould; also, a brochure illustrating the characteristic traits of John Burroughs, entitled *THE RETREAT OF A POET-NATURALIST*.

Calendar for May.

1—SS. Philip and James, Apostles. Zeal.

2—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Fortitude.

3—The Finding of the Cross. Reverence for the image of Christ Crucified.

4—The Crown of Our Lord. The Third Sorrowful Mystery of the Rosary (from April 24).

5—S. Pius the Fifth, and P., Pope. Recitation of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

6—S. John before the Latin Gate. Love of God's House. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

7—First Sunday of the Month. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

8—Apparition of S. Michael, Archangel.

9—S. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Good example.

10—S. Antoninus, O. P., Bishop. Spiritual Reading. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit; prayers.

11—S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr. Firm faith.

12—B. Jane of Portugal, O. P., Virgin.

13—B. Albert Bergamo, O. P., Tertiary Layman. Charity to the Poor. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

14—Second Sunday of the Month. Patronage of S. Joseph. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

15—Conversion of S. Augustine. Constancy.

16—S. John Napomucen, Martyr. Purity of Intention.

17—B. Andrew Abellon, O. P. Hatred of Sin. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

18—S. Agnes, O. P., Virgin (from April 20). Meekness.

19—S. Peter Celestine, Pope. Founder of the Celestine. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

20—B. Columba, O. P., Virgin. Prayers for the afflicted.

21—Third Sunday of the Month. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

22—S. Servatius, Bishop. Patron of the Dominican Order.

23—B. Louis Maria Grignon, O. P., Priest. Obedience.

24—Feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians.

25—Translation of S. Dominic.

26—S. Philip Neri, Priest. Founder of the Oratorians.

27—B. B. Peter, O. P., and Companions, Martyrs. Patience. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

28—Fourth Sunday of the Month. B. Mary Bartholomew, O. P., Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

29—B. B. William, O. P., and Companions, Martyrs. Rogation Day.

30—S. Ferdinand King. Rogation Day.

31—B. James Salome, O. P., Priest. Rogation Day.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Monica, Widow; S. Pius the Fifth; S. Angela Merici, Widow; S. Pascal Baylon, Confessor; S. Ferdinand, King. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Julia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Flavia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Philip Neri, Confessor; S. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr; S. Emily, Widow. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Athanasius, Bishop and Confessor; S. Philip, Apostle; S. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor; S. Isidore, Confessor; S. James the Less, Apostle.

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Japan Today.

REVEREND AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

I.

One of the greatest surprises in modern times to the statesman as well as to the man in the street is the wonderful military success of Japan achieved against the colossal power of Russia. The hermit nation, the land of curios, lacquer-ware, tea cups and geishas, has suddenly come to the front as a world power. The prestige of the White Man in war, kept up for centuries in the petty campaigns against colored races, has been shattered for the first time in history. The little yellow men, who have just emerged from their state of pupilage under European tuition, have been successful in every engagement by land and sea. Using the inventions of Europeans, they have destroyed the Russian fleets, taken the most strongly fortified city in the world, killed or disabled 330,000 of their enemy, and taken 100,000 prisoners. Where in the world was such an army ever gathered together as that of the Russian forces before Mukden, half a million of men strongly entrenched along a line eighty miles in extent? And yet, attacked boldly by the Japanese, they were scattered like chaff before the wind, after a bloody engagement lasting for two weeks.

To trace the causes of this wonderful success in the character of the nation and the intelligent development of their strength by western methods is a most interesting study in which many minds are engaged at present. Hardly less interesting is a simple study of the history, manners, and customs of this people, who evidently are destined to play an important part in the future history of the world; at any rate, to check the unbridled career of the White Man in the Far East. In the space at our disposal it is possible to present only a cursory view of things which, however, may have the effect of stimulating our readers to sup-

plement their knowledge by the perusal of numerous works published within the last few years on the Land of the Rising Sun.

When Japan had been forcibly opened to intercourse with Europe, about sixty years ago, after its jealous seclusion of two centuries, ambassadors were sent to some of the western powers to plead for a modification of early treaties which were pressing hard upon them. On their return to their country, the Japanese ambassadors, whose eyes had been opened to modern progress, told their countrymen that the westerners were not barbarians, as they had been led all along to believe. "It is we who are the barbarians," they said; and the immediate consequence of their journey was the awakening of a new spirit in Japan, and a determination to copy western methods. An embassy was then sent to the principal European nations to examine into the sciences and arts, commerce, industry, religion, and education abroad, and to introduce what would be of benefit to their own country. One of the first acts of the Government, when it entered on its career of reform, was to remodel the education of the youth of the Empire, and make the system compulsory on all classes. The Emperor declared that he would not be satisfied till there was no longer an ignorant family in any village, nor an ignorant member in any family.

Statistics show that at present 92 per cent of the children go to school. The coolie's son has the same advantage of public primary education as the banker's child. The primary school age is from six to fourteen; but, there are also kindergarten schools where children from three to six are taught by games, handiwork and story-telling. From the primary, the children pass to the secondary schools. After four years the pupil can enter the higher schools, where the course is six years. In these schools English is taught, and the tuition costs only about seven shillings a month, though the course corresponds in almost every respect to that of our colleges and universities. Graduates of the higher schools go to the Imperial universities of Tokio and Kioto. There is also a university for women at Tokio, founded by private enterprise, with forty-six professors, besides several lady teachers. The university contains three departments; respectively, domestic science, Japanese literature and English literature. The girls are boarded in seven "houses," each with a matron and head cook; they take their turn at cooking and in other respects live as far as possible as they would at home. It is intended that the course shall be gradually elevated and extended to the preparatory grades; so that this system of female education will take in hand the child of three at the kindergarten, where it will spend three years; afterwards spend six in the grammar school;

five more in the secondary school; and three in the university with a post-graduate course of three years.

In all Japan there are 30,158 schools, including institutions for the deaf, blind and feeble-minded. There are 854 technical schools. In all these schools there are 126,712 teachers, and 5,469,442 pupils, or one-tenth of the entire population of the Empire. There are also private schools founded by individuals, and schools and colleges belonging to the missionaries. The great difficulty that confronts the Japanese in their education is the complexity of their written language, which Saint Francis Xavier declared to be the invention of the devil to prevent the Faith from being ever preached in Japan. It takes a child seven years of hard work to learn even enough of the ideographs of which it is composed to be able to read and write with tolerable facility, and many more years must be devoted to this terrible study if any real acquaintance with the classics of the language is sought to be acquired.

Many years ago the Japanese improved on the Chinese ideographs so far as to invent a syllabic system of seventy-three characters, simplifications of the Chinese ideographs, representing so many sounds. This is called the *Kana* writing. Books, newspapers and other printed matter are a combination of the two systems. Other systems of writing, also, are in common use, which tend further to increase the difficulty of learning the written language; but it would take us too long to enter into an explanation of them. The difficulties inherent in the present system, or rather, systems, has induced many thoughtful Japanese to promote the writing of the language in Roman letters, and a society for this object was founded in Tokio; but the ideographs are so bound up with the history and traditions of the nation that their efforts have not met with any success up to the present.

Another serious drawback to education as given at present in Japan is that although morals are put down as part of the school course in every grade, they are entirely divorced from religion, and are taught on a purely secular basis. In time it is to be feared that the same evil effects of purely secular education will be felt as they have been already in France and some other countries. The Japanese have tried to substitute patriotism for religion as a motive power, and inculcate the duty of love of country in the schools by the singing of patriotic songs and the National Anthem. This feeling, however, which is a fanaticism at present, owing to the long years of seclusion, must tend to grow less as time goes on and travel and intercourse with the rest of the world becomes more general. The teaching in the primary schools is not so distinct from the past as to have effected the wonderful transformation of

which we are witnesses. It is the university education, on which the Government has lavished so much money in Japan, and the European education enjoyed by so many thousands of Japanese who have come to England, France, and Germany to get its benefits, that has done the work. In the Tokio University, where all branches of science and literature are taught, there were two years ago 4,781 students, of whom 875 were graduates. There were 301 professors and twenty foreigners teaching their own languages.

One of the difficulties besetting higher education in Japan is that text-books of some of the higher sciences have not yet been written in Japanese, the terms having no equivalent in the language, and the consequence of this is that several of the science classes have to be taught in English, French or German. It may be said that a knowledge of one or more of these languages, especially of English, is almost universal among the University students. With what avidity European books are read in Japan we may gather from the following tables giving the number, considerably over a million, of foreign books imported into the country within three years:

| | 1901 | 1902 | 1903 |
|---------------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Belgium | 2,643 | 1,930 | 2,945 |
| China | 14,313 | 15,705 | 11,498 |
| France | 12,523 | 15,625 | 15,191 |
| Germany | 96,394 | 94,217 | 93,990 |
| Great Britain | 87,608 | 163,981 | 315,518 |
| Russia | 334 | 123 | 1,139 |
| United States | 47,340 | 72,704 | 55,856 |
| | <hr/> | <hr/> | <hr/> |
| | 261,155 | 364,285 | 496,137 |

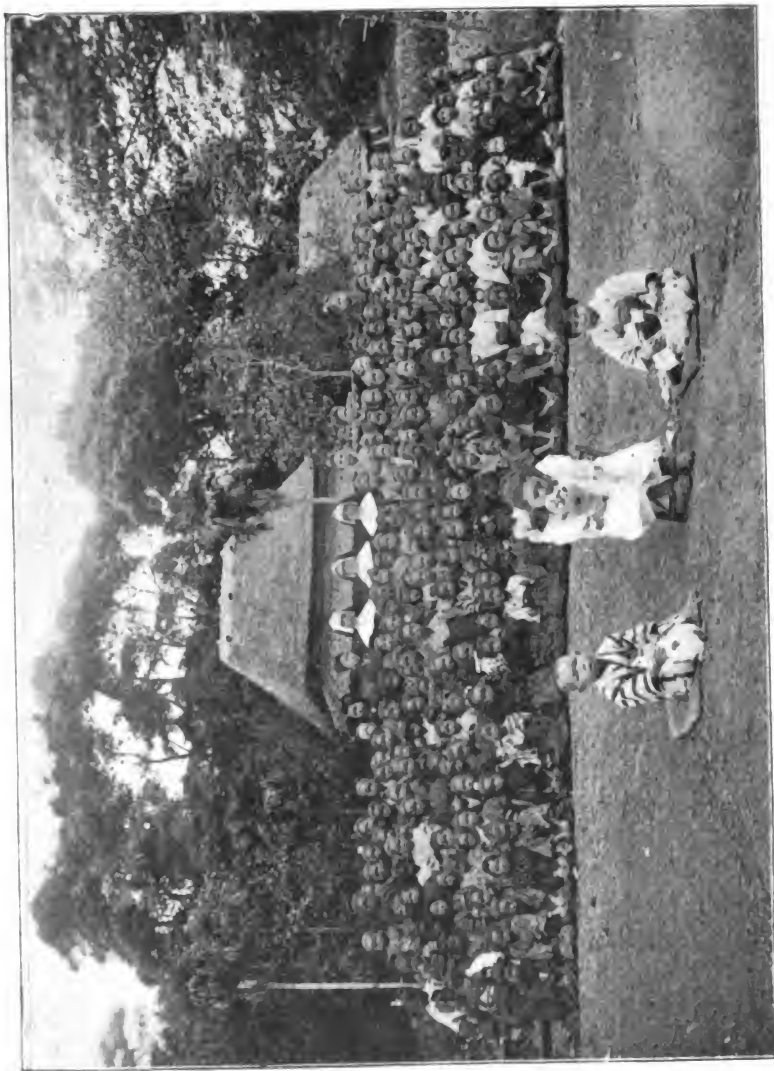
Illiteracy is almost unknown, even among the poorer classes, and a great desire to improve their knowledge by reading solid books of instruction pervades the younger generation. The consequence is that before long Japan will take its place among the most highly instructed nations of the world. In the practical science of war, England and France took the most prominent part as instructors of the Japanese. The former, at the request of the Japanese Government, took the formation of the navy in hands and sent over competent naval instructors. The second sent over a military mission and began the organization of the army. The Japanese borrowed their medical system from Germany, and their educational from America, from which country numbers of teachers were brought over to teach in the ordinary State schools.

At the present time Japan is independent of all foreign instructors. She has her own arsenals, which manufacture small arms and ordnance; her own dockyards, which have already turned out battleships; her own school of engineering, which has produced many men eminent in that profession. Finding that the physique of the people had deteriorated during the long era of peace that preceded the Revolution, the Government made gymnastics and drill a compulsory subject in all schools, with most satisfactory results as regards the physical development of the pupils. They are able to boast that with this preliminary training, which gives increased strength, activity, and suppleness, they can train a soldier in two months.

Missionary Schools and colleges, conducted both by the Catholic and the Protestant missionary bodies, are to be found in most of the cities. The Congregation of the Brothers of Mary have a large college for the children of foreigners in Yokohama, and colleges for Japanese pupils in Tokio, Osaka, and Nagasaki. The majority of the pupils are, unfortunately, pagans, and, for family reasons, conversions are very rare. However, the Brothers hope that when their pupils go out into the world and send their children in after years to them, they will oppose no obstacle to the conversion of their children if the latter desire it.

I was privileged to be present on the Exhibition Day of the College in Tokio, amid an enthusiastic gathering of the pupils and their friends, including an admiral of the fleet, who, I believe, was Admiral Togo, the naval hero of the present war. There were Japanese songs sung in abundance; instrumental music, a short drama in French, and another in English. I could not soon forget the enthusiasm with which all stood up to sing the National Anthem. The greatest cordiality appeared to exist between the masters and pupils, but that is the usual thing in Japan, where obedience and respect for superiors is inculcated as the primary virtue. The Brothers told me that they had no difficulty in dealing with the boys, who are anxious to learn, and very obedient in every way.

I also visited the large schools of the French Sisters, and was very much pleased with all I saw. Besides the usual classes in the schoolrooms, a certain number of girls were engaged in embroidery and painting in a row of pretty Japanese rooms, divided by the usual paper partitions and open to the air on one side. The bright variegated colors of their dresses, as they squatted on the mats by their little lacquer tables at their artistic work, formed quite a charming picture. I also visited the well-equipped college and seminary conducted



SCHOOL OF THE FRENCH SISTERS.

by the Brothers in Nagasaki, where numbers of neophytes are trained for the priesthood. One of the Brothers, who accompanied me about the town, told me that the Government treats them very liberally by giving them well-paid positions in the University, without which help, in fact, they could hardly get along. He, himself, before the present war, had been teaching about thirty officers, French, English, and German; he also taught languages to sixteen officials of the Postoffice, with remuneration, of course, from the Government.

The pupils in the Brothers' schools and colleges generally wear European dress, and sit at ordinary European desks; occasionally you will meet pupils in the Japanese dress, which is not prohibited. I noticed, also, that the girls in the schoolrooms were sitting at European desks, though this must prove a very irksome position to them, as they are so accustomed to squat on the floor. I should also mention, in connection with the educational question, that the Government has numbers of agricultural schools and model farms, where the pupils are taught the latest scientific data in the chemistry of agriculture; experiments are carried on in new cultures. These model farms are jealously guarded from the prying eyes of foreigners, for the spirit of the Japanese is to take as much knowledge as they can from Europeans and give nothing in return.

The Japanese find it very hard to pronounce English, and as their own language has no very marked consonants, they often try to slide over the consonants in such a way in pronouncing English words that it is absolutely impossible to know what they mean. They seize every opportunity of speaking to tourists in order to improve themselves. Railway officials will come up to you while you are waiting for the train, and engage in conversation in so loud a tone, too, as to attract the admiring attention of their countrymen, who dare not attempt to speak the *Igurushu*.

An amusing incident occurred when I was going through the Osaka Exhibition of 1903. I was looking at a building round the doors of which a crowd of people had gathered through curiosity, when I was accosted by a young man from a distance, surrounded by a party evidently up from the country, who shouted out, "What do you want?" while his companions stood around admiring his command of the foreign language. I felt somewhat shy at being made the cynosure of so many eyes in a strange place, yet answered meekly that I wanted to know what the crowd was looking at. The next sentence displayed for my benefit and the admiration of his companions was, "I do not understand." I then made a motion to go on, but he stopped me again

with "What do you want?" now in a louder tone. I replied, somewhat testily, that I wanted to know what the people were looking at. Again came the response, "I do not understand," a broad, self-satisfied smile overspreading his face, while the eyes of the bystanders fairly glistened with admiration of the student's knowledge of English. I began to move on, but he was not to let me go without another display. "Good bye," he shouted after me, while I said something in my own mind that I do not recollect at present.

(To be continued.)

Roses.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Oh, lovely rose, queen of the lawn,
What flower is so grand as thou?
With shades as various as the dawn,
Rose gardens to the breezes bow.
Some win tints from Aurora's smile;
Others seem children of the moon;
Some sparkling sunshine will beguile,
And pin it to the rose of June.

Then here a dainty, white snowflake
Doth bloom in summer as a rose;
Then, next a snowflake will awake
Tinged with a blush of love—who knows?
'Twas sleeping in its calyx green,
And saw not Nature paint its cheek.
Pink roses, then, can oft be seen,
As of the maiden's blush they speak.

And the safrona steals its hues.
From sunset skies of summer's eve;
Saffron, which salmon doth suffuse;
The fair, blue sky doth sometimes grieve
No rose its dainty color wears.
The green as grass blooms in a rose;
But none for blue tint ever cares.
Why it can be no mortal knows.

Cromwell's Hand Strikes Acadia.

VIII.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

Emery De Caen, having the monopoly of the fur trade of Canada, was also leader of the Huguenots of New France. He was bitterly opposed to the incoming of the three additional Catholic missionaries mentioned in another chapter. His and his followers' opposition to the then existing colonial laws were intolerable to the higher authorities. Notices and warnings to desist only increased their disregard of the governing power. To avert open hostilities Richelieu organized the company of New France, with a personnel of one hundred members. His deep interest in the success of this new enterprise induced him to act as head of the company, given full governing power over New France and a trading monopoly of the fur trade forever. All commerce, save whaling and the cod fisheries, for fifteen years, during which time the colony was exempted from taxation, was also included in their monopoly. The company was bound by their grant to settle in New France no less than four thousand men and women. Cleared lands were to be given to these settlers.

To strengthen still further his position, Richelieu purchased from Montmorency the ancient and honorable rank and power of Admiral of France, annulled it, and, with the King's consent, made himself Grand Master and superintendent of irrigation and commerce.

Champlain was one of the new company. Its first commercial purchase was that of four armed vessels; with these and a fleet of transports loaded with supplies and colonists for the relief of Quebec, under command of Roquemont—one of the hundred also—the fleet sailed from Dieppe in April, 1628.

About the same time a private expedition fitted out by a company of London merchants, by the authority of Charles the First of England, sailed from a British port headed for Quebec. This fleet was under command of three sons of Gervase Kirke, one of the merchants. Its purpose was to drive the French colony out of New France. The English fleet was first to reach Quebec, but the Kirke brothers, after reconnoitering Champlain's position, and, being impressed by its manifest strength, withdrew, deferring an attack. On their cruise of inspection of the adjacent waters and islands, they fell in with the French fleet of Roquemont, attacked and sunk it on the spot. Thus was inflicted on the French col-

only the first blow of the war, which broke out between England and France.

Left for at least another year destitute of succor from without, Champlain saw nothing short of famine staring his little garrison in the face. The more circumspect and far-seeing missionaries had taken the necessary precaution against this calamity by getting enough ground under cultivation to tide them over another year. The fare was coarse, to be sure; but they were there to rough it in a cause that they were certain would yield them eternal peace and glory. The very thought of this made straight and smooth the roughest paths through the primeval jungle and the friendly Indians were glad to share their distasteful morsels of food with the Fathers. Nor did the strife of ambitious white laymen much retard their holy endeavors in bringing the simple natives to their knees. Steadily and surely had Fathers Masse and Brebeuf been extending their redeeming influences over the native tribes, while things were coming to such a pass in Quebec that Champlain was seriously contemplating the abandonment of it, that he might attempt to capture some Iroquois village where buried corn might be found, and thus save his men from starvation. He was barely saved from so desperate a resort by the timely return of the British fleet to Quebec.

Under a white flag a boat came ashore with an officer, who demanded the surrender of the fort. By the terms of capitulation, the French were to be taken home and allowed their clothing and effects. So, on the twentieth of July, 1629, the cross of St. George was planted on the wall of Quebec. Kirke's one despicable action in wantonly insulting the Jesuit Fathers and leveling their houses to the ground will stand against and stigmatize his name for all time.

Champlain, among the other French prisoners, including three Jesuit Fathers, was taken on board Kirke's ships and there held as prisoners. The Recollets, being more favorable to the English, were suffered to remain in the colony. While proceeding down the river, Kirke fell in with an inward-bound French ship. The moment he came in range, Kirke opened fire on the stranger and a strenuous engagement ensued. The Frenchman made a valiant stand against overwhelming odds, but was, at last, compelled to strike.

With his prize, which proved to be loaded with supplies for the late Quebec colonists and garrison, Kirke sailed into the harbor of Tadousac, where lay his brother, Admiral Kirke, with his fleet of five ships of war. While lurking about the harbors and bays of the St. Lawrence to entrap unwary French merchantmen and capture ships less powerfully armed, the Kirkes are said to have treated all their captives,

save the Jesuit Fathers, with courtesy. Their instinctive hatred of the priests, who afterwards did such noble work in Canada, precluded even passive decency at the hands of their captors.

But booty, more than warfare, was the Kirkes' dominant purpose in these waters and they plied their trade with vigor and assiduity. Their trade with the Indians was carried on with no less application. Then, "having finished their carousings on shore, which were profuse," they made sail and bore away for home, after peace had been proclaimed between France and England.

Upon the arrival of Kirke's fleet at Plymouth, Champlain went directly to London, where he had a consultation with the French Minister regarding the future of New France; he then proceeded homeward. The Jesuit Fathers, also, found their way thither and were shortly in readiness to return to missionary labors among the Indians.

King Charles afterwards conferred the honor of knighthood upon Admiral Kirke in recognition of his valorous deeds in Canadian waters. New France once more was restored to the possession of the hundred associates, and Champlain was newly commissioned Governor by Richelieu. His arrival there, with Father Brebeuf, in the spring of 1633, was hailed as a new birth of Christian growth for New France; Champlain was welcomed by Father Le Jeune, Superior of the mission, and the few other Catholic colonists. But the Recollets were not there to add their voices to the general acclaim. For all his manifest and outspoken aversion to Catholicism in general, and the Jesuits in particular, Parkman could not withhold his word of approval of the course of the new regime in New France: "The missions," he writes, "were to explore the interior; the missions were to win over the savage hordes to Heaven and to France. Peaceful, benign, beneficent, were the weapons of conquest. France aimed to subdue, not by the sword, but by the cross; not to overwhelm and crush the nations she invaded, but to convert, civilize and embrace them among her children. * * *

The story of their missions is as marvelous as any tale of chivalry, or legends of lives of saints." The pity of it all is that, for his own reputation's sake, Parkman did not rest satisfied with such manifest heroic Christian achievements; his distrustful probing and doubtful questioning of the motives that inspired, and the divine truths that actuated the missionaries betrays his personal bias; nor did the historical records, before him as he wrote, in the least warrant his innuendos and cavils.

Yet, on the other hand, it is no more than justice due Parkman to concede that his unwarranted strictures of the Jesuits was not the direct outcome of intolerance. When he comes to contrast the Cath-

olic colony of Canada with the Puritan colony of New England, founded on Plymouth Rock, he is quite as severe on the Puritan for, "On a stock of freedom he grafted a scion of despotism." But he is, nevertheless, inconsistent with himself, for almost in the next breath does he shoulder upon the Friars, Ventador and Richelieu, the blame for the blight on the early and late growth of New France, which was palpably the direct result of English greed, English incursions and invasions.

In this connection, even John Fiske's lucid and logical mind cannot always save itself from yielding to the influence of his Anglo-Saxon instincts.

Champlain now applied himself more than ever to the upbuilding of New France. His duties and responsibilities as Governor and commander were too numerous and arduous to admit of any more lengthy excursions or explorations through the wild beauty and majestic splendors of forest, river and lake. He was tied down to the monotonous, dull grind of the sedentary life that was slowly but surely cankering the intrepid, free, adventurous, noble heart. Falling ill about the middle of September, he lingered till Christmas of that year, when a stroke of paralysis ended his suffering. After twenty-seven years' incessant labor, first, for the conversion of the Indians, and secondly, for the growth and extension of his colony, the Father of New France lay dead in his fort, beloved and wept of priests, officers, soldiers, traders and Indians. The solemn rites, and fine scholarly eulogy pronounced over the remains there in the little mission church by Father Le Jeune, were the most fitting obsequies for this great and noble character.

The loss of Champlain, materially, was, of course, at that time, irreparable to New France. But the more essential spiritual enlightenment of the Indians he left in the hands of men whose devotion to their divine mission, the loss of merely temporal power could not in the least abate. Henceforward their labors, and that of their co-workers in the missionary field comprise the making of the brightest pages in Canadian history.

Acadia had fallen into the hands of the English about the same time as New France, and it was again ceded to France by the same treaty as was New France. The French King commissioned D'Aunay Charnisay to proceed thither to attend to the official details of the return of Acadia to France by the English. Prior to his arrival Charles de La Tour had obtained a grant of considerable land in Acadia from the King, and in him Charnisay had a formidable rival from the start. This rivalry shortly became so intense that it later took on something

of the feudal strife of an earlier age. Each had his following of retainers ready to do battle for their respective liege lords as bravely as the best of their sort. La Tour, on Cape Sable, and Charnisay at Port Royal, subsequently shifting to opposite sides of the Bay of Fundy, contested their respective rights of possession with varying fortunes of war. For a short time they united their forces in repelling the British interlopers. Then each appealed to their King for protection from the encroachments of the other; till, by reason of Charnisay's greater influence, La Tour's commission was revoked and he was ordered home to report to the King. Charnisay was simultaneously authorized to seize La Tour's fortifications; he stoutly resisted, and later applied for and obtained aid from the leaders of the Puritan colony in Massachusetts. But this help was of only a temporary advantage. Charnisay, in 1645, captured Fort St. Jean; most of the prisoners taken therewith he hanged on the spot. La Tour himself escaped, and, upon the accidental drowning of Charnisay, five years later, La Tour returned to Acadia with a fresh commission from the King. Charnisay's widow and eight children, who survived him, made claims so difficult of adjustment that the only way out of the entanglement was at once adopted by La Tour—he wooed, won, and married the widow. But this gratifying adjustment of their claims and counter-claims had scarcely been completed when a more formidable enemy of all Catholic Christendom than had yet shown his red hand in either Acadia or New France put in an indirect appearance. Acting under secret orders direct from Oliver Cromwell, Major Robert Sedgwick of Charlestown led a body of New Englanders against Acadia. Confronted by such overwhelming odds, there could be but one result of the attack. Acadia again fell into the hands of the English.

La Tour subsequently bartered something of that national spirit which he may have possessed by allying himself with Sir Thomas Temple and William Crowe. This trio obtained a grant of all Acadia. But, whether from a haunting sense of guilt, inflamed by the remembrance of his own recreancy, or whether he tired of such an alliance does not appear, La Tour, before the end of two months, withdrew from the triumvirate.

These political vicissitudes, commercial exploits, and warfares, of course, seriously impeded the progress of the missionaries in their peaceful pursuits of converting the Indians. Yet the selfish aims of designing temporal leaders and the successes of Cromwellian assaults upon the infant Christian settlements had no evil effect upon the spiritual zeal of the missionary priests. Opposition and persecution only fanned the flame which they were calculated to quench.

The tribal wars of the Indians, too, were among the most serious obstacles which the missionaries had to overcome. While the civil colonial authorities trusted the missionaries as the most potent peacemakers the priests, nevertheless, frequently found the natives more obstinate and revengeful in their own ways than the white men in theirs. Of all the tribes with which the civil authorities had to deal or the missionaries to convert, the Iroquois were the most intractable and tenacious of their heathen brutalities. They were almost always at war with one or more of their neighboring tribes, and they were the most merciless and powerful enemies of the white colonists. The Huron converts were, on the other hand, the most loyal and effective allies of the colonists. Their knowledge of the geographical features of a wide extent of the country, as well as of the habits, customs and personal characteristics of other native tribes, rendered them invaluable aids to the missionaries.

The Iroquois and Mohawks had been waging a savage war upon the colony. Their grievance was the capture and putting to death of one of their great chiefs a year or two before. Montreal, defended by about twenty-six Frenchmen, was fallen upon by two hundred Iroquois warriors. But the Indians were repulsed with great loss in killed and wounded. Three Rivers, protected by Palisades, was attacked about the same time and its commandant killed. The hostile tribes lurked about the neighboring woods watching and waiting a chance to surprise the fortress. But the vigilance of the little force within frustrated their designs, though in spring they plundered, burnt and laid waste all around "up to the palisades of the fort."

While Father Poncet, one of the Jesuit missionaries, who had been attending to the harvesting of a patch of corn for a poor woman unable to do it herself, with one Franchetot, whom he had engaged to do the charitable work, were returning together, after the harvesting was done, they were seized and carried off by some Iroquois. On learning of the Father's capture, thirty-two men started in canoes from Quebec up the St. Lawrence in pursuit. When they reached Three Rivers, they found it beset by Mohawks and, forcing an entrance, they joined the little garrison. The assailing Mohawks were soon repelled, but Father Poncet and Franchetot had been, meantime, carried further into captivity. In Father Poncet's own story of his nine weeks' duration, we have as romantic an insight into the wild Indian life of that time as one could wish to enjoy. He and Franchetot were rushed through the forests at a distressingly rapid rate, through the day; and at night they lay on the dank weeds, the moisture dropping from the trees upon them. They waded, waist deep, across mountain streams and traveled

barefooted through the jungle till their feet were blistered and legs benumbed. In the worst of his sufferings, Father Poncet prayed almost continuously for succor; he besought the intercession of his patron saint in his behalf. That his prayers were not all fruitless is quite certain; for, when his strength was about gone, and he lay fainting on the ground, the Indians gave him some plums and broth to quench his thirst and revive his strength.

On reaching, at last, the lower Mohawk town he was stripped and forced to mount a bark scaffold in the midst of a crowd of grimacing deriding Mohawks. In one of their lodges, into which they led him when it began to rain, they made him sing, dance and do a variety of ludicrous tricks to amuse them. Though the Father probably tried to please them, he seems to have made a failure of it. His historian says that if he did not succeed to their liking in these buffooneries they would have put him to death had not a young Huron prisoner offered himself to sing, dance and make wry faces in place of the Father, who had never "learned the trade."

This being over, they left the Father in peace for a while. Then an old, one-eyed Mohawk came up and took the Father's hands in his, and, after examining them closely, held the left forefinger and called a child of about five years old, to whom he gave a knife, telling the "imp" to cut off the finger, which it did very promptly, the Father meantime singing the "*Vexilla Regis*." They would have burned their victim alive at the stake, as they did Franchetot, were it not for his timely adoption by a squaw, who took him in place of her deceased brother; whereupon the Father was at once instated in the rank and favor of his new relations. He was forthwith stripped of what Christian apparel he had left and clothed in Indian garments.

But a treaty which had been, meantime, concluded with the Iroquois by the colonial authorities at Quebec included Father Poncet's immediate deliverance. Heaven, as he said himself, had found him yet unworthy of martyrdom.

"At last we reached Montreal," he wrote in his record, "on the twenty-first of October, the nine weeks of my captivity being accomplished in honor of St. Michael and all the Angels. On the sixth of November, the Iroquois who conducted me made their presents to confirm the peace; and thus on Sunday evening, eighty and one days after my capture—that is to say nine times nine days—the great business of the peace was happily concluded, the Holy Angels showing by this number nine, which is specially dedicated to them, the part they bore in this holy work."

Parkman, in his "Old Regime in Canada," with his characteristic ironical fling at sacred and holy things, after quoting the above excerpt comments: "This incessant supernaturalism is the key to the early history of New France."

We have never had anything so divinely heroic or simply beautiful, so completely ideal since. Men who, in God's name thus went among the savage tribes of the vast unknown wilderness at all hazard to their own lives, and for the selfless purpose of spreading the light of Christian civilization amongst those benighted aborigines of the New World—courting martyrdom for the eternal crown it would win them, have been the world's real heroes.

Saint John the Baptist.

"For this is he who was spoken of by Isaias the prophet, saying: 'A voice of one crying in the desert: Prepare ye the way of the Lord.'"

"And the child grew up and was strengthened in spirit; and was in the deserts until the day of his manifestation to Israel."

These obscure words are all that remain to us of the history of John during the first thirty years of his life. The mysterious parallel which seems to exist between the Master and him in their annunciation and birth, continues to the end of their lives, particularly in the long obscurity which surrounded the time of preparation for their public ministry. Shall we try to penetrate the shadow which envelops John the Baptist as we have tried to remove that which encircled the Redeemer? The attempt to do so would be profitless, and we prefer to pass on, stopping only to consider briefly those deserts in which the Precursor awaited the moment of his manifestation.

Those who attach any importance to the fanciful ideas, according to which John the Baptist should have adopted the life of the Essenes, trace him to the rugged ravines of *Onady-en-Nahr*, an ancient valley of the Cedron at its wildest part, that is to say, in the neighborhood of the actual convent of Mar-Saba. Certainly it is difficult to find anything that corresponds better to our idea of a desert, and more so, to that chosen by a preacher of austere life and language. The grottos hollowed out by nature or the hand of man in the sides of these abrupt rocks above the torrent, and far from the summit, seemed to form an appropriate dwelling for these sons of the Prophets who suddenly

appeared in the midst of crowds, their faces emaciated and pale, their hair and beard neglected, scarcely covered with a cloak of camel's hair, as we are accustomed to represent John the Baptist.

But the striped white and brown tunic, girt with a leather girdle, such as is still worn by the peasants around Bethlehem and Ain Karim, has nothing in common with the white garments of the Essenes, and the desert where the son of Elizabeth dwelt has always been located by tradition in quite another part of Judea. What we call the desert of Saint John does not correspond, it is true, in its extent, to the one mentioned in the Gospel. This desert, "smiling in its flowers," is, in reality, "the summit of a mountain covered with white cistus, yellow papilionaceous plants and a quantity of various flowers and woody shrubs that scarcely rise above the ground. When we cross the ridge, we come to Saint John's spring; it gushes out from a hole in the rock; two paces from it, on the steep incline, is the grotto which the Precursor occupied."

At the time of the Abbot Daniel, the mountain was crowned with a thick wood, as it was when David, according to the words of the Scripture, abode in the forest. It is in this sense that we understand what is meant by the desert of Juda, and more so still that of Engaddi, celebrated for its vines, palm-trees, and palms; a series of eminences more or less elevated—now treeless, but formerly wooded—cut up by ravines through which streams still flow in the rainy season, but formerly always irrigated by the water which fell from the thicket and forests. Not that there are no extensive tracts where the vegetation is burned up by the scorching sun. Then, as in our own day, the traveler passed through cool oases in these valleys of fire where the chalky soil crumbled under foot, and over those gloomy tablelands where one makes his way with great difficulty through thorns and flints, but from which the eye roams over a scene of exquisite beauty. From Bethlehem to the Dead Sea, from west to southeast, over a space of twenty-five or thirty kilometers, as the bird flies, the deserts extended, animated only by the passing of nomadic tribes, against whom, in the time of Herod, the fortresses of Herodium and Massada had been built—a land favorable to vagrants and fugitives, because of its difficulties and its resources; the refuge of criminals, the asylum of outlaws, a school to which souls devoted to solitude, and those who are preparing for a life of warfare, are naturally attracted.

The most cherished memories of Jewish antiquity linger around these places. It was here that Saul vanquished the Philistines; here that David awaited the days of his prosperity; it

was here that Amos fitted himself for the ministry and thither he came back to die. The armies of Israel have passed over all this territory; at all those torrents the patriarchs have watered their flocks; on all these heights and in every wood Jehovah and Baal were alternately worshiped. Ruins alone bear testimony of them to-day, but in the first century of our era this desert teemed with a life full of charm, so that one could still, with David and Jeremiah, extol its beauties.

At what precise date did John the Baptist enter it? We do not know, and there is no clew to the mystery. The time he resided here, it is said, with Elizabeth, after the massacre of the Innocents, however long we may suppose it to have been, could not have lasted till the day when we find him beginning to preach. Probably the death of his parents induced him to go into seclusion. An only son, not caring to continue the priestly tradition, consequently free from family ties, and wishing to liberate himself from those of the Temple, he no doubt then sought the desert, to listen in peace to the voice of Heaven. The Apostle is trained in seclusion; the prophets of the ancient law came from the desert; Paul took refuge there after his conversion, to strengthen his soul, and the divine Master Himself has not chosen any other way. John then sought his retreat where he lived in austerity. Clothed like the fellahs and shepherds, living like them on locusts and wild honey, he abstained from all fermented drinks, thereby resembling those ascetics venerated in the East as the friends of Heaven, and from among whom it selects its Mandis, its Prophets, and Precursors.

What he refused to the flesh he gave to the spirit, by continual meditation on the prophecies, wherein he could see his own figure by the side of the Messiah. But it was not a vain and inactive contemplation; by it he acquired a practical knowledge of the part allotted to him, that of forerunner, charged with preparing the way for the Messiah. To succeed he must not only have an eloquence animated by divine inspiration like Elias, the remembrance of whom, recalled by the Angel, was always present to his memory; but his words should bear fruit in his works, and the exercise of the highest virtue was not too great for such a mission.

Of this preparation the Gospel tells us nothing, no doubt because subsequent events were ordained to reveal it; and, in fact, it does not require any great effort to understand to what preparatory work the virtue of the greatest of the children of men owed its perfection. Flowers and fruits bear testimony to good seed and to the soil—and also to the man, a fellow-laborer with God, who insures the growth of the plants watered by the loving hand.

In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, Pontius Pilate being Governor of Judea, and Herod tetrarch of Galilee, under the pontificate

of Annas and Caiphas, the voice of God was heard in the desert by John, the son of Zachary, ordering him to go and preach. He obeyed at once, and descended into the plain of the Jordan to join the travelers who came to the fords near Bethania and Betharaba, whether from the West or down from the country of Moab. The passage was difficult and necessitated a delay going or coming, according to the bank from which they crossed. Coming from Jerusalem, the caravans naturally halted for the night between Jericho and the woods which bordered the right bank. When they arrived from Moab, by the Onady-Charib, they were forced to stay at the same place to re-form their ranks after the passage of the river and thickets. When traveling, the Oriental moves slowly and rests willingly, particularly in the neighborhood of water, at nightfall, when a large party promises considerable pleasure and security. If the hot hours of the day invite sleep, the freshness of the night disposes him to relish the interminable recitations of the story-tellers, the monotonous songs of the guitarists, and the slow measures of the dancing-girls. Then, sometimes, amid a respectful silence, the voice of some dervish is raised to explain the sacred word as a learned man or an apostle, with all the subtleties of a scholastic and all the ardor of one specially enlightened. With impassive countenances, the audience follows every movement of the speaker's soul, now excited almost to frenzy, now wrapt in a dream of Paradise. Nothing has such power over the Eastern imagination as these passionate discourses, the result of which may be, perhaps, at a given moment, the insurrection of a tribe and the ruin of a whole country.

The neighborhood of Jericho, a town essentially cosmopolitan, attracts to the borders of the Jordan a host of visitors—the curious in quest of novelties, Pharisees seeking new proselytes, women anxious to display their charms, soldiers guarding and superintending the encampments—a heterogeneous assembly at first sight, but in reality composed of elements identical in susceptibility and enthusiasm. It is in the center of this crowd that the son of Zachary suddenly appears, as an apparition of ancient times, and proclaims his mysterious doctrine: "Do penance, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. For this is he who was spoken of by Isaias the prophet, saying: 'A voice of one crying in the desert; Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight his paths. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God'—For this is He, of whom it is written: 'Behold I send my Angel before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee.'"

The austere appearance and the vibrating voice of the preacher forcibly arrested their attention; then, when they recognized the high position of his family, the sanctity of his life, the depth of his knowledge, their first impression was soon changed into enthusiasm. It was the region of the Jordan that first responded to his words, carrying soon with it Judea, and even Jerusalem itself, in one of those irresistible tides of public opinion that mark a decisive moment in the life of a people. It was of such moments that a historian has justly said: "When a great revolution is about to be accomplished in the world, and a new day in its history is to succeed the day that is passed, there is often stirred up in the hearts of the people a certain feeling which reveals to them this near future, and causes them to foresee, in some way, whence should come the man whom Providence has chosen as the instrument of its eternal decrees." In John were realized the dreams and hopes of Israel, in comparing himself to the Angel precursor of the Messiah, and proclaiming himself ready to initiate the kingdom for which they had waited so long. No one was surprised at his call to penance, that is to say, to the purification necessary for the children of the new kingdom. "All struck their breasts, confessing their sins, and went down joyfully into the waters of the Jordan to be baptized."

There were many poor among this multitude; John took great care to recommend them to the charity of the rich, when they asked him, "What, then, shall we do?" "He that hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do in like manner."

The publicans dared to brave public scorn and drew near him: "Master, what shall we do?" "Do nothing more than that which is appointed you."

The soldiers came in their turn, "And what shall we do?" "Do violence to no man; neither calumniate any man; and be content with your pay."

The Pharisees and Sadducees could not stand aside, were it only from curiosity, or a desire of display before the populace. They came also in great numbers, putting off their garments to go down into the water. The preacher's tone changed at once: his voice hissed like a scourge: "Ye offspring of vipers, who hath showed you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruit worthy of penance; and do not begin to say: We have Abraham for our father. For I say to you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham. For now the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be cut down and cast into the fire."

The hatred of the Pharisees and Sadducees against the Precursor dates from this day, and their vengeance was not long delayed; but while

waiting a favorable opportunity they simulated so as not to irritate the people, whom they hoped to make their accomplices.

The enthusiasm, however, steadily increased, even to the point of seeing in the Baptist, not the herald of the Messiah, but the Messiah Himself, against which error John energetically protested. "I indeed baptize you with water unto penance; but He who is to come after me is stronger than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to carry; He shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire; whose fan is in His hand; and he will thoroughly cleanse His floor, and gather His wheat into the barn; but the chaff He will burn with unquenchable fire."

The preaching of the Baptist commenced probably in the autumn of the year 28, which was the beginning, according to some authors, of a sabbatical year; that is to say, a year of absolute rest for the land of Israel. The cessation from work at this period increased the number of his audience, and the plain of Jericho was covered with tents which sheltered the pilgrims coming from Galilee, Samaria, Perala, and the surrounding regions. Winter dispersed them, but they returned in the spring of the year 29, almost in as great numbers, and quite as enthusiastic. When the heat rendered the Ghor uninhabitable, the pious colony betook itself to the north, near the village of Salim, at a place called Ennon, or the Springs, because of its abundant waters; then, in the autumn, it came back to the ford of Bethabara, where there was reserved for it the most wonderful of scenes.

The octave of the Feast of Tabernacles was over, and the multitude hastening to Jerusalem, returned towards the Jordan to regain the region bordering on both sides of the river. The Galileans were numerous there, and the Precursor had disciples among them whose renown would one day be known to the entire world. But he did not know what illustrious proselyte he should meet in Galilee.

On one of the first days of the month of November, he beheld coming towards him a man whom he had never seen before, but whom he recognized by a secret inspiration, to be He of whom God had said to him: "He upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on Him; He it is that baptiseth with the Holy Ghost." And John wished to prevent His going down into the Jordan: "I ought to be baptized by Thee; and comest Thou to me?" And Jesus answering, said to him: "Suffer it now; for so it becometh us to fulfil all justice."

John submitted, and poured water on the head of the divine suppliant. Immediately a brilliant light shone on the surface of the river, the heavens opened, the Holy Spirit appeared in the form of a dove, and the voice of the Most High cried out: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I

am well pleased." The multitude looked on astounded and afraid, and John bowed down in adoration, while Jesus, smiling and majestic, ascended the steep bank and disappeared into the wood. No one had dared to stop Him, because it was not yet His wish to mingle among men. The Spirit led Him to the desert, where He was going to suffer temptation, and to thus finish the preparation for His apostolic life.

About three months passed, during which the son of Elizabeth must often have recalled his infantine recognition of the Saviour. Then, also, the Son of God was as one unknown to him; but he had felt His presence in the obscurity in which he was concealed, and his whole being had trembled at the coming of the Creator to His creature. Impatient as he was to break his bonds, in order to pay Him homage, he had not been able to escape in time to see Him even at a distance, till this day which had come so unexpectedly; but, for the second time, the Master had eluded his adoring love. While his astonished rapture impeded his pursuing Jesus, and ardent desire to find Him again burned within his soul, and his eyes searched the crowd incessantly to see if there were any trace of the Messiah. But day succeeded day, bringing back the winter and dispersing his disciples; the place was again a desert, into which John re-entered, not without some sadness, but with the hope, however, that the former heavenly intercourse would still be maintained. We may believe, in fact, that God did not leave him any longer in trouble, as formerly He had not forsaken Daniel, that other man of desires to whom Gabriel came to foretell the day and the hour of the anointing of the Saint of Saints. This is the mystery that we are never allowed to penetrate. Let us pass on, then, and return to the banks of the Jordan, where spring found the multitude reassembled, eager to hear the words of the Precursor. The Sanhedrin began to feel uneasy about these sermons, the echo of which had penetrated even to the Holy City.

In the beginning of February a deputation of Pharisees, priests and levites was sent from Jerusalem to ask John: "Who art thou? Art thou the Christ?" "No," he replied without hesitation, "I am not the Christ." "Art thou Elias?" "I am not." "Art thou the Prophet?" And he answered, "No." Then they said to him: "Who art thou, that we may give an answer to them that sent us? What sayest thou of thyself?" "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness: Make straight the way of the Lord, as the prophet Isaias said." "Why, then, dost thou baptize if thou be not Christ, nor Elias, nor the prophet?" "I baptize in water; but there hath stood one in the midst of you, whom you know not. The same is He that shall come after me, who is preferred before me; the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose."

The messengers of the Sanhedrin withdrew, pondering on what this enigmatical language could mean, and resolved to keep strict watch over the Precursor. It was clear that he held them in aversion; they saw in him an enemy, and behind him some one more powerful still, who would be the cause of their approaching downfall. This straightening of the ways of the Lord aimed at their intrigues, doubtless already understood by this mysterious censurer, whose very name they knew not, even though he lived in their midst, as inaccessible as if he were invisible, to judge of him by the humble veneration of the Baptist. Who could this redresser of wrongs be? A prophet, about whom the popular imagination was occupied with more or less reason? Elias, whose re-appearance, it was said, was near at hand? The Christ Himself, whose time had nearly come? What did it matter? Their own day was over, and the warnings of John were the knell of their last hour. Were they satisfied to give up their prestige without striving to maintain the least portion of it? The future should prove that their thoughts were very different.

The following day the confessor experienced the joy which he had so ardently desired. Jesus came to him. A cry escaped his lips: "Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world! This is He of whom I said: 'After me cometh a man who is preferred before me, because He was before me.' And I knew Him not; but that He may be made manifest in Israel, therefore am I come baptizing in water. I saw the Spirit coming down as a dove from Heaven, and he remained upon Him. And I knew Him not; but He who sent me to baptize in water, said to me: 'He upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on Him, He it is that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost.' And I saw; and I gave testimony that this is the Son of God."

The crowd listened, but did not understand; the hour was not yet propitious. On the following day, when John was speaking familiarly to two of his disciples, Jesus passed by, and the Baptist exclaimed as before: "Behold the Lamb of God!" This time he succeeded. The two disciples at once followed Jesus, who, perceiving them, said: "What seek you?" "Master, where dwellest thou?" "Come and see!"

Thy accompanied Him to His retreat and remained with Him for the rest of the day; it was about the tenth hour, that is to say, 4 o'clock in the evening, according to our computation. They resolved never to leave Him, and becoming the first fruits of His ministry, they strove at once to bring others to Him, who would be faithful. Andrew called his brother Simon. John ran to seek his brother James; both spoke the same words: "We have found the Messiah!" Simon and James, and

soon after, Bartholomew, joined them, to follow the footsteps of Jesus, thus becoming the foundation of the Church. John could now rejoice at the fulfillment of his mission; he had pointed out the Messiah to the world, and had initiated His Kingdom. The task allotted to the Precursor did not go further.

Jesus went on His way to Nazareth; but He was never again to come into contact with the Baptist, although the latter also reascended the Jordan to establish himself at Salim, almost on the frontiers of Galilee. Before the Master visited Samaria, the Servant had rendered Him the supreme testimony of his blood, behind the walls of Machaerus.

(To be Continued.)

De Profundis.

EDITH R. WILSON.

I thought I never could fall so low,—
I knew I could sin, but not sin *so*;
I knew that temptations have subtle power,
But is not God nearest in trial hour?
Why did He stand so far apart
While I sounded the depths of my traitorous heart?
While I trod through byways dark and dim
Where no gracious vision dwelt of Him:—
Trod through paths where self-love and deceit
Blinded my eyes and impeded my feet,
Till the lamp of grace, ere I grew aware,
Burnt dull and dim in the tainted air?
I felt no token that strength divine
Was ebbing low in this heart of mine,
I only forgot to look above,
I only forgot to seek His love;
And now has He left me alone to know
How very cold my heart can grow?
Alone to feel how void and chill
The silence which God does not fill?
And in this dark and desolate hour
Has the tempter come to prove his power?
—Yet I paused, at length, with a sudden cry,—

"Incline to my aid, O Lord most high!"—
 But no sound of benison reached my ear,
 And I almost whispered, "God does not hear."
 Yes, my heart grew sick and dizzy with fear,
 As an echo answered, "God does not hear."—
 Lord, how far does this pathway go?
 Are there lower depths of self to know?
 Where are the ways of converse sweet
 When I almost touched the Master's feet?
 I cannot frame my lips to prayer,
 For God does not seem to be anywhere.
 Has He really left me to plead in vain,
 Does He not care for my bitter pain?
 Or am I wrong? *Has* God heard my call,
 And was it that what I thought my fall
 Was only the working of grace within
 Bringing the consciousness of sin?
 The merciful working of grace within
 Bringing me face to face with my sin,
 Because, though I did not see or know,
 I had really *fallen* long ago?
 Then Lord, for the depths of my soul's distress,
 Its horror and shame, Thy name I bless,
 If only so I may draw from thence
 The pure white lily of penitence!

Sister and Sweetheart.

WILL W. WHALEN.

I read the letter again: "Come up here to practice. Our town is small, but there is no other physician in it, so you will have a clear field. I am sure you will be successful."

It was good of Frank Edwards to think of me, but such Frank always was—an unselfish, big-hearted fellow. I had just received my doctorate, and felt somewhat as does the small boy in his first pair of trousers.

I heard my sister Jess going by the open door of my room, and I called her in. Jessie was my only living relative that I knew of. She had patiently waited for me to get through college, and now she was to be my housekeeper.

"Riverston is only a small place, Jess," I explained, for I wanted her to know where she was going; "and I fear that you may not like it, seeing that you have spent your life in the city."

"Like it, George! I shall like any place in which you can succeed."

So Jess and I went to Riverston, a little town of not more than five hundred inhabitants; and we took up housekeeping there. It was neither a farming village nor a mining town, nor yet a summer resort; though a few residents had farms, and the majority of the men worked in the mines of the neighboring towns, and a number of visitors came to Riverston to spend the hottest part of the summer.

A stream of golden water, too large to be called a creek, and too small to be called a river, ran through the center of the town; and this, coupled with the high and airy mountains and the large and beautiful gardens, was the only attraction at Riverston.

In three months I had gotten down to business, receiving a fairly good income from my practice at Riverston and the towns adjoining. Such happiness as Jess and I enjoyed! I had never thought of marriage; nor had Jess, so far as I knew, though she had had a persistent suitor in the city, Harry Huppert, a good enough fellow, but one whom I could never bring myself to care for. Quite likely she had now forgotten him, I thought.

Then Elsie Correll came into my world, and soon made herself indispensable to me. I was always in a "rush," and, as in business, so in love. My courtship was a vehement one. I almost dragged an avowal of love from Elsie before she knew me a week.

Jess and Elsie were entirely different characters; and I, who knew all of Jess' faults, and soon perceived Elsie's, came to the conclusion that these two women could not share the same roof and be friends for any great length of time. Here was a real difficulty. I loved them both, though with a different sort of love. What should I do? I hated to bring into my home a woman that I feared might oust my sister; it would be an act both unkind and unbrotherly. Well, the best thing for me to do was to prolong my courtship and await developments.

Things went on smoothly enough, till I noticed that Jess was becoming a trifle pensive. Then I concluded that, in some way or other, she had found out about my attachment for Elsie. I felt that I ought to tell my sister all.

It was a winter evening; the snow outside made our sitting-room all the pleasanter. The shutters were singing an unmusical song in a squeaking voice of their own, the great-throated chimney joined in the

refrain with a hoarse bass; and the wind, shrieking round the eaves, furnished what you might call the soprano. Jess sat in a rocker doing some fancy-work; she never could be idle. I watched her closely. Yes, she was moody. She caught my eye and smiled faintly, then went on with her work. She did not indulge in her usual small talk.

"What the deuce ails you, Jess?" I tried to pave the way facetiously, for I meant to speak of Elsie. I thought that since Jess knew of my attachment, we ought to come to an understanding. Confound gossiping tongues! I was not yet ready to tell Jess.

"So you have noticed me, George. I imagined that I concealed my feelings better."

"Well, you see, Jess," I began humbly, "one can't help falling in love, and ——"

She raised her brows, and opened her eyes in great surprise.

"Then you know, George!" she interrupted. "I didn't suppose Harry had told you; and here I have gone along keeping my own counsel, and you knowing everything."

"Explain, Jess." I was as much at sea as she was.

"Why, you remember how very fond Harry Huppert was of me when we were in the city, and you remember how much you disliked him. He has pestered me with letters ever since I came to Riverston, asking me to marry him."

"The villain, the presumptuous villain! He shall get a stinging letter from me."

"No, no, George; you must not. Well, he has for the twelfth time asked me to marry him, and he is so bold; he says he will wait no longer, but will come here next week, whether you like it or not. I have told him that I cannot leave you."

Dear, noble little Jess! I went to put my arm around her waist. "But you always were fond of each other, weren't you, Jess? Now, you've got to be Harry's wife and make him happy."

"O George, you're so good, but you can't spare me; who will keep house for you? I dread to bring Harry here; you two are not congenial to each other."

"But I *can* spare you now, Jess."

And then I prepared to make *my* confession!

Dear Heart of Jesus! with the gift
Of Thy sweet grace my heart uplift.
Sweet heart of Jesus! with Thy flames ignite
My heart and guide my wavering steps aright.

Editorial.

The Feast of Corpus Christi, which falls on the twenty-second of June, this year, commemorates in a special manner the doctrine of transubstantiation, or the Real Presence—that is, the mystery of the body and blood of Christ with His soul and divinity, under the appearance of bread and wine in the Holy Eucharist. This feast is observed with devout ceremonial expressive of Catholic belief not only in the institution of the Blessed Eucharist by Christ Himself, but, also, in Christ's transmission of the power of changing bread and wine into His body and blood to His Apostles and their successors. Hence the significant title, *Corpus Christi*—Body of Christ—in refutation of heretical denials of transubstantiation, was given to this festival at the time of its institution by the Church in 1264. In the devotional services of this day we are emphatically reminded of the tender love of the Saviour of the world, who would not leave us orphans; rather has He verified His words of promise in his Sacramental Presence on our Altars. “Behold,” He says, “I am with you, even to the consummation of the world.” Let us, therefore, go to Him confident that He will refuse nothing that will advance our spiritual needs.

Charles F. Lummis, commenting editorially in April number of *Out West*, upon the mutilation of the beautiful Spanish names given by *The Padres* to California towns and cities, makes a plea for the preservation of these historical reminders of the days when the “Saints” led the way to golden glory. And this suggests the study of the history of those pleasant days when Californians took time to call places by their proper names, the significance of which was a happy reminder that Heaven is not gained “in a hurry!” Yes, as Mr. Lummis says, “It is time to put the Saints back; for he who filches my good name”—but, we shall allow the editor of *Out West*, speak for us:

Not many months ago the Secretary of War graciously recognized the claims of history and scholarship, by restoring, at the earnest request of certain thoughtful Californians, the historic name of the Presidio of Monterey. This was not only a good deed but a good precedent; and a precedent which should be followed up in other directions. Neither

the government of the United States nor the population of California should longer be committed to the barbarous stupidity of the illiterate and ludicrous butchery of place names now so common in this State. The Spanish names of California are not merely a part of history; they appeal not merely to the scientific. They are part of the long romance of the Golden State; they are a pleasure to the intelligent of our own people and an attraction to our visitors—in a word, they are an asset. A few localities, like Santa Barbara in particular, have had the business sense as well as the intelligence to retain, and even to make a feature of, these names. It is time that the people in California who know how to spell their own language, shall take pains that the Spanish names in California be also spelled and rightly pronounced. The temper of the Californians about these things is all right. They will stand for any proposition based on common sense, if the routine trouble is saved them.

The Landmarks Club has already done a good deal in the past for the preservation of historic street names in Los Angeles. The War Department has shown—even at the expense of Red Tape—its sympathy with this sort of right feeling. It would look to be time for other departments of the government and for Californians, both as individuals and through the innumerable organizations to which so many of them belong, to insist upon further reforms before the barbarous mutilations shall become too familiar and too long-rooted to be done away with. It would seem that to patriotic orders such as the Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West the preservation of California names in their purity should be a privilege as well as a duty. It would seem as though the inhabitants of every town whose name is now botched by official ignorance should protest and insist upon justice. The Southern Pacific Railroad has given several promising tokens of enlightened feeling in this matter; and there are several linguistic crimes which it should atone for—having committed them. Such cheap and vulgar bob-tailings as Ventura in place of San Buena Ventura; Fernando instead of San Fernando; Capistrano for San Juan Capistrano; San Juan for San Juan Bautista—all these things are unpardonable blunders in a business sense, to say nothing of their ethics. In each of these cases the sin is that of un-Sainting the place. It would be like leaving off the Saint from St. Paul or St. Louis or San Francisco or Santa Barbara or San Diego or San Gabriel. It is time to put the Saints back.

A much more numerous, and if possible more absurd, crime against literacy was practised, a few years ago, by some particularly undigested cheap clerk in the Postoffice Department at Washington. As ignorant of California and its history as of the grace of God, this 1x3 petty tyrant

ran together all the two-word place names in California that he dared. He spared Los Angeles and San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Santa Clara and other of the most important places, but laid the cudgels of his stupidity on the back of places too small to sass him back. Perhaps nothing in the world could so graphically express the illiteracy of this act as the following original Spanish names, the mutilations of them by this ex-officio pettifogger, and the English translations treated in his same idiot fashion:

El Cajon—Elcajon—Thebox; El Rio—Elrio—Theriver; El Toro—Eltoro—Thebull; Loma Linda—Lomalinda—Beautifulhill; Dos Palos—Dospalos—Twotrees.

There are a lot of other atrocities in this sort; but the above will suffice to show how lonely as a bullfrog on the wind-swept shores of Lake Superior the mentality of that particular clerk would be if turned loose inside the shell of a mustard-seed. Nor does there seem to be any reason why free-born Americans should think they have to submit to his impertinent liberties with their reputation for intelligence. Naturally almost every Californian has some correspondent who will know what these words ought to be, and who will think that this misspelling of them is an indication of the ignorance rife in the wild and woolly West. As a matter of fact, we are less ignorant than we are long suffering; but strangers won't give us credit for that.

Another class of equally ignorant muddling of California place-names is in the omission of the article altogether. This has a good many examples, but perhaps the most absurd is in the case of the postoffice name of Llagas. The old Spanish name was Las Llagas. Llagas means "wounds"—a fine fat name for a California community to live under. But Las Llagas means—and has meant for centuries—the Wounds of Christ.

One particularly impudent job of the six-bit postoffice name-confounder was in making Paloalto one word. In 1776, Col. Juan Bautista de Anza, the father of San Francisco, gave the name to the present place because of a mighty redwood tree still standing beside the railroad, "which," said Anza, in the year of American Independence, "is seen from a distance, rising like a tower from the surrounding trees." Anza made two wonderful expeditions from mid-Arizona to California before the United States was born. The man who stands first among the builders of the first trans-continental railroad had sense enough and morals enough to retain that fine historic name, and gave it to his beautiful and princely establishment. But the two-penny clerk in Washington is allowed to make a monkey of both!

Calendar for June.

1—The Ascension of Our Lord.
Holy day of obligation.

2—B. Sadoc, O. P., and Companions, Priests and Martyrs. Constancy.

3—S. Peter Martyr, O. P., Priest (from April 29). Firm faith.

4—First Sunday of the month—Translation of the relics of S. Peter Martyr, O. P. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in church of Rosary Confraternity. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

5—S. Francis Caraciola, Priest; Founder of the Order of Minims.

6—S. Norbert, Bishop, Fidelity.

7—S. Catherine of Siena, O. P., Virgin (from April 30). Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful; C. C.; visit; prayers.

8—Octave of the Ascension.

9—B.B. Diana and Companions, Virgins. Modesty.

10—Fast day—Vigil of Pentecost.

11—Second Sunday of the month — Feast of Pentecost. Third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

12—Of the Octave.

13—Of the Octave.

14—Ember day—Of the Octave.

15—Of the Octave.

16—Ember day—Of the Octave.

17—Ember day—Of the Octave.

18—Third Sunday of the month. Trinity Sunday. Time for fulfilling the precept of Easter Duty expires. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C.C.; visit; prayers.

19—B. Peter Gonzales, O. P. (from April 14.)

20—B. Clara, O. P., Widow. (from April 17.)

21—S. Aloysius Gonzaga, S. J., Scholastic. Purity.

22—Corpus Christi—Feast of devotion. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit; prayers.

23—Of the Octave.

24—S. John the Baptist. Feast of devotion.

25—Last Sunday of the month. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

26—Of the Octave.

27—Of the Octave.

28—Of the Octave.

29—SS. Peter and Paul. Feast of devotion. Good example.

30—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Anthony of Padua, Confessor; S. Margaret of Scotland, Widow; S. Norbert, Bishop; S. John Francis Regis, Confessor; S. Juliana, Virgin. Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Crescentia, Martyr; S. John the Baptist; S. Boniface, Bishop; S. Barnabas, Apostle; S. John, Martyr. Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Peter, Apostle; S. William, Abbot; S. Paul, Apostle; S. Paulinus Nola, Bishop; S. Aloysius, Confessor.

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To Live of Love.

From the French of Sister Teresa de l'Enfant Jesus.

S. L. EMERY.

The eve His life of love drew near its end,
Thus Jesus spoke: "Whoever loveth Me,
And keeps My word as mine own faithful friend,
My Father, then, and I his guests will be;
Within his heart will make our dwelling blest,
Our palace home, true type of heaven above.
There, filled with peace, We will that he shall rest,
With Us, in love."

Incarnate Word! Thou Word of God alone!
To live of love, 'tis to abide with Thee.
Thou knowest I love Thee, Jesus Christ, my Own;
Thy Spirit's fire of love enkindleth me.
By loving Thee I draw the Father here,
Down to my heart, to stay with me always.
Blest Trinity! Thou art my prisoner dear,
Of love, to-day.

To live of love, 'tis by Thy life to live,
O glorious King, my chosen and sole Delight!
Hidden in the Host, how often Thou dost give
Thyself to those who seek Thy radiant light.
Then hidden shall be my life, unmarked, unknown,
That I may have Thee heart to heart with me;
For loving souls desire to be alone,
With love, and Thee!



DOMINICANA.

To live of love, 'tis not to fix one's tent
On Tabor's height and there with Thee remain.
'Tis to climb Calvary with strength nigh spent,
And count Thy heavy cross our truest gain.
In heaven, my life a life of joy shall be,
The heavy cross shall then be gone for aye.
Here upon earth, in suffering with Thee,
Love! let me stay.

To live of love, 'tis without stint to give,
And never count the cost, nor ask reward;
So, counting not the cost, I long to live
And show my dauntless love for Thee, dear Lord!
O Heart Divine, o'erflowing with tenderness,
How swift I run, who all to Thee have given!
Naught but Thy love I need, my life to bless.
That love is heaven!

To live of love, it is to know no fear;
No memory of past faults can I recall;
No imprint of my sins remaineth here;
The fire of love divine effaces all.
O sacred flames! O furnace of delight!
I sing, my safe sweet happiness to prove.
In these mild fires I dwell by day, by night.
I live of love!

To live of love, 'tis in my heart to guard
A mighty treasure in a fragile vase.
Weak, weak, am I, O well-belovèd Lord!
Nor have I yet an angel's perfect grace.
But, if I fall each hour that hurries by,
Thou com'st to me from Thy bright home above,
And, raising me, dost give me strength to cry:
I live of love!

To live of love, it is to sail afar,
And bring both peace and joy where'er I be.
O Pilot blest! love is my guiding star;
In every soul I meet, Thyself I see.

Safe sail I on, through wind or rain or ice;
Love urges me, love conquers every gale.
High on my mast behold my chosen device:
By love I sail!

To live of love, it is when Jesus sleeps
To sleep near Him, though stormy waves beat high.
Deem not that I shall wake Him! On these deeps
Peace reigns, like that the Blessèd know on high.
To hope, the voyage seems one little day;
Faith's hand shall soon the veil between remove;
'Tis Charity that swells my sail away.
I live of love!

To live of love, O Master dearest, best!
It is to beg Thee light Thy holiest fires
Within the soul of each anointed priest,
Till he shall feel the Seraphim's desires;
It is to beg Thee guard Thy Church, O Christ!
For this I plead with Thee by night, by day;
And give myself, in sacrifice unpriced,
With love, always!

To live of love, it is to dry Thy tears,
To seek for pardon for each sinful soul,
To strive to save all men from doubts and fears,
And bring them home to Thy benign control.
Comes to my heart sin's wild and blasphemous roar;
So to efface, each day, that burning shame,
I cry: "O Jesus Christ! I Thee adore!
I love Thy Name!"

To live of love, 'tis Mary's part to share,
To bathe with tears and odorous perfume
Thy holy feet, to wipe them with my hair,
To kiss them; then still loftier lot assume,—
To rise, and by Thy side to take my place,
And pour my ointments on Thy holy head.
But with no ointment I embalm Thy face!
'Tis love, instead!

"To live of love,—what foolishness she sings!"
 So cries the world. "Renounce such idle joy!
 Waste not thy perfumes on such trivial things.
 In useful arts thy talents now employ!"
 To love Thee, Jesus! ah, this loss is gain;
 For all my perfumes no reward seek I.
 Quitting the world, I sing in death's sweet pain:
 Of love I die!

To die of love, O martyrdom most blest!
 For this I long, this is my heart's desire;
 My exile ends; soon I shall be at rest.
 Ye Cherubim, lend, lend to me your lyre!
 O dart of Seraphim, O flame of love,
 Consume me wholly; hear my ardent cry!
 Jesu, make real my dream! Come, Holy Dove!
 Of love I die.

To die of love, behold my life's long hope!
 God is my one exceeding great reward.
 He of my wishes forms the end and scope;
 Him only do I seek, my dearest Lord.
 With passionate love for Him my heart is riven.
 O may He quickly come! He draweth nigh!
 Behold my destiny, behold my heaven,—
 OF LOVE TO DIE.

To the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! at my death
 Receive, I pray, my parting breath
 That with Thy Precious Blood bedewed,
 —My sins effaced, my heart renewed—
 I may expire with joy in Thee
 And sing a blissful melody
 Like that the swan with outspread wings
 When near to death, exulting, sings!

Japan To-Day.

II.

REVEREND AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

It is quite impossible for the Westerner to understand the Oriental character. The tourist who has spent a few weeks in Japan may imagine that he has gained a good idea of the character of the Japanese, but as time goes on he becomes bewildered and acknowledges that he cannot fathom the problems it presents. Missionaries who have spent many years among them will tell you that the character of the people among whom they have been living on intimate terms presents mysteries that they can never hope to penetrate. To our ideas the Japanese are a mass of contradictions. They are extremely gentle, yet capable of most barbarous cruelty; exceedingly polite at most times, yet sometimes extremely insolent; ready to fling away their lives for trifles, yet guilty at times of woful meanness and cowardice; industrious and given to constant labor, yet destitute of the idea of the value of time and punctuality; possessing most delicate esthetic sensitiveness, yet oblivious to elementary propriety in a shocking degree; very humble in their manner, they are extremely conceited; the most peaceable and unwarlike of peoples to all appearance, they have proved themselves a nation of warriors in the present conflict with Russia.

What shows in a superficial manner the great divergence between East and West is their habit of doing things in a way the very opposite to ours. When we start to build a house we begin at the foundation; they begin at the roof; our best rooms are at the front of the houses, theirs are at the rear; their key-holes are upside down. When we enter a house we take off our hats, they take off their shoes; we open a book at the front, they open it at the back; we read and write from left to right, they from right to left; the letters with us run in horizontal lines, with them in the perpendicular; our foot-notes are at the bottom of the page, theirs at the top; we mount a horse from the left, they from the right side; the hands on our clocks move around to show us the time, whereas it was the face of the old Japanese clock that revolved backwards for the same purpose; with us black is the sign of mourning, with them it is white; and the corpse is placed by them in an upright position in the grave instead of lying horizontally, as with us.

We shall dwell on certain traits through which we can catch

glimpses of their elusive character, and let the reader form his own conclusions. The most obvious of these to a stranger is the extreme gentleness and politeness with which he is treated by all classes. For this innate courtesy they have been dubbed the "French of the East," but the epithet is a misnomer now, as the French in late years have thrown aside their old traditions and have adopted a brusqueness of manner which verges on rudeness. When I landed in Yokohama the Custom House officer asked me smilingly if I had any dutiable articles to declare, and when I answered in the negative, bowed and made apologetic signs for having even put the question to me.

In Yokohama also I witnessed an amusing scene which illustrated the innate sense of politeness under all circumstances which dominates the Japanese. It occurred just before the conflict with Russia, when the air was rife with rumors of war. Three Russian sailors belonging to a Russian battle-ship were swaggering up the middle of the street arm in arm, intoxicated. They were singing songs and attracted a considerable amount of attention from the people, and as a Japanese policeman was standing in the street at some distance ahead of them I thought there would be an arrest. The same idea seemed to have struck the sailors, so when they got within a few yards of the representative of the law they stopped and one of them took off his hat to the enemy. Now, any other policeman in the world would have sternly ordered them to go on and keep quiet, but the Japanese instinctively took off his hat to them in return. Imagine their surprise and delight. Off went all their hats, and then they had to go over and shake hands each with the policeman, dinning into his ears expressions of friendship and amity in their own language, to which, as he did not understand a word they said, he replied by a series of graceful bows. Then they went on and struck up their song again as they disappeared in the distance.

In the hotel in the large cities, where foreigners are specially cared for, you will indeed meet with rudeness from waiters who affect Western manners, but what a revelation of old-world courtesy, and a vista into the feudal customs and manners of Old Japan, does a visit to a country inn give you, where the people as yet have clung to the old ways. There you will find the proprietor and all the staff, down to the servant girls, gathered on their knees on the platform in front to receive you and wish you welcome with their heads bowed to the ground. At your departure the same ceremony is repeated, while they all murmur in unison, *Sayonara*—"Farewell," or rather, "If we must part."

The servant girl who brings you your dinner never enters or leaves the room without the same ceremonious bowing. Westerners, by the

rudeness of their manners, according to Japanese ideas, and their ignorance of native customs, will offend the susceptibilities of the people a hundred times a day, but the latter rarely, if ever, show any sign of resentment. But it is in their intercourse with one another that this ceremonious politeness holds full sway. Every action of the day, even the simplest, is bound round with a multitude of observances that it would be want of propriety to omit. The taking of tea, for instance, is so highly placed on the ceremonial calendar, that it seems to be taken more for the purpose of carrying out the ceremonies than for the beverage itself. For the practice of politeness in conversation they have invented an "honorific" language, which the foreigner must learn if he aspires to good Japanese society. This is depreciatory as regards oneself or one's belongings, and complimentary as regards others, either superiors, or by courtesy, equals, whom one addresses as superiors. For instance, a man speaking to another about his wife would style her the "honorable lady," and refer to his own as the "stupid fool" he has in his own house. It appears that on one occasion, a man when entering the house of another had a jar of oil spilled over his clothing by a rat that was startled by his entry, and knocked it over in his flight. When the owner of the house appeared and apologized very humbly, he answered: "It is nothing; I was just entering your august house, when the honorable rat that dwells therein knocked over the honorable jar of oil, and spilled it over my despicable clothing."

There is no profanity, cursing or swearing in the Japanese language. The strongest word that they use when in a temper is "That!" No more wicked expression is ever used by a coolie to a stubborn or wilful horse than this little word. It appears to me that the importation of this word over here, and its general use in these countries, would supply a long-felt want, and would prove an unmingled blessing. The Japanese, too, avoid the use of vulgar phrases. We sometimes, instead of saying to a man, "Think of that," will use the phrase, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," whereas the Japanese would say, "Would you kindly hang that on your august eye-brow". The only word they use, which may seem profane to us, is *damuyaisu*, a name they apply to foreign sailors; but the word is simply an attempt on their part to pronounce what they hear the mates and captains shouting at them, of the real meaning of which they are perfectly innocent. The fear of failing in politeness is so strong in the Japanese that whenever they meet, the first greeting is, "Pray excuse me for my rudeness the last time we met," abbreviated into *O Shikkei*, "honorable rudeness."

We should expect from this that at all times the relations between superiors and inferiors would be respected, and that familiarity in con-

versation could never be permitted. But here comes in the contradiction of the Japanese character. At a country hotel, the proprietor will enter your room and try to hold conversation with you. What is your surprise when the servants come in as well, and join in the conversation on perfectly equal terms of familiarity. Again, on board the battleships the most rigid discipline is maintained, and offenses against it are punished with extreme severity, yet it may happen that while the captain is looking through the telescope, if a cook pass by with dishes in his hand, and ask him what he is looking at, he may, instead of resenting it, answer him, and offer him the telescope to look through himself. One of the most impudently familiar servants I ever came across was a Japanese in service with the Oblate Fathers in Vancouver, yet he was a good and faithful servant and did not intend disrespect. I met a parallel to this in Japan, where a servant, after all the bowing and prostration, would take a cigarette and smoke it while she watched me at dinner on her knees. Taken all and all, however, the Japanese, in my opinion, are the most polite nation in the world at present. There may be great insincerity in it all, but it sweetens life, and might serve as a lesson to us in the West. Certainly, during the present war they have shown on many occasions, in their treatment of the Russians, that they are holding on to their old reputation.

Next to their extreme politeness, the trait that will strike the stranger most forcibly in his intercourse with the Japanese is their great love of simplicity, which is plainly visible in their houses, dress, food and the general tenor of their lives. The elaborate furniture prized so highly by other people is an abomination to the ordinary Japanese, unless by living for years abroad he has become accustomed to Western ways of living. His idea of refined comfort is a room with no other furniture in it than the cushion on which he sits spread on the *tetami*, or soft white matting; the charcoal brazier from which he can light his pipe; a vase containing two or three flowers; and one picture, the *kakamonon*, or wall-banner, to give it an artistic appearance. The room being open on three sides at will to the fresh air and the sunshine, he can gaze at pleasure on his little landscape garden, the pride of every Japanese householder. When the meals are ready, in come the servants with the *zen*, or small tables, a foot high, one for each member of the family, covered with the tiny saucers and bowls, out of which the food is eaten with no other assistance than a pair of chop-sticks, and when the meal is over, tables and all else are cleared away and brought back to the kitchen, and the room resumes its wonted aspect.

When evening falls, the wooden shutters which enclose the veranda are put up, and the *andon*, or paper lantern on a stand, is lighted, round

which the family read, chat and sew till it is time to retire to rest. Then the lattice partitions, covered with white paper, are drawn, thus dividing the upper story into rooms; the thick quilts, used instead of beds, are brought out of their cupboards, and the family retires to rest. In the morning the quilts are removed, and put back in the cupboards, the shutters are taken down, the partitions are removed, and the living-room resumes its usual aspect, which to our eyes is that of an open-air shed, except for the spotless soft matting. All ablutions must be gone through below in the lower story. A great number of houses possess a bathroom, and in the hotels a row of basins spread on a bench in the lower veranda is left for the use of the guests. They arrange that nothing should be left in the upper story that is not absolutely necessary; that the very presence of unnecessary objects would worry and irritate the mind. Though great lovers of nature and art, their idea is that two or three flowers are enough to admire at a time, and one picture suffices to suggest poetic ideas. The restraint brought about by extreme refinement could hardly be carried farther.

These household arrangements conduce to that exquisite cleanliness so highly prized by all classes of the Japanese. Where there is no furniture to gather dust and no muddy boots or shoes to enter, cleaning operations are of the simplest, and some writers have ascribed the serenity of Japanese women to the absence of the worry consequent on the multitudinous cares that our more complicated system bring on the matron of the house. Many Japanese houses of the better class now possess a European room containing chairs and tables. Moreover, in addition to the foreign hotels to be found in some of the large cities, some of the Japanese hotels contain a *European side* for the use of foreign guests, provided with chairs, tables, cutlery and bedrooms in European style. Curiously enough, there are great complaints in these places on the score of cleanliness, for the Japanese have got the idea into their heads that Europeans like dirty rooms. Do they not bring their boots with them wherever they go, and never think of taking them off, even entering the bedrooms? Such is their estimate of us. In some other hotels they keep a chair and a knife and fork for the use of an occasional European who may turn up. I remember on one occasion when I entered a hotel, and was ushered upstairs into a large room, a big kitchen chair was carried up by an attendant, and triumphantly planted in the middle of the room for my use. Feeling, however, that I should cut a ridiculous figure sitting on the chair in a room with no other furniture in it, I waved it and its bearer away, and sat on a cushion on the floor like the other guests.

Onondaga Iroquois Mission.**IX.**

JAMES CONNOLLY.

The Mohawks who had escorted Father Poncet home made presents of wampum belts to the Christian Huron chiefs and invited them to come to their villages. But, on consultation with the Jesuit Fathers, the Hurons decided not to hazard their necks in the Mohawk halters made for the special purpose of hanging such Christians. Then the Onondagas urged that a French colony be established in their country. The Fathers too well knew the treachery of the whole Iroquois nation to risk such an experiment, yet to refuse compliance with the Onondagas' request might disturb the newly established peace. Besides, the missionaries had been for years planning to obtain a firmer missionary foothold among the powerful Iroquois. After much deliberation a compromise was finally reached. It was agreed that a missionary should be sent into the Onondaga country. Father Simon Le Moyne, a gifted and versatile scholar, familiar with the native dialects and ways, was chosen for the mission. He left Quebec on the second of July for the new field of his labors. Scarcely had he gone when a crowd of Mohawks arrived in Quebec and, on hearing of Father Le Moyne's departure for the Onondaga country they were greatly incensed. To pacify them the Superior sent a letter after Father Le Moyne directing him to visit the Mohawk towns ere his return, which, though the father was beyond reach of the messenger, partially assuaged the Mohawks' ire.

Like most of the early missionaries and explorers of the New World, Father Le Moyne had an innate love of the forest wilds. In a canoe, accompanied by a young Frenchman and two or three Indians, he ascended the St. Lawrence. Of his first night's resting by St. Louis Lake he tells of amusing experiences. Stretched on the ground under a tree at nightfall, he was fallen upon by a cloud of mosquitoes. This was presently followed by a shower of warm rain, whereupon he comments: "It is a pleasure, the sweetest and most innocent imaginable, to have no other shelter than trees planted by nature since the creation of the world." This was about three hundred years before Byron wrote his famous, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," so the noble Lord's idea was not quite all his own.

Father Le Moyne's journey to the Onondaga country was diver-

sified by the perilous chance and change peculiar to that time and locality. His own account of it is the only possible adequate portrayal of what he saw, suffered and felt. Quite contrary to his expectations, his reception at the Onondaga capital was the most cordial and gratifying. The natives, with a hearty welcome beaming on their faces, came out to greet him. They brought ears of roasted young maize and bread made of the maize pulp for him to eat. Much of this good cheer, of which he says himself, "I never saw the like before among Indians," was no doubt due to the previous accounts given of the missionaries by the many Huron converts which the Father found as captives in Onondaga, and who "had not forgotten the teachings of their Jesuit instructors. Such influence as they had with their conquerors was sure to be exerted in behalf of the French."

Delegations of the Oneidas, Senecas and Cayugas were later convoked to hear the wise councils of Onontio, and on the tenth of August Father Le Moyne addressed the assembled braves. Of his speech he tells, "I was fully two hours in making it, speaking in the tone of a chief, and walking to and fro after the fashion and like an actor in a theatre." His speech had more than the desired effect. The assembled chiefs and men of might, of whose names he had made complimentary mention, shouted their approval. He gave several pleasing presents, brought for the occasion, to the four upper nations.

The Onondaga orator's reply was as conciliatory and friendly as the Father could wish. He entreated and hoped that the French, especially the missionaries, would select a dwelling-place among the Iroquois and abide there, as they did already in their hearts.

The speech-making and other negotiations of peace-making and amity between the French and Iroquois over, with more presents for Father Le Moyne, confirmed the treaty.

The main business of his embassy thus finished, he started on his return to Montreal to report progress. An escort of Indians was sent as guides and protectors. He reached there on the seventh of September, bearing encouraging words to the apprehensive colonists, and thence went on to Quebec to relieve the fears of the French residents in regard to an expected Iroquois attack upon their feeble garrison. The account of Father Le Moyne's treaty seemed to be the precursor of a new era of peace for the Colony. But his own better knowledge of the unreliable character of the several Iroquois tribes rendered him less sanguine respecting the stability of their peace pledges. While returning to Montreal, accompanied by several Hurons and a couple of Onondagas, they were attacked by a band of Mohawks out on the war path. The

Hurons were all killed; also one of the Onondagas. Father Le Moyne and the other Onondagas were captured and bound. But so loud were the Onondaga's imprecations and threats that the Mohawks released both, and the father reached his destination.

Another Mohawk outbreak soon followed. They attacked the French at several points, killing a Jesuit brother at Sillery; but their attack upon Montreal was repulsed. The chiefs thereafter opened peace negotiations with the French, but insisted upon their right to fight it out with the Hurons and Algonquins, whom, as allies, the French were bound to defend. The weakness of the Colony, however, obliged it to patch up a lame sort of peace. Again was Father Le Moyne sent among the Mohawk towns to have the peace fully confirmed. They welcomed him with great rejoicing. The peril besetting him on this mission would have daunted a less intrepid spirit. As it was, he was almost exhausted in the fatigue and want, on his return to Montreal.

At a grand council held in Quebec, the Onondaga chiefs demanded that a French colony be sent to dwell among them. To pacify them and to gain time Fathers Chamonot and Dablon were sent. They were met on the way by the wise men of the tribe, who greeted them with welcoming speeches. But the day being Friday the Fathers could not therefore partake of the feast of bear's meat which they found awaiting them.

Having opened the council with prayer, Father Chaumonot stood up with a long belt of wampum in his hand and addressed the crowd. So potent was his oratory, richly embellished by their own metaphors, of which he had made a close study, that he simply electrified his auditors. The wise men were spellbound with admiration of his sonorous periods. "If he had spoken all day we should not have had enough of it," they said; "the Dutch have neither brains nor tongues; they never tell us about paradise and hell; on the contrary, they lead us into bad ways." The following day's council was opened with a chant or song of six separate parts, of which Father Dablon's record states that it was exceedingly well sung. "Farewell war; farewell tomahawk; we have been fools till now; henceforth we will be brothers, we will be brothers," was the touching refrain of the fifth part.

This was followed by making four presents to the Fathers, the third of which was a belt of seven thousand wampum beads. The orator's words, in making the presents, were far more affecting, of which says Father Dablon, "But this was nothing to the words accompanying it. It was the gift of faith. It is to tell you that we are be-

lievers; it is to tell you not to tire of instructing us; have patience, seeing that we are so dull in learning prayer; push it into our heads and our hearts."

The orator then led Father Chaumonot out in the middle of the crowd; embraced him; tied the belt around his waist, assuring them that as he embraced the Father he would also embrace the faith.

What the Fathers had seen and heard convinced them that the only safe way of the French Colony's maintaining peace with the Onondagas was by a French settlement in Onondaga. But no Onondaga could leave his beaver hunting at the height of the season to escort the Fathers back to Quebec, to represent the urgency of an early French settlement in Onondaga. Still something had to be done to avert the calamity of war that delay was sure to entail. So the Fathers offered up prayers and Masses for a change in some of the Indians as would meet the requirements of the perilous case. The change came by several Indians offering to accompany Father Dablon as escorts. Leaving Father Chaumonot to pacify the Onondagas he started on the second of March. The thawing lakes and streams were yet impassable by canoe and the ice was soft for traveling afoot. Only men of iron constitutions could stand such fatigue and exposure. One of the Indians fell through the ice and was drowned. Knee-deep in slush they plodded through swamp and forest drenched with the cold spring rains. But they found the St. Lawrence open where, embarking in a canoe, they reached Montreal after four weeks' journey.

On Father Dablon's reaching Quebec a council was held in Fort St. Louis, at which it was revealed that a conspiracy had been hatched between the Onondagas and Mohawks to destroy French Canada unless the French Colony was shortly established in Onondaga. Unable to see his way clear to withstanding such an attack, Governor Lauson favored the sending of a Colony. The missionaries agreed with him, though it was themselves who were to stand the more fatal hazard of the decision. But, as one of the Fathers then said, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and if we die by the fires of the Iroquois we shall have won eternal life by snatching souls from hell."

Father Le Mercier, Superior of the Jesuits, at once threw his own energies into making arrangements for the departure of the Colony. He appointed Fathers Benard and Fremin, with two Christian Brothers of the Order to co-operate with him. Upon them the whole expense of the outfit, seven thousand livres, fell. Major Du Puys, with ten soldiers from the Fort, made up the military strength of the expedition, though

there were about forty other Frenchmen enrolled who could bear arms in the event of a crisis. A grant of three hundred square leagues of land in the heart of the Iroquois country was made the Colony by the Governor.

Missionaries, soldiers and lay Frenchmen embarked in two large boats, followed by Hurons and Onondagas and a few Senecas in twelve canoes, on May seventeenth.

The Mohawk warriors on hearing of the departure of these colonists for the Onondaga country ambushed themselves in a thicket some twelve leagues above Quebec. Letting the two boats filled with Frenchmen pass, they set upon the Hurons and Onondagas in the canoes, wounding a lay brother who was amongst them. They seized and bound all the Hurons and Onondagas they could get hold of. On the Onondagas protesting and threatening vengeance, the Mohawks released the whole party, calling them brothers and declaring that they had mistaken them all for Hurons. The Mohawks then headed their canoes down stream toward Quebec. From ambush on Orleans island they surprised a party of Hurons at work in their cornfields, killing six and capturing about eighty. After parading their captives in their forty canoes close in front of Quebec the Mohawks took their prisoners home, where they burnt six and enslaved the rest.

At Montreal the Onondaga colonists left their heavy boats and continued their journey in light canoes. The fishing being poor on Lake Ontario their supplies began to fall short; some slight relief was afforded by gathering cranberries of the last season's crop in the meadows. Famine stared them in the face. All but five of their Indians deserted them. Many of the starving Frenchmen had lost heart and the Father Superior fell ill by the time they reached the mouth of the Oswego. They were feebly dragging their canoes up the rapids when the sight of a strange canoe speeding down stream brought hope of succor to their hearts. It had been sent by the Onondagas, laden with corn and fresh salmon to meet them, and was closely followed by two other canoes well filled with similar supplies.

Refreshed and strengthened by these wholesome foods the Colony went ahead vigorously to Lake Onondaga. On the spot chosen for the settlement months before, by Father Dablon, they found Father Chaumonot with a crowd of Indians waiting to receive them with hearty rejoicing. The beauty of the picturesque spot where they at last rested from their toilsome journey was enhanced by a spring of cool water flowing sparklingly from the near hillside, which is to this day known as the Jesuits' Well. From the adjacent woods crowds of Onondagas

yelled their native welcomes to their white brothers come to abide with them in their forest haunts. But the Fathers were too fatigued to enjoy the floods of Onondaga oratory about to be poured out for their delectation. So, as luck, destiny, or mayhap a higher power, would have it, a downpour of rain came instead, driving red and white men to shelter. In the evening, when the rain had abated, the Indians began arrangements for an all-night's song and dance around the encampment of their hosts. A word from the Fathers that this would disturb their rest was enough to induce them to desist. Yet the Indians lingered in crowds about the camp chanting native airs under their breath to assure their guests of safety and to induce sleep.

Next morning the camp was astir early, and refreshed by the best night's sleep they had had since leaving Montreal, an altar was erected on the spot, Mass was celebrated and the Onondaga country was formally taken possession of in the Holy Name of Jesus.

A few days later Fathers Le Mercier and Chaumonot, with an escort of soldiers, proceeded to the Onondaga capital about five leagues distant. The welcome with which they were received could be no more cordial or whole-hearted than it seemed. Native speech and song, at their best, greeted them. A great feast of venison, beaver-tails, grease, bear's meat, beans, and corn awaited them; and of this they were over and over again pressed to partake, even after they had eaten their fill. Little wonder that such hospitality won the Fathers' confidence in the sincerity of the Iroquois friendship. Of it Father Le Mercier wrote: "If after this they murder us, it will be from fickleness, not premeditated treachery."

About a week later there was convened a great council of the Iroquois tribes, Mohawks, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Onondagas. Here were warriors of limb, and thew, and stature; fine as any company of Spartan heroes. Orators and wise men were also present, as silver-tongued and keen of foresight as any in the land. Their own tribal business disposed of, the natives looked to hear from Father Chaumonot. The Frenchmen all clasped hands, and kneeling amid the silence of the expectant natives, sang the *Veni Creator*.

How deeply Father Chaumonot must have felt the sublime inspiration of such a rare and resistless occasion is best shown by a word or two of his own, spoken in their tongue: "It is not trade that brings us here. Do you think that your beaver-skins can pay us for all our toils and dangers? Keep them, if you like; or, if any fall into our hands, we shall use them only for your service. We seek not the things that perish;" and so on to the end, a sermon which held the Indians—

heroes, orators, and all, in mingled wonder, admiration, and terror. The effect was infinitely greater than even the Fathers themselves could have hoped.

Building a chapel was the first real work begun and finished. In it the Fathers preached the Word to crowds; baptized and administered the blessed Sacraments, day in and day out.

On a hill—the site chosen for the settlement, near the lake, overlooking a wide extent of forest, lake and clearing, work was begun; a log-house big enough to accommodate the whole Colony was to be erected. While some felled trees and others hewed them out and dragged them up hill for the main structure, others again cut and shaped palisades for defence of the new mission of St. Mary of Gaun-
tentau. Chapel and dwelling went ahead lively, but the four Fathers could not all remain long here at their new centre of activity while the vast Iroquois country to the southwest of them lay in pagan darkness. On the ocean side, too, the Dutch from the Hudson were carrying their heresies inland. So, before the buildings and fortifications were completed, Father Menard was sent to the Cayugas' country and Father Chaumonot to the Senecas.

These tribes were found to be little different from their Onondaga allies. The greater political and social influence of their women was the one discriminating feature. In this influence the Fathers had great hope; and, in fact, found in it ready aid to the better success of their mission. The women themselves embraced the faith with less hesitancy and more ardent devotion than the men, and they wielded a wholesome influence over the men in bringing them to a sense of their need of this only means of their salvation. Nor was it in spiritual concerns alone that these Iroquois dames wielded their power. In the councils of chiefs and wise men women had their orators to represent them. They not only had a voice in determining the succession of chiefs but had their own female chiefs as well. Women had a controlling voice in the treatment of prisoners, and many were there who owed these Iroquois squaws gratitude for the mercy tempering their torture.

While Father Garreau was *en route* to a new mission that year, up the Ottawa, he was fallen upon and murdered by the Mohawks. A party of the same warriors carried off a number of Christian Hurons into captivity almost from under the guns of Fort St. Louis, the garrison being too weak to defend them. While other grievous crimes were later committed by the Mohawks, the Onondagas at the new mission were growing restive. The colonists there were alarmed by reports that a secret council was held at which it had been decided to massacre

them all. Other rumors of their being captured, that the Iroquois in full force were to overrun Canada, lay waste all the French settlements, and put all the colonists to torture, were in the air. Then a dying Onondaga convert revealed a plot, which was to be enacted before spring, the murdering of all the Frenchmen; whereupon, messengers were dispatched to call in Fathers Chaumonot and Menard from the other missions. The fifty-three colonists were, meantime, mustered in their palisaded house on the hill, around which the Onondaga warriors gathered and remained, some building their bark huts before the very gates. In some of the chiefs' too familiar friendship, as they closely observed the movements of the colonists, the Fathers discerned the first real signs of treachery. Confiding their apprehensions to Major Du Puys, they at once set about concocting ways and means of escape from the fatal trap which had been set for them. The eight canoes within reach would scarcely carry half the colonists. Two light scows were built of the lumber in the loft over the big house. These would carry all that the canoes could not and needed supplies besides. But how to escape the espionage of the Onondagas was the still more serious problem confronting the Fathers and colonists.

A young Frenchman who had years before been adopted by an Iroquois chief, and who spoke their language readily, told his Indian father that in a dream it had been revealed to him that he must die soon, unless a "magic feast" was given at once to conciliate the death spirits. The Iroquois were firm believers in dreams and would not dare ignore such a warning. The great feast came off on the evening of March twentieth, outside of the palisade around the mission house. Dancing and games, in which Iroquois and Frenchmen vied—the Fathers offering prizes for the winners—preceded the feasting. Thus stimulated by mirth and music, the chiefs and braves squatted around the steaming kettles in a ring, ladling the viands into their wooden bowls and fell to the gorging grace of saving the young man. He sat there in their midst entreating and urging them to eat. The musicians discoursed festive music to whet their appetites; and when the gasping gourmands could eat no more they begged the young Frenchman to exempt them from further effort. "Will you suffer me to die?" he moaned piteously, thus compelling every man of them to fresh efforts. But the limit of their capacity had been reached and one after another rolled over, glutted to drowsiness, on the ground. "That will do; you have eaten enough; my life is saved. You can sleep till we come in the morning to waken you for prayers," soothed the young man. A musician, meantime, struck up a soft reposeful air on his violin, which soon

lulled most of the natives to sleep. The others' burdens were too heavy for them to move under. And now the young man whose life had been saved, the musician and the other remaining Frenchmen withdrew to the lake shore, where they found the rest of the Colony laying on their oars waiting for them. A light skim of ice on the lake impeded their headway slightly as the two flat boats took the lead, the canoes following in their wake.

By daylight the next morning the little fleet was well on its way down the Oswego, far out of sight of the mission. The surprise of the magic feasters on looking about them and finding the entire French Colony had decamped while they slept, knew no bounds. But it was to the more tender spiritual sensibilities of the women converts that the severer shock came. They knew not probably of their chiefs' conspiracy to kill the Fathers and they, therefore, wept and wondered how the Fathers, who had been so kind and good, could have deserted them. Sundays and holy days they gathered in the little chapel and said their prayers and recited their rosaries before the altar, which, with reverent hands they decorated with flowers and greeneries, as when the priest was there to say Mass and to bless them, praying meantime in their hearts for his safe and speedy return. But he came not; yet still they cleaned the chapel, decorated the altar and recited their rosaries.

With the loss of three of their number by drowning in the rapids, the Colony reached Montreal April the third, and Quebec on the twenty-third.

Our Lady of Olives.

HELEN MARIE TUCKER.

O Mary, on Thy Virgin brow is bound
The blessed chaplet of the Tree of Peace,
The olive of His reign that ne'er shall cease.
O Mother of the Christ, what woe profound
Thy portion was, not angels know. The wound
From the prophetic sword still scars thy Heart,
Thou didst not tread lonely garden-ground,
When in the sad, white moonlight knelt apart,
Bathed in His Precious Blood, thy suffering Son
Beneath the olives of Gethsemane;
Yet *somewhere* all His sorrows shadowed thee,
Now dost thou share the triumphs He has won,
The olive crown of all befits thee best,
By whom came He, the Prince of Peace, be Blessed!

Saint John The Baptist.

II.

Herod Antipas lived usually at Tiberias, the town which had been rebuilt by him in honor of Tiberius, and which became one of the most charming and splendid cities of Syria. Perched on the borders of the Lake of Genezareth (to which it sometimes gives its name), on the eastern slope of smiling hills, in the midst of verdure and flowers, it was the rendezvous of all the voluptuous cosmopolitans by whom Palestine had been polluted since the coming of the Herods. The Jews never entered it, particularly the Rabbis and Pharisees, and the people who lived there were all strangers, even in their appearance. They had baths, a stadium, porticos, statues, all in imitation of Rome, and the monarch was surrounded with a pagan splendor which was offensive to all national and religious sentiment.

But what shocked the eyes and the minds of the people most, was the incestuous and adulterous union of Antipas and his niece, the wife of his brother Philip, whom, several years before, he had carried off and married, in spite of every law. If he had still a remnant of shame left, she had preserved no circumspection, and the audacity of the scandal added to its enormity. At Jerusalem, it was said, cautious murmurs assailed the guilty pair when they went to the Temple for the great feasts, but at Tiberias no one would have dared to risk a sign of disapprobation. John the Baptist took upon himself to avenge the public conscience, and the king, meeting him on his way, perhaps in the character of a proselyte more or less sincere, the Precursor hurled in his face the heroic protestation: "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife."

Herod, trembling with rage and shame, ordered the arrest of the prophet, without, however, making an attempt on his life, on account of the people, and perhaps also because of the admiration which he shared with them. No doubt there was more fear than sympathy in this admiration. Antipas was more superstitious than sceptical, and having little more of faith than of morals, he dreaded, nevertheless, the vengeance of the God in whom he did not believe. So he contented himself, after the clandestine arrest, with taking precautions against any attempt at a rescue, by sending the prisoner to the castle of Machaerus, an inaccessible and gloomy fortress built by the Asmoneans on the torrent of Zerga-Ma'in, in the mountains to the east of the Dead Sea. John the Baptist was kept there under strict supervision; but he could receive the

visits of his disciples and continue among them a ministry which was formidable in the opinion of Herod, only when exercised in public. All fear of a sedition averted, he was indifferent to everything else, and even took pleasure in discoursing with his captive, of whom he willingly took counsel on certain occasions.

But it happened that the fidelity of the disciples of John to their unfortunate master engendered a spite against the ever increasing success of Jesus, and the conversations of Machaerus soon proved to the Precursor the necessity of a further testimony in favor of the Messiah. This time, therefore, he wished to give Him a character more solemn and more efficacious. By his order, two of his followers—perhaps the two most perverse—asked Jesus the singular question: “Art thou He that art to come, or do we look for another?” Jesus at this time had worked several miracles, and, seeing the intention of the Precursor, replied: “Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them; and blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in me.”

It is easy to understand what these messengers felt, but the strangeness of their proceeding might have injured the prestige of John in the estimation of his disciples, and Jesus wished to efface this unfavorable impression at once. Therefore, He said to the multitude: “What went ye out into the desert to see? A reed shaken with the wind? * * * A man clothed in soft garments? Behold, they that are clothed in soft garments are in the houses of kings, but what went ye out to see? A prophet? * * Yea, I tell you, and more than a prophet. For this is he of whom it is written: Behold, I send my Angel before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee. Amen, I say to you, there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist. At this striking testimony the multitude, among whom could be seen several publicans who had been baptized by the Precursor, burst forth into praises of God, while the Pharisees and Scribes, scoffing at this baptism, refused to understand the final words of Jesus: “Yet he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist.”

No more glorious crown could encircle the brow of any mortal upon earth; but glory sometimes costs dearly, and the more estimable it is, the greater the price paid for it. The Baptist was about to experience this truth.

Herodias longed for his death, and never ceased by intrigue to obtain her desire. Antipas resisted, not that the shedding of blood frightened him, but that he feared a popular outburst, as we have already said.

The strength of Machaerus, with its impregnable defenses, reassured him a little, and it was easy to foresee the day when the machinations of this abandoned woman would triumph over the objections of her accomplice. This accursed day was the tenth of the month of Ab, a sorrowful date in the Jewish calendar, because it recalled to the people the malediction pronounced in the desert against those who, coming from Egypt, should never enter the Promised Land; and, also, because on the same day Nabuchodnosor had destroyed the Temple of Solomon. If the contemporaries of Herod and John the Baptist could have read the future, they would have been able to add to these misfortunes a greater still, the final ruin of Israel. It was on the tenth of the month of Ab, in fact, that Titus was to set fire to the Sanctuary of Jerusalem to expiate the deicide, in the desolation predicted by Daniel.

But this day of mourning for true Israelites was to Herod a day of joy, because on it he celebrated the anniversary of his accession to power or that of his birth, to take literally the expression of the Gospel. Therefore he assembled in his palace of Machaerus the principal state officials, the chief officers of his army, and the nobles of Galilee. During the banquet the guests were given the surprise of an uncommon interlude instead of the entertainment usually provided; it was the entrance of Salome, the daughter of Herodias, to dance for them. Perhaps she wished to show that she had been educated like the Romans and could rival the patricians, whose refined corruption Cicero ridiculed. Young, beautiful, seductive, she compelled their approbation; and the king, scarcely conscious of what he did, said to her, as Assuerus of old had said to Esther: "Ask of me what thou wilt; whatsoever thou shalt ask I will give thee, though it be the half of my kingdom."

It was customary for the Eastern monarchs to commit those acts of imprudence, when the wine had gone to their heads, to quote the expression of Scripture. They sometimes repented them, without having the resources of Assuerus, because their orders, when obeyed, brought irreparable consequences. Thus it was with Herod's promise. The young girl at once took counsel with her mother. "What shall I ask?" The reply had long been ready—"the head of John the Baptist." Without even dreaming of the enormity of such an act, Salome re-entered the banquet-hall and said insolently, "I will that forthwith thou give me, in a dish, the head of John the Baptist."

The head of a man was of little value in the eyes of these eastern tyrants, and the abominable request of Herodias did not surprise men who were accustomed to shed blood at random. On this occasion, however, Antipas hesitated for a moment and became troubled; the head she

demand was too valuable for the hands of this child. Nobility, genius, sanctity—must he cut down all this in its full development, at the imminent risk of incensing the people; Rome, also, perhaps, and, who knows?—the God, of whom John the Baptist spoke so powerfully? The anxious eyes of the king turned from Salome to the assembled guests, as if to seek their intervention, but no one dared to take the responsibility. Royal inebriates had strange ways of proceeding, and the wisest course was to leave them a free field. Doubtless, some thought of the cunning rage of the drunken potentate of whom the Psalmist speaks, others of the legendary transports of Alexander, and none were inclined to incur the anger of the prince or the resentment of his adviser.

However, Salome stamped her foot, and the rings of her anklets tinkled, as if to remind him of his pledged faith, while her eyes seemed to count the witnesses of his promise. Herod had not the courage to retract his oath, as much on her account as through human respect, and he issued the fatal order. One of the executioners left the room, which he soon re-entered, carrying on a dish of agate, the bleeding head of the martyr.

Salome took it from his hands and brought it to her mother. The Gospel throws a veil over the scene which followed, but the memory of which tradition has preserved. The odious woman had letters, and remembered her journey to Rome, the voluptuous and cruel world, whither she had gone to plead the cause of her associate. Fulvia, the worthy spouse of Mark Antony, had taken the bleeding head of Cicero on her knees, and had pierced the tongue with a hair-pin. Not content with piercing the tongue of the Precursor with a golden bodkin, Herodias would also, perhaps, have staved in his eyes, and she struck him on the forehead a blow violent enough to leave its trace after eighteen centuries. Useless sacrilege! The sightless eyes pursued her with their threatening glance, and through the palace echoed the merciless words: "*Non licet!*" It is not lawful.

The disciples of John took his mortal remains, and in secret rendered him the last tribute of respect. About this time, Jesus said to the apostles, in reply to the question, "Why, then, do the Scribes say that Elias must come first?" "Elias, indeed, shall come and restore all things; but I say to you that Elias is already come; and they knew Him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they had a mind. So, also, the Son of Man shall suffer from them."

And when the disciples of the Precursor came, bringing the news of his death, the apostles understood that Jesus had spoken of him. Besides, it was not the first time that the names of Elias and the Baptist

had been united on the Saviour's lips. At the close of His interview with the deputies from Machaerus, He had already said, in speaking of the illustrious captive: "He is Elias that is to come." Not that He gave him the personality of Elias, as is supposed by the uninitiated, but because there was in him the spirit and power of the prophet, as Gabriel had foretold to Zachary

There dwelt also in the soul of John the humble affection so suddenly developed at their first meeting, as in the morning a flower opens its petals under the feet of the traveler. It was not the tie of kinship that drew them together, but the revelation of their souls and of their destinies united them in an embrace, in which respect and love contended for the mastery as in the meeting between Elizabeth and Mary. The son and the mother seem to have been agreed as to the form of salutation on the approach of their divine Friend. "And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" said Elizabeth. "I ought to be baptized by thee; and comest thou to me?" said John the Baptist. They both felt themselves prophetically enlightened by love, and thereby rendered Him the greater homage. "Since He is to come," concluded the Precursor, "I have nothing to do but disappear, for He must increase, but I must decrease." To which the Master replied: "There hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist." The commendation is beyond all conception, and yet Saint Brigitt has gathered from the lips of Jesus Christ a praise that is rarer still: "John is my friend." And was not this his rightful title, since he had given the proof *par excellence* of his love—"to lay down his life for his friend."

On the confines of the Old Testament, the figure of the Baptist stands forth like one of those majestic columns in the east that survives the surrounding ruin. In the deep azure and brilliant light, the monolith assumes gigantic proportions; in the distance it seems to unite heaven and earth, and one expects to see above, resting on its pinnacle, the God of Jacob, smiling at the turmoil among the human dust that the wind stirs at its base. When night comes, the feet of the colossus are steeped in gloom, the stars trace their glittering circles round its head, as diamonds set in a tiara, and the mind instinctively begins to muse on the star-crowned chief to whom the Master addressed, in the presence of His angels, the salutation gathered from His lips by Brigitt: "This is John the Baptist, My Precursor and My Friend!"

No possession can surpass, or even equal, a good library.—*Langford.*

Editorial.

From the annual report submitted by Grand Knight Hearn, during the convention in Los Angeles, we have an encouraging outlook for future membership of the Knights of Columbus. "The order," he says, "has experienced a healthy growth during 1904, and the progress of the order continues to be uninterrupted. The soundness and security of our insurance feature are eliciting words of praise from the insurance commissioners of nearly every State, while the report, of the order's social prestige, and increasing influence in Catholic affairs has spread throughout the whole world. We have met with opposition and criticism in some quarters, but this has been an incentive to greater effort. In April we established the first council in the State of Nevada, and with the establishment of that council have seen the banner of Columbianism unfurled in every State and Territory of this Union, with the exception of Alaska. New councils were also established in the provinces of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, and an associate council has been formed in Manila, from which center we look for the rapid development of the order in the Philippines, where we will undoubtedly prove to be what we have shown ourselves in this country, the strong, supporting arm of the Catholic Church. Before the close of the present year we look for the introduction of the order into Mexico, and possibly into Porto Rico and Cuba, which latter countries have been praying and petitioning for enrollment under the banner of Columbus for the past three years. The growth of the order throughout the Dominion of Canada is now assured, for, under authority of the board of directors, the rituals are now being translated into the French language. This work accomplished, the only bar to our progress on Canadian soil will have been removed."

"I desire to thank heartily and sincerely the officers of the several jurisdictions for the cordial support and encouragement they have at all times given me, and particularly during the year just closed. With each officer and member of the order continually working for the best interests of all, we can with valid reason look forward to even greater success than we have already achieved."

We take pleasure in giving publicity to the following appeal for Catholic literature made by the Catholic Library Association on behalf of the Catholic Chaplain at the National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tennessee, just opened by the United States Government:

He writes that non-Catholic publishers and societies are making liberal contributions of non-Catholic literature, and he is very desirous to procure suitable literature for the 200 Catholic inmates of the home. He has asked the aid of this Association to help him in this laudable work. In addition to a donation from the funds of the Association, we are very glad to offer our services to receive gifts in money or in suitable books, and shall be very happy to make use of our facilities to procure an appropriate selection for the Catholic section of this library. We shall be especially glad to receive contributions in money as we can purchase books more cheaply than individuals, and can thus also avoid unnecessary duplication. A moment's reflection will show the importance of this matter, and we hope that many among the generous Catholics of the United States will feel moved to contribute. Donations may be sent to

REV. JOSEPH H. McMAHON, Moderator,
Catholic Library Association,
464 West 142d Street,
New York City.

Due acknowledgment will be made, and the Association will see that the books are sent to their destination.

THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The magnitude of the missionary work undertaken by St. Joseph's Society for the colored people of the United States constantly appeals for new laborers in the Lord's vineyard. The following circular-letter is self-explanatory; we trust that it will meet with hearty response from earnest helpers, in the manner sought:

"The College and Seminary in Baltimore, with various other institutions, and priests entirely devoted to the colored in nine of our States, makes our work, begun in 1888, an established one. However, since the work is so vast when we consider there are eleven millions of colored in our country, we make an Appeal to Our Catholic Young Men in Behalf of the Colored Catholic Missions of the South.

"St. Joseph's Seminary and the Epiphany Apostolic College are the nurseries of Priests for the Negro Missions. We desire, then, to invite the young men of our faith to consider the missionary vocation to the colored people of the United States.

"There are fully eleven millions of the African race in this country, less than two hundred thousand of whom are members of the True Church. More than half do not profess any sort of Christianity. Yet

the colored people are naturally intelligent, have admirable moral qualities, and are remarkably gifted by nature with the religious sense, being fond of participating in public worship, easily led to accept the truths of revelation, and have a bright perception of the beauties of a moral and religious life.

"In the past our work among the colored has found favor in the eyes of good priests; this encourages us now to appeal to their goodness of heart and ask them to kindly consider our work and speak of it to our Catholic young men.

"If they should know of any good soul, likely suitable for our colored missionary work, and is willing to make an effort to prepare himself for the same, we would appreciate their kindness in drawing his attention to this missionary work.

"The age preferable for our college students is between fifteen and twenty, since the college studies and seminary course completed, will make their ordination between twenty-five and thirty years of age.

"Since we can only receive a limited number of students each September, we desire to have all applications in and decided upon by the end of June.

"Any one desiring further information about the work or the condition for admission to our seminary or college for the colored missions, will kindly write REV. THOS. B. DONOVAN, Epiphany Apostolic College, Walbrook, Baltimore, Maryland."

The National Secretary cordially invites parishes and Catholic institutions to join the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The annual fee is \$3.00. This fee may be sent to the State Secretary, or to the National Secretary. The latter's address is 4150 Wyoming Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

The Federation of Catholic Societies of the Hawaiian Territory, headed by Rt. Rev. Libert H. Boeynaems, Bishop at Honolulu, took a decided stand against the obnoxious puritanical Sunday law bill in the island, and have to know that the bill was defeated in both Houses unanimously in the face of strong protests by the Puritanical Missionary Churches.

The Bishop of Hawaii sent the following letter to the National Secretary:

"Thanks for the Federation literature received. The Federation of Catholic Societies is at its beginning yet here in these islands, but I hope to see a great deal of good coming from it. I can say that in the few months of its existence here some good has been done already. I gladly approve of the American Federation of Catholic Societies and give it my blessing. Yours truly,

"LIBERT H. BOEYNAEMS, Bishop of Zeugma."



Some Recent Books

The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, has recently issued in the interests of science the following informational studies: **ANTS AND SOME OTHER INSECTS**, by Dr. August Forel; **KANT and SPENCER**, in separate volumes, edited by Dr. Paul Carus; **LOCKE'S ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING**, and **THE METAPHYSICAL SYSTEM OF HOBBS**, in separate books, selected by Mary Whiton Calkins; **WHAT IS THE BIBLE?** by J. A. Ruth; **READINGS FROM MODERN MEXICAN AUTHORS**, by Frederick Starr; **THE NAPOLEON MYTH**, by Henry Ridgeley Evans; this interesting study of the true Napoleon in contradistinction to the mythical hero of romance, is prefaced by a reprint of "The Grand Erratum," an inimitable satire written in 1827 by Jean Baptiste Peres. Dr. Paul Carus, in an interesting introduction, submits some personal opinions in regard to the preponderance of "mythological accretions" that conceal the real facts of the lives of heroes and "religious leaders." The book is beautifully illustrated; **THE JAPANESE FLORAL CALENDAR**, profusely illustrated, presents typical blossoms of the Japanese Kingdom for each month in the year. Ernest W. Clement, M. A., the author of this instructive treatise, emphasizes a beautiful trait in the Japanese character—his intense love of flowers and his appreciation of what they symbolize. He concludes his final chapter with the words of Huish: "Flowers are associated with every act of a Japanese's life; they herald his birth, they are his daily companions, they accompany him to the grave; and after that they serve as a link between him and those he has left—for his relatives and friends do not rest satisfied with piling up his coffin with floral tributes, they show their remembrance by offerings for long years afterwards."

THE MAY BOOK OF THE BREVIARY, by Reverend John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., sets forth the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and inspires imitation of her heavenly virtues. This devotional booklet, peculiarly appropriate for May Devotions, is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

THE WAY THAT LED BEYOND, by J. Harrison, the author of "Kind Hearts and Coronets," dramatically portrays the trials and sufferings of Xavier Pomeroy, the resolute heroine. The reader is wholly

unprepared for the dramatic *dénouement* of which the author had in the early stages of the story given no hint. Mr. Harrison's stories are enthusiastically received by appreciative readers.

In *SHADOWS LIFTED* Reverend J. E. Copus, S. J., presents to the reader some varied phases of college life as well as some interesting glimpses of the refined home. The story, by reason of the mystery that enshrouds some of its characters, will find favor with lovers of the romantic.

THAT MAN'S DAUGHTER is the interesting heroine of a story by Henry M. Ross, wherein the author contrasts the "pride of pedigree" with the craftiness of an ignoble ambition.

Under title, *A SPOILED PRIEST AND OTHER STORIES*, Father Sheehan, the author of "My New Curate," relates in his sympathetic style some tales of human disappointments tinged with the tragedy of human folly, notable among which may be mentioned "The Monks of Trabolgan," "A Thorough Gentleman," "Rita—The Street-Singer" and "Remanded."

The book is handsomely printed and bound. Fine full-paged illustrations, by M. Healy, effectively strengthen the scenes described. The foregoing volumes are published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Reverend H. Holdin, S. J., in an admirable manner gives to us the history of *THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS*. This attractive treatise on sublime devotion is supplemented by simple exercises of piety and devout prayers, which may be easily practiced by all the faithful. The book is an invaluable aid to parents and teachers in their efforts to instil sentiments of love for Jesus, in the minds of little ones whose confidence increases by constant appeals to His Sacred Heart.

THE RIGHT OF OUR LITTLE ONES, OR THE FIRST PRINCIPLES ON EDUCATION, in Catechetical form, by Reverend James Conway, S. J., now in its third edition, is a timely explanation by question and answer of the vital principles of education. The author has endeavored to meet, in a measure, the popular inquiry upon important points. "The Nature and Necessity of Education," "Parents and Education," "The State and Education," "The Church and Education" are briefly considered in separate chapters.

HOLY CONFIDENCE, OR SIMPLICITY WITH GOD, an estimable translation of Father Rogacci's work, "Unum Necessarium," comes from the pen of Mother Magdalen Taylor, S. M. G. Each page inspires trust in God's goodness, that attribute so dear to Him, so lovingly manifested in the mission of His Divine Son. Nothing so wounds the Heart of

Christ as distrust; nothing is so reprehensible in a Christian as lack of confidence. This beautiful little work eloquently presents to us the reasons of our hope and offers encouragement to those harassed by doubt. Have we not the living lesson of Christ's generous response to the measure of the heart's desires? "As thou hast believed so be it done unto thee!"

These desirable and instructive books may be obtained from Benziger Brothers, New York.

TOR, A STREET BOY OF JERUSALEM, is a pathetic little figure in his helplessness and blindness, but a grateful servant of the Master who has opened his eyes to faith. Florence Morse Kingsley, in her story of Tor, has interwoven graphic incidents in the closing scenes of Our Lord's life.

The book is beautifully illustrated by the Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE AND THE LIFE OF SACRIFICE IN THE RELIGIOUS STATE, as explained by Reverend S. M. Giraud, is a most desirable and comprehensive treatise on the means of attaining perfection in a religious community. The essential and fundamental spirit of the Christian life, augmented by the sacrifice of a religious who faithfully observes his vows, is eloquently depicted. Members of religious communities will welcome old and familiar truths in a new dress of harmonious coloring. The present edition has been revised by Reverend Herbert Thurston, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York, have brought out the book in handsome style.

A Comprehensive CATALOGUE OF CATHOLIC BOOKS in the English and German languages, recently published for the convenience of students interested in works on history, biography, travel, poetry, etc., may be obtained from Mr. Joseph M. Schifferli, German Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Buffalo, New York.

The one hundredth volume of the famous "Quarterly Series," commenced by Father Coleridge, S. J., of LIVES OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS includes biographies of Blessed John Fischer, Blessed Thomas More, Blessed Margaret Pole, and others who suffered death in England under Henry the Eighth. The book is of historical value in its truthful presentation of facts explanatory of the causes and effects of the "Reformation" in England. The present volume is edited by Tom Bede Camm, O. S. B., and is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Among the recent publications of Benziger Brothers, New York, written for the benefit of young people, we note *A GIRL'S IDEAL*, by Rosa Mulholland, and *THE RED INN OF ST. LYPHAR*, by Annie T. Sadlier; both stories combine instruction and enertainment. The old-world scenes introduced enhance interest.

SOME LITTLE LONDON CHILDREN, introduced to us by Mother Salome, will find favor with American boys and girls. George, Belle, Ivy and Bobby, in their home-life, school days, holiday pleasures, and inevitable sorrows, will appeal to the chivalrous instincts of youth. The book is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

THE GOSPEL APPLIED TO OUR TIMES, in the form of "A Sermon for Every Sunday in the Year," by Reverend D. S. Phelan, is a vigorous presentation of the obligations of a Christian in his relation to God, his neighbor and himself. Catholic doctrine, Catholic practice, the means of acquiring a perfect charity, are set forth in the most striking light. No one having had the good fortune of listening to Father Phelan, or of having studied him in the printed page, will misapprehend his meaning; rather will he be impressed with the idea that each day, each hour, is an opportunity to obtain a more intimate knowledge of God, as well as an occasion of rendering to Him the tribute of obedience in the faithful observance of His Divine precepts. Father Phelan's sermons are salutary instructions based upon profound religious truths; they happily illustrate the tender invitation of Our Blessed Saviour, "Come to me all ye who are heavily laden and I will refresh you, for my yoke is sweet and my burden light."

The desirable volume is published in attractive form by B. Herder, St. Louis.

From the same publishing house we have the following delightful books dealing with perplexing problems antagonistic to Christian truth, and with devotional subjects: *THE LIGHT OF FAITH*, by Hon. Frank McGloin; *PROGRESS IN PRAYER*, by R. P. Caussade, S. J., translated by L. V. Sheehan; *IN THE MORNING OF LIFE—Considerations and Meditations for Boys*; *THE LAND OF THE ROSARY*, by Mrs. Archibald Dunn. *BROTHER AND SISTER* is an interesting story, in which many incidents connected with the Wars of the Vendee are revived. The main point developed in the story is the sisterly devotion of Marguerite and her prayer of sacrifice, which is answered in the conversion of her brother Paul. The present volume is a translation by S. T. Otten from the original French of Reverend Jean Charruau, S. J.

The second book of the *ROUND TABLE* series now appears to delight the hearts of the juveniles; boys and girls will be equally interested in the twenty stories contributed by well-known Catholic writers, whose sympathetic understanding of the literary needs of young people has insured for their stories enthusiastic welcome. Among the contributors to the present volume we note the names of Mary Catherine Crowley, Maurice Francis Egan, Margaret E. Jordan, Mary E. Mannix, Anna T. Sadlier, and David Seldon.

LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI, a careful revision of a translation issued by the Franciscan Fathers of Upton, by Mr. Thomas Key, has been published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. This compilation of quaint and simple anecdotes of Saint Francis and his brethren is of abiding interest and unto spiritual edification. The present volume is embellished by beautiful illustrations, the work of Paul Woodroffe.

THE ROCK OF ARRANMORE, by John O'Neill, is a melodious, dramatic poem, tenderly eloquent and deeply impassioned in its plaintive, patriotic lamentation. The approaching conflict at the Yellow Ford, near the river Blackwater, in Armagh, August the tenth, 1598, between the nation of the Gael, under Fardora's son, the Prince of Ulad, on the one side, and the European veteran armies of Queen Elizabeth on the other, is brought before the judgment of Heaven. Queen Eire, in majestic isolation, seated upon a rugged cliff, counting the changing moons, is thus pictured:

"Her ample hall, the vacant night; her bards,
The winds, forsaken in their caves, that moan;
Her throne, the headland cliff, whose fossil knees
The howling sea wolves vainly shake, in hope
Due time may yield her to their foamy mouths.
Unshelter'd from the cloud sleet and the blast,
Her bones are cold, but not her heart, she weeps.
The rock fowl and all birds of prey, swoop-wing'd
Ransack the deep and hunger not; her food,
The emptiness between the moon and her;
E'en these had hearts to break and tears to shed,
Eire! if heaven lamented not for thee."

Valuable historical and ethnographical notes, throwing light upon the science, philosophy and literature of the ancient Gael, accompany each scene. The poem is published in becoming dress by O'Shea & Company, New York.

Calendar for July.

1—Octave of S. John. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

2—First Sunday of the month—Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C., visit Rosary altar; prayers. (2) C. C., assist at Exposition in Church of Rosary confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C., procession; prayers.

3—B. Mark of Modena, O. P., Priest. Love of Neighbor.

4—Our Lady the Refuge of Sinners. Confidence in Mary.

5—S. Anthony Maria Zachary, Priest. Modesty. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

6—Octave day of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

7—B. Benedict XI, Pope. Reconciliation.

8—B. Bartholomew, O. P., Priest. (from Apr. 21) Perseverance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

9—Second Sunday of the month—S. John of Cologne, O. P., and companions the Martyrs of Garcum. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity; C. C., procession; prayers.

10—S. Turibius, Priest. Self-denial.

11—BB. Ignatius Delgado and Dominic Hernares, O. P., Bishops and Martyrs of Tonquin and their companions.

12—S. John Gaulbert, Abbot. Forgiveness of Injuries. Anniversary of those buried in Dominican cemeteries. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

13—B. James of Verona, O. P., Bishop. Peacemaking.

14—S. Bonaventura, O. F. M. Cardinal Bishop and Doctor of the Church.

15—S. Henry, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Fidelity. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

16—Third Sunday of the month—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

17—S. Mark, Evangelist. (from Apr. 25).

18—B. Ceslaus, O. P., Priest. Missionary zeal.

19—S. Vincent de Paul, Priest. Founder of the Vincentians or Congregation of the Mission, as well as of the Institution of the Sisters of Charity. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

20—BB. Dominic and Gregory, O. P., Priests (from Apr. 26). Christian Sympathy.

21—S. Jerome Emilian, Priest and Founder of the Congregation of Somacha. Solitude.

22—S. Mary Magdalen. Protectress of the Dominican Order.

23—Fourth Sunday of the month—B. Jane of Orvieto, O. P., Virgin. Recollection.

24—S. Camillus of Lellis, Priest. Founder of the Congregation of Regular clerks for the care of the sick.

25—S. James the Greater, Apostle. Contempt of the world.

26—S. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

27—B. Augustine of Bugella, O. P., Priest. Punctuality.

28—B. Anthony of the Church, Priest. Penance.

29—S. Martha, Virgin. Sister of S. Mary Magdalen. Horror of Sin. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

30—Last Sunday of the month—B. Mannes O. P., Priest. Brother of S. Dominic. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

31—S. Ignatius of Loyola, S. J., Priest and Founder of the Society of Jesus. Obedience.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Frederick, Bishop and Martyr; S. Ignatius, Confessor; S. Henry, Emperor; S. Eugene of Carthage, Bishop; S. Martha, Virgin.

The Five Sorrowful Mysteries: S. Christina, Virgin and Martyr; S. Victor, Martyr; S. Jerome Emilian, Confessor; S. Mary Magdalene.

The Five Glorious Mysteries: S. James, Apostle; S. Camillus, Confessor; S. Vincent de Paul, Confessor; S. Bertha, Abbess S. Ann, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

Dominicana

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Saint Dominic in Rome.

THE DAUGHTERS OF SAINT DOMINIC.

EDITH R. WILSON.

Standing in the Piazza Quirinale and looking toward its southern extremity, we catch a glimpse of a square, heavy-looking tower, rising above the level of the surrounding buildings to bear witness, as it were, to scenes and deeds of the past, "lest we forget," as modern Romans seem in danger of doing, the mystery and the meaning of that which surrounds and underlies our footsteps everywhere in the Eternal City. This is the tower as to whose fate Vittoria Colonna consulted Michael Angelo when about to erect the Church of Santa Caterina for the Dominican Sisters of the Third Order, who were at that time living in the Via Santa Chiara, in the house where Saint Catharine died. The great architect advised the princess to utilize the tower as the belfry of her convent-church, and so she did, and there it stands to-day, like a pent-up warrior, raising its head grimly out of the midst of the peaceful garden behind the church. It is not a Giotto-like campanile, pierced with graceful arches, through which one may catch glimpses of the blue, Italian sky beyond. No, it is gaunt and sombre; a heavy, fortress-like structure, almost without windows, set diagonally in relation to the convent to whose needs it is supposed to minister. Its contrast to the elegant renaissance edifice before it is most striking; in fact, the two are utterly incongruous.

We are far from deprecating the great master's advice regarding the destiny of the tower, only it did not go far enough. Could the Portuguese painter, Francesco d'Olanda, who gives us the account of the interview between the two, held in the Church of San Silvestro a Monte Cavallo, just there on our right, in which this matter was discussed, only have offered a suggestion that the convent and church might be made to harmonize in tone with their adopted campanile, the

result might have been most impressive. However, this incongruity is only one which meets us everywhere in Rome, and we have great reason to be thankful that, at least, the old tower was spared to speak to us in solemn tones of the things that were—in days long past, even in pagan times. For this "torre" is, for some reason, sometimes known as the "Tower of Nero," and is associated with the spot from which that emperor watched, with ecstatic delight, the awful beauty of the flame-swept city, during the three days and nights of the terrible fire, which he had instigated, but for whose expiation the Christian martyrs were to suffer cruel torments and die agonizing deaths. Historically, it is known that this tower was actually built, or at least begun, in 1210, by a Roman baron who belonged to the political following of Pandolfo de Suburra; hence it derives its name of "Torre del Milizie," or of the Roman militia. This does not at all interfere with its earlier patronymic; for the adjacent hill of the Esquiline was the residence of the Roman aristocracy, and the villa of Maecenas, afterwards purchased by Nero, is believed to have been located just above the Carinæ, or most fashionable quarter of imperial Rome; a quarter, however, which, at its lower end, joined the Suburra, or plebian district formed by the convergence of the three hills—the Quirinal, Esquiline and Viminal. The association is at least interesting, and there is no antecedent improbability to prevent our crediting the tradition which connects it with Nero's watch tower.

Tangible evidence as to the antiquity of the sites immediately around us is not wanting. If we walk down the Piazza Quirinale till we stand close in front of the Church of Santa Caterina, we shall see enclosed within a circular iron railing, a tiny plot of earth, chiefly occupied by what appears to be at first sight a huge, grassy boulder, such as meets us sometimes in our New England fields across the water. Well, it is not a boulder, but a fragment of the old Roman wall, and antedates the emperors from the time of the kings. If we draw near, we can read the inscription, "*Mura urbana dell' e poca dei re, ritornata in luce nel Nov. 1875.*" Another memorial of the past lies in the very name given to this part of the piazza and to the intersecting street, which forms an angle with it here. Magnanopoli, formerly Bagnanopoli, which was in turn a corruption of Bagua or Balua Pauli; the baths of Emilius Paulus, a knight of the Empire.

We have now before us, turning from classic reminiscences, two famous Dominican converts, whose history is associated with those of Saint Dominic and Saint Catharine; for, to our left as we face the Saint Catharine built by Vittoria Colonna, we see the Church of San Domenico e Sisto, fronted by its picturesque stairway and beautiful

garden court, fitly crowning the heights of Magnanopoli. This is a convent of the second order of Dominican nuns and hither the Community of San Sisto Vecchio was transferred when the terrible scourge of malaria rendered it so long uninhabitable. The foundation was made in 1572 by Gregory the Thirteenth. The actual removal, however, occurred under Pius the Fifth. His successor, San Domenico e Sisto, stands under the immediate jurisdiction of the Bologna province, while its sister church of Santa Caterina is under that of Rome. These are two of the three communities for women still allowed to be under the immediate jurisdiction of the Dominican Fathers. The Italian government has made sad inroads into their possessions, confiscating more and more, both of the pensions of the sisters and of the space allowed them within the monastery itself, a large part of which has been appropriated for offices in connection with the "Ministry of the Cultus." The sisters, as their Superior told us, are now very much cramped for room; they are looking forward to final expulsion when their number shall be reduced to six. Legally there is no provision for the admission of new subjects, nevertheless, such are received, but no further pensions are allowed them; whether any private dowries, brought by such subjects and given to the convent could be "legally confiscated" by the government, should it choose to examine into the matter, we did not ascertain.

We visited San Domenico e Sisto on the two feasts of Saint Catharine; that of the "Sposalizio," on "Giovedì Grasso," and her great feast on the last day of April. The two sister churches are similar in general style. Both are in the accepted type of the smaller renaissance churches, one single aisle with round arched side chapels. The walls lined with richly-colored marbles, and the lunettes and inter-spaces of the arches profusely decorated with statuary in semi-recumbent positions. There is no cupola in either church, but the ceilings are slightly arched and completely covered with frescoes containing a large number of figures, the central one being naturally a glorified Saint Catharine. Between the ceiling and the upper wall spaces runs a band of gilded lattice-work of some height, which forms within a gallery from whence the nuns can look down, unseen, upon the ceremonies below.

The chapel of San Domenico e Sisto contains several famous works of art. To the right of the entrance is an elaborate alto rilievo, by Bernini, of the "Noli Me Tangere." Saint Mary Magdalen, appearing here, perhaps, as a patroness of the Dominican Order; opposite is a Saint Dominic receiving the rosary; beyond, to right and left, the Death of Saint Peter Martyr, and an Espousals of Saint Catharine.

But the last two chapels, those nearest the altar, contain the two most interesting paintings. To the right, the miraculous portrait of Saint Dominic, venerated at Surrano, is presented to the lay brother who discovered it by the Madonna, accompanied by Saint Mary Magdalen and Santa Caterina of Alexandria. To the left is an enthroned Madonna recently discovered behind the altar while making some repairs. It is a work of great merit of the school of Angelico, though the actual artist is not known. The painting is itself a fragment of a larger one, as can be seen from the fact that the Madonna's throne is not in the center, while a portion of a figure with a hand containing a book projects to the left. It is conjectured to belong to an original figure of San Sisto, while Saint Dominic would have formed the companion figure to the right. Two angels hold a suspended crown over our Lady's head and at the same time draw back a canopy or veil to reveal the figure of Mother and Child. The latter stands on Mary's knee. One little hand supports a globe, the other is raised in benediction. Mary is wrapped in her blue mantle with the star upon her shoulder, after the manner of Angelico. But the faces strongly suggest Benozzo Gozzoli and remind us of his work at San Geminiano.

The altar of San Domenico contains a remarkably rich piece of *lapis lazuli*. Above it, is the lattice-like screen, so often seen as a guard before some venerated picture at Rome, especially of the "San Suca," or Byzantine type. This is its office in the present instance. There is, however, a specially interesting tradition connected with this San Suca, it being no other than the original Santa Maria Maggiore Madonna, the copy of which remains at San Sisto, but which followed the community formed by Saint Dominic in their two removals, and which is to be found facing inwards. Having, according to tradition, turned of itself, to the rapture and marvel of the Sisters, it cannot in consequence be seen by outsiders. But several photographs which were bestowed upon us enabled us to appreciate and share the pleasure of the nuns upon beholding again the face of their beloved patroness. It is a portrait of the Madonna only, not a Madonna and Child. The face of the early Greek type is not without a sad mysterious beauty.

Another precious relic possessed by these sisters is the table of "La Providenza," or that at which the angels supplied the miraculous supper to the needy brethren at Saint Dominic's prayer. This miracle of "La Providenza" is said to have been three times repeated. Once at San Sisto, once at Santa Sabina, and once at Bologna. In addition to this memorial of their founder this community possesses a number of most valuable relics. These it was our special privilege to have shown to us by a well-known Dominican Father. They had been

placed upon the high altar for inspection and the father held them up and displayed them separately to the few reverent pilgrims who had come to visit the church at his invitation. We knelt in turn to kiss each relic and apply to them such medals and rosaries as we had brought. Here we saw the head of Saint Dominic; the stigmatized hand of Saint Catharine of Siena; the arm and hand of Saint Thomas Aquinas, which had written the office of the Blessed Sacrament and his wonderful "Summa"; the finger with which Saint Peter Martyr wrote "Credo" in his own blood; the heads of Blessed Diana and her companions of early Dominican memories; an ascetic hair shirt of the Dominican pontiff, Pius the Fifth, and some minor relics. Most wonderful among these to us was the hand of Saint Catharine. This we saw and examined minutely on both her feast days. It is extremely small and delicate, resembling the hand of a child. It is not a skeleton, but rather hardened as if partially ossified. It bears on the outside several rather irregular marks, as it were cicatrices; one central puncture and four slightly inclined lines grouped around it. In the palm the central mark only was visible. In a darkened room we were told that the light could be seen through the central wound; but this we could not definitely test, on account of the reflections from the crystal vase which enclosed it. In a word, the evidence of the nature of the wounds was not, perhaps, sufficient to wring assent from an unwilling sceptic, but to a believer it seemed impossible to regard them otherwise than as the token of our Lord's own wounds, the burning touch of the five miraculous rays sent forth from the crucifix at Pisa, and it was with a thrill of reverent awe that we pressed it to our lips.

The Church of Santa Caterina possesses also a large relic of their patron, but not one of such significance. The interior of this latter building is almost identical in general character with that of its sister church; the marbles are perhaps even richer. The paintings in its six lateral chapels are attributed to the highly reputed, but little known, renaissance painter, Timoteo della Vite. The same apertures above the altar and around the church permit the Sisters to participate in outer functions. Access to the community, or rather to their grills, may be obtained through the sacristy, for this community is likewise cloistered, having been raised from the third order, to which they belonged in their original organization under Saint Catharine, to the second order at the time of their removal. The cloistered life being more in harmony with the religious sentiment of that day. The festa of Saint Catharine is here observed on the Sunday in her octave to avoid clashing with the functions held at the Minerva on her actual feast. On that day, then, we heard high Mass in her church celebrated by the

venerable Master-General of the Dominican Order. Rome was in gala array on that particular Sunday, for the King of England had just departed after his memorable visit to the Italian capital and his place had been taken by the Emperor of Germany, whose arrival immediately followed. The whole Piazza Quirinale was bright with color. Wreaths of myrtle and olive hung in heavy festoons. Tall "antennae," or standards, displayed the blended German and Italian colors, and were surmounted by Roman eagles, while winged Victories held gilded wreaths over the heads of the regal cavalcades, which passed and repassed during those few days, before and after the feast. The scarlet draperies which hung before the door of the Church of Santa Caterina betokening after the Roman fashion its patronal feast, blended with and formed part of this scene of color. The joyful Alleluias of the Easter season rang through the little church. Then, in the stillness which followed, while the arms of the German priest were uplifted and outstretched in cruciform symbol of his Divine Master's Benediction, the German Emperor, without, passed amid the splendor of his gorgeously appressed cuirassiers, to the trumpeting of military music, from the German Embassy to the Vatican and into the august presence of the supreme pontiff. Who can say what prayers for his nation or his nation's head may have arisen from the heart of the priest at that moment, as he stood before the altar offering the great Sacrifice and invoking the intercession of Saint Catharine, secondary patroness of Rome, for the future of a people of whom almost one half are Catholics, and they a half united, earnest and devout, far exceeding in religious power the numerical excess of the semi-rationalistic Lutheranism, which so largely characterizes Protestant Germany. The visits of the Emperor to the Vatican and to Monte Cassino and its German abbot, the valuable gifts presented and received by him, were the topics of general conversation in Rome during and after that week, as had been similar topics during the previous visit of the King of England. Somewhat singularly, King Edward's visit occurred just after the National feast of Saint George, when earnest prayers were ascending from devout English hearts for the conversion of their country and the restoration of our Lady's dower to the See of Peter. But this is leading us away from Saint Catherine.

We faced the ascent to the Piazza Quirinale, as the carriages containing the German Crown Prince and his brother, Prince Eitel, swept past, followed by his suite, then we turned down the narrow "Via del Grillo," which divides Santa Caterina from San Domenico e Sisto. Here another mediæval tower meets us, from which the street takes its name. It belongs to the family into which the famous Ristori

married, she being now the Contessa del Grillo, although universally known as "La Ristori." Passing along it for some distance, we reach the Via "Tor dei Conti," which is really its continuation. The descent is quite steep and at its foot we find ourselves before a grim, almost windowless building, in the lower wall of which are imbedded the frieze and pediments of the "Colonnacce," or "Portico of Pallas Minerva," a remnant of the "Forum Transitorium," generally known as the "Forum of Nerva," having been dedicated during the reign of that emperor.

The grim, ungainly quadrangle—windowless and prison-like—of which this portico forms part, encloses a peaceful convent, to which Marion Crawford alludes in his "Ave Roma." This is the third Dominican Convent for women, of historic interest, in Rome, being founded by Pius the Fifth for Jewish converts. Provision was made that Hebrew maidens, converted to the Christian faith, could be received here without dowry. It was, however, stipulated that the prioress should not be a Jewess, and the convent was placed under a sort of trusteeship and the protectorate of a cardinal. To this day, Jewish converts are living here as religious and the community is ministered to by the Roman Dominicans. Within this cloister we could not penetrate, but we availed ourselves of the festa to enter the "chiesetta" chapel connected with it, which is rarely open. A Dominican Father was preaching to a strictly Italian audience; the worshippers were chiefly of humble rank, for we were in a part of Rome not far from the ancient Suburra, already alluded to in connection with the building of the Torre Milizia, which is still a plebian quarter, lying to the foot of the Esquiline, just to the right of the Roman Forum.

The marbles are similar to those in the churches on the heights above. There is the same open grille-work—several beautiful bas reliefs, but no frescoes, except in the ceiling. There were also no chapels, the building being simply a vaulted rectangle. We did not linger long here as we had still one more shrine of Saint Catharine to visit, so with a parting glance at the gilded grille and a thought of the cloistered Jewesses within, who were probably at that moment harkening to the fervent eloquence of our "predicatore," we escaped into the open air, and in the waning day, as the time of the "Ave Maria" drew near, reached the Via Santa Chiara and passed down the street to the original home of Saint Catharine.

This stands at No. 14, just opposite the beautiful white marble Santa Chiara, and is now occupied by the Confraternity di Carita, but on this festa Saint Catharine's room is thrown open to the prayers of the devout. So we crossed the little *cortile*, with its fountain and

its goldfish, and entered a vestibule marked by a large stone Annunciation in low relief, showing white and gray on the walls. Within, a small room was filled with silent worshippers. The original walls have been, as we know, removed to the Minerva, but the ceiling of heavy oaken beams remains, while the substituted walls are covered with oil panels narrating the life of the Saint. Though in nowise rivalling the Peruginos of the Minerva, yet their effect was highly devotional. While the portrait of Catharine was more true to life than that in the church, the place occupied by the original windows of Saint Catharine's camera were filled by two tombs of martyrs brought from the catacombs SS. Heraclius and Esperanza. Under the former tomb is an inscription, on marble, which runs about as follows: "Lilies and roses. Here, where Saint Catharine cultivated the lily of chastity, the arch-confraternity of the Santa Annunziata, mingling bleeding roses, has placed the body of Heraclius, martyr, which shed blood from the Porta Pontiana to the Porta Roma." The oil panels, whose elaborately carved and gilded borders reflected the light of the great waxen candles which lined the oratory, represented the usual subjects in Santa Caterina's life; the exchange of hearts with her divine Spouse; her gift of the Crucifix to the apparent mendicant; the Sposolizio; the Stigmata, and a vision of her heavenly glory. Many flowers covered the altar, Saint Catharine's lilies amongst them, and it seemed as if her spirit must be present with those silent worshippers, and that her intercession, ascending with the breath of the lilies, would guide and sanctify their prayers, and bring a farther blessing in these latter days upon Rome, the Mother and Mistress of Churches.

A Friend.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Not he, who whispers praises in my ear
 And shakes my hand when Fortune lights my way
 And offers me his heart's gold—gift most dear—
 No! No! Not he!—(Pray lead that man away!)
 But he, the man, with honest, beaming smile,
 Who at my side in shadow or sunshine
 Steers my young boat a-down Life's glist'ning Rhine,
 My weakness marks yet cheers me on the while
 And makes life sweeter, brighter—in the end
 'Tis he, I call by noblest name—a friend.

Pioneer Missionaries of the Maryland Colony.

X.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

It was his disastrous failure in New Foundland that taught Sir George Calvert how to lay the foundation of the first successful English colony in America. A liberal education at Oxford and travel on the Continent fitted him for his adventurous career. After he had been several years employed in government positions he was knighted in 1617, and, about a year later, he was appointed Chief Secretary of State under James the First, who granted him a large tract of land in Ireland. He had taken an early interest in the American colonization schemes of the government; he was one of the Councillors of the New England Company. In 1619 he was one of the Virginia Company, and at the revocation of its charter was appointed a member of the Provisional Council for that colony.

One Captain Richard Whiting, who had frequently voyaged to New Foundland, had almost bewildered Sir George with his accounts of it. He pictured it as "a land yielding fruits in abundance, without the aid of man. The woods were vocal with song-birds—Filladies and nightingales and such like—that sing most pleasantly; even the beasts of prey were milder mannered and more agreeable in character than those of less gentle climes." As to the cold of winter—that was a mere trifle. The winters of England were often colder.

But the little colony which Sir George sent out to New Foundland in 1623 sent to him a report of conditions there which showed Whiting's account of the country to be no more than a trick of a rather fertile imagination. Then, news that his colony was being harrassed by Frenchmen induced Sir George, who had, meantime, been raised to the Irish peerage by King James, with the title of Lord Baltimore, to visit it. He had resigned his office in the Privy Council and was, therefore, free to devote his energies to the upbuilding of his colony. He took all of his family, save his eldest son, Cecilius; there were about forty persons besides, in the ship with him. This addition increased the membership of the colony to a hundred or more English men. Lord Baltimore, on his arrival in Avalon found matters there even worse than they had been described to him.

"I came to build, and settle and sow, but I have fallen to fighting

Frenchmen," he writes to the Duke of Buckingham shortly after his arrival. Then a more formidable foe than either Frenchmen or the rigors of the Newfoundland winter presently loomed up in the person of a Puritan Minister named Stourton. This insidious enemy of a free colony took ship for England, where he reported to the Mayor of Plymouth that Lord Baltimore had taken "Popish Priests" to his colony, where they celebrated Mass every Sunday. So horrified were the magistrates at his tale that they sent their informer to tell it to the Privy Council.

With half his colonists sick, and half a score dying, Lord Baltimore despaired of founding a prosperous colony in Newfoundland and petitions the King for a section of land in Virginia. The King extends to him his sympathy and assures him of his friendship, advising him to relinquish his colonizing schemes and return to England. But the founding of a colony where every man might be equal, and free to worship God in his own way, was Lord Baltimore's dominant purpose in life. He had already spent the greater part of his fortune in the effort to found such a colony. His health had been fatally impaired. Finding that he could no longer endure its winters he left Newfoundland with his wife and family and forty of his colonists for the more congenial climate of Virginia, arriving in Jamestown October 1, 1629. The Virginians, for reasons unknown to himself, gave him and his companions so cool a reception that Lord Baltimore, no doubt, decided on the spot that just there was not the right place for himself or his followers. At the very landing he was met by Governor Pott and his Council, who requested him to take the oath of supremacy and allegiance. Such discourtesy to one who had recently held office next to the King and had been a member of the Provisional Government of Virginia was only calculated to drive Calvert away. Believing, as he did, that the Pope is the Spiritual head of the Church, he could not take the oath of supremacy, enacted by Elizabeth, which includes the belief that the King is "the only Supreme Governor in his realm and dominions in all *spiritual* or ecclesiastical things or causes."

They would not accept a modified form of the oath, which he agreed to take. They even insulted and threatened him with personal violence on his persistent refusal to take it straight. So, getting his family and friends on board again, he set sail from Jamestown to seek a more hospitable site for settlement. This he hit upon in that fine stretch of country south of the James river; then he went to England to obtain a charter from the King. But here again he was confronted with opposition from Virginia that he was compelled, in order to avoid trouble, to change his location to the wilderness north of the

Potomac River. A charter modeled on that of his Newfoundland colony was granted to him. The new colony was named Maryland, at the King's request, in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria. But before his charter had received the Great Seal, Baltimore died, April 15, 1632.

The charter of Maryland was thereupon transferred to his eldest son, Cecilius, making him absolute lord of the land and water within its boundaries, including all the present State of Delaware, a large tract of Pennsylvania and another of what is now West Virginia. The King, by this instrument, bound himself and his successors to levy no tax, customs, subsidies or contributions whatsoever upon the people of the Maryland Colony, save the delivery of two Indian arrows yearly at Windsor Palace, and one-fifth of the gold and silver mined. The Virginians, of course, strenuously opposed these—to them—so dangerously liberal terms of the Maryland charter. But, all their intrigues failed. The Privy Council, after hearing their objections and remonstrances, decided that the charter should stand as framed, and any wrong that they might suffer could be redressed by the laws of the land.

Calvert had, in the meantime, fitted out the *Ark*, a ship of three hundred and fifty tons, and the *Dove*, a ship of fifty tons. They were both loaded with supplies and implements at a cost of about forty thousand pounds, the greater part of which came out of his own private fortune. Some twenty gentlemen, with about two hundred and fifty mechanics and laboring men in their service, made up the company that embarked for the voyage. Nothing definite was ever ascertained respecting the relative number of Catholics and Protestants in this company, but it was generally understood that the majority of the "gentlemen adventurers," as they were called, were Catholics, while the majority of the laborers and servants were Protestants.

Cecil Calvert's presence in England being essential to the defense of his own charter, he did not accompany the expedition. He placed his brother Leonard in command; his younger brother, George, also set out on the voyage. At the Isle of Wight two Jesuit Fathers, Andrew White and John Altham, missionaries of the colony, were taken on board.

Startling rumors regarding the destination and object of the voyage having meantime reached the Star Chamber, the government officials were ordered to intercept any lawless proceeding. One report was that the crew had not taken the oath of allegiance; another that the ships were destined to carry nuns and soldiers to Spain. The Secretary of the Navy dispatched orders to Admiral Pennington commanding the fleet guarding the Straits to stop the *Ark* and the *Dove*.

"Haste!" ten times repeated; "Post haste!" and "All speed," were among the emphatic urgencies dispatched for the speedy delivery and discharge of the orders.

The Colonists finally sailed on the twentieth of November, 1633. They encountered a violent storm near the chops of the English channel, reaching Barbadoes January third. *En route* they touched at several other of the West India Islands, arriving at Point Comfort, Virginia, February twenty-seventh, 1634. They rested here for a week or more and then proceeded northward to the mouth of the Potomac, where the ships were anchored; they landed on an island, which they named Saint Clements. Here the Fathers raised their mission cross and celebrated Mass on the feast of the Annunciation, March twenty-fifth.

The Indians welcomed them to their country with hospitable friendliness. Their chiefs told the colonists of their great "Emperor of Pascataway," still a minor; his uncle, Archihu, was regent and ruler of their nation. This mighty potentate of the forest-realm received Governor Calvert and his suite with becoming dignity and lavish hospitality; he gave permission to the Governor to settle where he wished. The natives flocked down to the shore in wonderment to gaze at the ships, which they thought to be great canoes; they marveled where such immense trees, as those out of which these canoes were dug, could have grown.

But this island, which has since been washed away to a mere sand bank, was not the place for Calvert's colony; so he ordered his ships underway and sailed up the Potomac to the mouth of a smaller stream, where he hit upon an excellent spot, back of a fine harbor, which he selected as the capital of the colony. From the chief of the Yaocomico Indians, who owned the surrounding country, Baltimore bought a considerable tract of land, paying the price thereof in cloth, axes, hoes and other domestic implements.

The chief's cabin was, with the characteristic Indian hospitality and reverence, assigned to Father White and his followers. This he presently dedicated as a chapel, naming it "*Primum Marylandiae Seculum*," the first Chapel of Maryland. Under the direction of their Wero-Wance (chief), the Indians turned over to the colonists one-half of their village and the corn-lands which they were then planting, further agreeing that when the crop should be harvested the whole of the thirty square miles of country bought should be transferred to the whites.

Father White, in his account of the beginnings of the colony, records his pleasure at finding the natives so cheerful and kindly dis-

posed toward the colonists. Their temperance in eating; the modesty of both men and women, their gratitude for any little act of kindness, impressed him so favorably respecting their characters that he exclaims "Surely, God hath some great benefit in store for this people."

During the colonists' residence in this Indian village the most amicable relations and friendly intercourse existed between the two races. They hunted together, in the adjacent forests, for deer and wild turkey. The Indian women and children served and were domesticated in the colonists' families. In this way they were taught by object lessons in the practical as well as the spiritual concerns and duties of Christian civilization. The Indians' rights were in all intercourse and in every transaction with the whites fully recognized and scrupulously respected. No acre of their land or other possession of theirs was taken, or accepted save by honest purchase with fair and satisfactory payment. There, in St. Mary's, as Baltimore named his capital, was erected the first altar to real religious liberty on the American continent. Catholics and Protestants, men of every Christian faith, were here in Maryland offered an asylum where they would be perfectly free from the religious intolerance then prevalent in many parts of the Christian world.

During the months of this Acadian peace and fraternity between the colonists and the Yeocomicos, the Fathers were, as a matter of course, making many converts among that tribe; nor did their divine ministrations remain long limited to that peaceful territory. The more warlike Susquehannoughs north of them, who had at times been making predatory incursions into the Yeocomicos country, were reached, and many of them brought under the missionaries' influence. By this means, and by the fair and friendly overtures of Governor Calvert and his assistants, the Susquehannoughs entered into a treaty with the colonists for mutual defense against the incursions of the Senecas, Cayugas and other Iroquois tribes.

But this fraternal peace and harmony with the natives within was no protection from the evil designs of enemies without the colony. In Virginia the emissaries of Oliver Cromwell watched with malignant eyes the prosperous growth of their neighboring Catholic colony. The evil genius of Lord Baltimore, of Maryland, was one William Clayborne, who claimed to have a license from Charles the First as well as from the Governor of Virginia, to trade with the Indians. On the strength of this license Clayborne claimed all the land which Baltimore had purchased from the Yeocomicos. Not only that, but all the adjoining territory over which he had traveled on his trading journeys. The Council of Virginia encouraged him in his claim. It had, in fact,

extended its own claim over the same territory, asserting that it had ceded its title therein to Clayborne. Calvert insisted that Kent Island, the headquarters of Clayborne's trading business, was included in his patent from the King, and he threatened to have Clayborne arrested for refusal to relinquish it. Calvert had corresponded with the Virginia authorities, asserting his title to Kent Island. But, in the correspondence, no satisfactory understanding could be reached, so the matter was submitted to the Privy Council in England.

Clayborne, in the meantime, went about among the Yeocomicos and Susquehannoughs falsely assuring them that Calvert and his colonists were not their friends, but secret enemies, who had come to take their lands from them. This story has been contradicted by friends of Clayborne and ascribed to Henry Fleete, Baltimore's interpreter. But no motive for Fleete's falsehood in the matter can be detected even if he were really guilty of it. It is, however, certain that the Indians' attitude soon underwent a great change toward the Maryland Colonists. They held more and more aloof from the whites; became distrustful, and morose; their kindly dispositions and friendly ways gradually ceased. Apprehensive, therefore, of some hostile intentions of the natives, the Maryland Colonists began to build a fort, or block-house, for defense against attack. But the continued kindness of the Colonists and the spiritual influence of the Fathers finally convinced the Indians of the falsity of the reports that had been circulated, and they slowly regained confidence in the sincerity of the friendship of the settlers.

The King, in the meantime, had ordered the Governor of Virginia to protect Baltimore's colony from the Indians; to allow the Marylanders free-trade with Virginia and to aid them in every possible way. This Governor Harvey was willing enough to do; but a Puritan party, headed by one Matthews, and of which Clayborne was one of the leaders, had already set the Governor's authority at defiance; they were bent upon expelling him from the colony. When Harvey spoke of selling provisions to Baltimore's colony, the Puritans declared that they would sooner "knock their cattle on the head than sell them to Maryland."

A serious crisis was now impending. Then a Pinnacle of the Kent Island station was captured by the St. Mary's people for trading in Maryland waters without a license. An armed shallop of Clayborne's, commanded by Lieutenant Warren, was commissioned to seize any vessel that belonged to the Maryland colony. It was manned with a crew of thirty to scour the Potomac waters. Calvert, thereupon, commissioned and equipped two Pinnaces, the St. Helen and St. Margaret, which he put under command of Captain Thomas Cornwaleys,

and sent them out to protect Maryland's interests. On April 23, 1635, the opposing naval forces met on the Pocomoke River; Warren first opening fire, killed one of Cornwallleys' crew and wounded a number of the others. The Marylanders promptly returned the shots, killing Warren and two of his men; whereupon the Virginians surrendered. There was another marine battle on the tenth of May, not far from the scene of the first action, in which Thomas Smith, captain of one of Clayborne's vessels, was killed. But the records of the fray are rather meager.

The accounts of these events in Maryland, on reaching Virginia created such excitement as to cause a crisis in the Colonial Council. So alarming became the situation that Governor Harvey felt obliged to sail for England to get instructions and aid from the throne.

After the heat of passion and bigotry had subsided a little, the Virginians hesitated about openly disobeying England's Colonial laws, in their eagerness to wreak vengeance upon the Marylanders. The Council, therefore, despatched commissioners to Saint Mary's to patch up some sort of peace. In the negotiations following, Lord Baltimore's jurisdiction over the territory covered by his charter from the King was acceded to by the Virginians.

The King, two years later, strengthened Baltimore's position still more by directing the Royal Commissioners of Plantations, and all other officers, to let no grant or patent pass which should in any way "encroach on his rights." Thus reassured of royal protection from intruders, the Maryland colonists resumed their various industries of peace with a renewed sense of safety. The missionary Fathers, meantime, had made so many converts among the Indians that the natives had gained confidence in the sincerity of the friendship of the colonists.

A year or two later, with other colonists from England, came other missionaries, which enabled Father White to extend missions to the interior. The Fathers were everywhere welcomed with the most kindly hospitality. They journeyed mostly in boats along the bays and rivers, accompanied by a few trusty Indian converts, who managed the boats and secured subsistence for the party by hunting and fishing as they proceeded. At night they pitched their tents in pleasant shoreside spots, surrounded by primeval beauty; the beauty of Nature's loveliness which puts true Christian men closely in touch with their Creator, ennobles their lives, induces refreshing peace and rest which strengthens their bodies and stimulates their minds and souls to effort for the coming day.

Within the first five years of their ministrations in the colony, the Fathers had extended the field of their conversions a hundred and twenty miles from Saint Mary's. At Patuxent the natives gave the mission-

aries a large plantation, bordering on the Patuxent River, which they named Saint Mattapany. Here they established a missionary station and built a storehouse, making it their base of supplies for their northern extensions.

Japan To-Day.

REVEREND AMBROSE COLEMAN, D. P.

III.

Japanese houses are generally two stories high, and are built of wood. On account of the frequent earthquakes they do not rest directly on the ground, but the beams that support the framework of the house are hollowed underneath, and rest on large round stones. Thus, when the earth tremor is felt, the house will sway gently to and fro without sustaining any damage. The roofs are made very heavy, and are covered with tiles. Experience has shown that a heavy roof, instead of being a danger, conduces by its weight to the stability of a house shaken by an earthquake. Verandas run round both stories; these are open by day and closed by shutters at night. In the lower story is the kitchen, in which the cooking operations are performed over charcoal fires placed in large braziers. As there are no chimneys, the ventilation at night is very defective. Bathrooms, storerooms, and other household offices are all to be found in the lower story. The stairs are so steep that the European, after a couple of ineffectual attempts to mount them in the heelless slippers provided for him, has generally to take them off and carry them in his hands to the top. The upper story is the large living room, reserved in hotels for the guests and in private families for the members not engaged in any of the ordinary household duties.

As the Japanese never paint their houses, though they keep the wood clean by regular washing, Japanese towns present a dingy and monotonous appearance. The Japanese garden is placed at the back of the house, and the best rooms open out on it. In fact, you can never judge what elegance the back of the house has in store for you from the unpretentious front, for the Japanese are disinclined to make any public display either in their houses or their dress, whatever position in life they hold. As regards cleanliness, Miss Bird, who traveled extensively in Japan about thirty years ago along unbeaten tracks, draws a very different picture of things from that just given; she found the

people generally in a most primitive state. I am not able to say if things have changed for the better in those remote parts, but, considering the spread of education since the time she wrote, it is likely that if she returned she would not have so much to criticise.

There are no slums where the poor congregate and herd like beasts, as they do in the large cities in Europe. In the poorest parts of Tokio every family, even the poorest, has a small house, or, at any rate, apartments for its own exclusive use. Though there will be found evidence of great and hopeless poverty, there is no squalor such as we, unfortunately, are accustomed to. In the poorest house the love of flowers and gardens will be shown perhaps by a little box of plants placed in the sunlight, reminding the occupants of the glories of Nature. The great reason of this self-respect found in the poorest quarters is that the drink evil, such as we know it to our cost, is not to be found to any appreciable extent in the Empire, except among the Ainus, or aborigines of the island of Hokaido. The Japanese drink *sake*, or beer made from rice, and although they sometimes get intoxicated, it is rare to find a drunkard. The self-respect of the poor is also shown by the entire absence of beggars, except a few dirty children playing about the steps of the principal temples visited by foreigners. The poorhouse at Tokio, the capital city, does not contain more than six hundred inmates, a striking evidence of the thrift and self-respect of the Japanese poor.

The national dress is simplicity itself, the outward garment for both sexes consisting of the *kimono*, or long tunic, too well known now to need description, crossed in front and confined to the waist by men with a belt, and by women with a long sash, wound several times round the waist, and terminating in a bundle of cloth, often richly embroidered, arranged in a square form in the back, called the *obi*. The women go bareheaded, but the men generally use European hats, except the coolies and workers in the field, who wear the large hat, shaped like an inverted dish, to protect them from the sun and rain. This hat only rests directly on the head by means of a small framework underneath, which allows free ventilation, so that it acts like a small umbrella. High wooden clogs or pattens, called *geta*, secured by a thong between the toes, take the place of boots and shoes. They secure perfect immunity from the mud so common in Japanese cities the greater part of the year, owing to the wet climate; these are easy to slip on and off when entering or leaving the house, but they give the Japanese a very awkward appearance and mincing walk, and the noise is deafening when hundreds come into a railway station at one time making for the train. Among the poorer classes straw sandals are the usual

footgear. Artisans and workpeople wear a dress more suitable to their occupations, consisting of tight drawers and a short, loose jacket, with a large ideograph printed on the back, giving the name of their trade, such as carpenter, stonemason, blacksmith. The country people in wet weather wear straw rain-cloaks, which protect them effectually from the rain, while allowing free ventilation. With these on them they look for all the world as if they were thatched like the roof of a house.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Japanese have any intention of abandoning their national costume. Public sentiment is altogether against its disuse, and it is the most comfortable costume that could be imagined for use in their homes. There is no display of finery in the streets; no great distinction, as with us, between the dress of rich and poor, for the Japanese are unpretentious in dress as in everything else. No woman will wear bright colors when she comes to a certain age. The children are rainbows of color, but when they grow up these become more subdued, till they gradually sink into the modest drab or black garment, so that a good guess may be made at a woman's age by the dress she wears. This simplicity of dress, besides being a sign of the national frugality of character, saves a lot of worry. Fashions never change; the shape and size of the garment ever remains the same, so in more than one way the Japanese have been able to solve the problem of the simple life.

As regards the food question, they look with horror on the sumptuous repasts of Europeans and their enormous appetites. Their own dietary is of the simplest, and is almost entirely of a vegetarian nature. Rice forms the staple diet of all classes, except the very poor, who find it too expensive, and have to live on boiled barley or millet. Till within recent years the Japanese were forbidden by the tenets of Buddhism to eat flesh meat. When the prohibition was taken off, the use of flesh meat grew apace, and it was thought at one time that it would be general, and that the Japanese would become a meat-eating nation. However, such is not nor is likely to be the case, and the Japanese are very abstemious as regards its use. They look with astonishment at Europeans who buy five or six pounds of meat at a time and consume it all at one meal, and are equally surprised at their buying a whole fowl at once. They themselves will purchase the leg or the wing of a fowl to grace the family dinner table. A respectable family might have meat on the table a few times in the month, to the extent of three quarters of a pound or so, allowing one or two ounces for each member.

During the present war, the military authorities have supplied tinned meat in large quantities to the soldiers, but find it hard to train

them into eating it. They are not used to it, and think they can get on better without it than with it. The war, in fact, is the greatest lesson in vegetarianism that the world has ever received, and upsets all our previous notions as to the value of meat as an article of diet for those enduring hardships and unusual labor. The Japanese have shown that on a simple vegetable diet they can give points to the hardest soldiers in the world in the endurance of cold, heat and prolonged and severe fighting, a fact which ought to diminish the exaggerated value we place on meat in the dietary scale. It shows us, who believe that meat is necessary for our health, that a vegetarian diet, including fish and eggs, would be amply sufficient to keep us in full bodily and mental vigor, besides relieving us of many ailments that proceed from a large use of animal food. Fish has always been an important article of diet with them, and they are supposed to be the best fishermen in the world.

They are proud of the old tradition that makes them out to be descended from a race of fishermen, in memory of which they always tie up a present in a piece of dried seaweed. The fish is often eaten raw, but is made palatable in this state by the use of the national sauce, called *soy*. Eggs are also extensively used by them, as well as green vegetables, generally taken in small quantities with rice. Their vegetable soups are much relished by them and are eaten with a loud sucking noise that we would be inclined to reprobate as a want of good breeding. Bread is very little used and is hard to get outside the great cities, so that the traveler must provide himself with it if he cannot subsist on rice. Milk and butter are also very rarely used, and are hard to get. Tea, the national beverage, is used at all meals. It is taken without milk or sugar and very weak. A few grains are put into the teapot, and the infusion is poured out almost at once, so that the tea-drinking does not produce the deleterious effects that we notice in this country. Frugal simplicity is the note everywhere. Wealthy people may entertain lavishly from time to time, but even among the respectable classes, rice boiled in water three times a day, with weak, sugarless tea, and minute quantities of fish and vegetables, is the ordinary rule.

The Japanese are a pleasure-loving people, and like to take a day off from their work as well as others. But their pleasures in general are simple and inexpensive. They have no horse-races. Free from the passion for gambling, so prevalent in modern society, and not given to excessive drinking, their chief delight seems to be to take a holiday in the country to see the flowers in blossom, and for this purpose a round of festivals is arranged for the whole year. When these festivals come work is suspended, and the cities empty out to see the plum blossoms, or the cherry blossoms, or the maples, or the chrysanthemums.

In addition, there are constant pilgrimages to Buddhist shrines, which appear to an outsider to partake more of the nature of a pleasurable excursion than to be of a devout character. There are special festivals for the children, the "Feast of Dolls" being for the girls, and the "Feast of Flags" for the boys, and as we may judge from their names, they bring joy to the youngsters in the shape of dolls, flags, paper fish and other toys, elaborately displayed in the shops at these special times. Japan, indeed, is a children's paradise. The parents take part in their amusements, and nowhere is less correction of children necessary, for nowhere else is there such filial obedience.

Another noticeable feature in the Japanese is their quiet, humble manner. They may be conceited, those who know them best consider them very conceited, but they do not display it by insolent airs. Pride of purse or position is not shown in their bearing, which, under all circumstances, is quiet and unpretentious, and this description applies to all classes of the community. The annoyance brought on travellers in other countries by the insolence of petty officials is not experienced in Japan, where travellers meet with unfailing courtesy from policemen, custom officers and railway officials.

In Fields Not Far Away.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

As I went down where grazing herds
Had sought the sylvan shade,
I caught the notes of nesting birds
In all the leaf-lined glade.

I walked knee-deep amid the bloom
And fragrance born of Spring,
While flush of spray and flash of plume
Illumined wood and wing.

Entranced with all I saw and heard
As home I fared elate,
I hummed the very air, the bird
Was singing to his mate.

Ah, could we hear, when meaner things
Enthrall us day by day,
The wondrous song the glad lark sings
In fields not far away.

Our Lady's Assumption.

The angels rejoice, because to-day the Mother of Christ is assumed into heaven. Since men rejoice who are ever sad and sorrowful, how should not the angels rejoice, whose nature it is to be glad, and whose state admits no sadness? How should not they rejoice over the Mother of God ascending into heaven, who rejoice over one sinner doing penance? Or how should not the angels rejoice, when the Lord of the angels rejoices? Yea, Christ rejoices, and with festive pomp goes to meet His Mother. He disdains not to fulfil His own law enjoining that honor be paid to parents. David, who was a figure of Christ, rejoiced and sung hymns before the ark of the Old Testament. Think you, then, that Christ does not rejoice before the ark of the New Testament, before the Propitiatory, before the Sanctuary of the Holy Ghost? Let, then, the angels rejoice and go to meet their Lady, the Queen of Angels, the Mediatrix between God and men. Let them mark what the Baptist did while still in his mother's womb. Did he not leap for joy at the coming of Mary? The infant's soul was melted when Mary spoke. Let, then, the angels also melt with joy, now that they will both hear the voice and possess the presence of Mary.

Let no one be surprised if I call Mary the Queen of Angels and their Mistress. They are proud to call her their Lady whom the Lord of the Angels chose to be His Mother. Inasmuch as she most gloriously and ineffably brought forth the Son and Heir of God, she has thereby inherited a more glorious name than that of angels. It is great and glorious for the angels that they have been made the ministers of God. But beyond all doubt it is both greater and more glorious for Mary that she had been made God's Mother. The Apostle says, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered the heart of man, how great things God has prepared for those who love him. What, then, has He prepared for her who bore Him? To which of the Angels has it been said: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee?" To which of the Angels has that wondrous loving and familiar word been spoken: "Come, my chosen one, and I will place in thee My throne?" "Come," He says, "My chosen one, come." He calls her to the sublimest height of glory. Many are called, few are chosen. She is both called and chosen. "Blessed, O Lord, is she whom Thou hast chosen, nay, pre-eminently chosen; she shall dwell in Thy courts"; nay, rather, He shall dwell in her, and place His throne in her, since He has chosen her as a dwelling-place for Himself. "This is my rest from generation to generation. Here will I dwell, since I have chosen it."

Other souls are indeed also thrones of God, but not like Mary.

She is the throne on which rests the Spirit of God; a throne indeed, but not one from which He casts forth His thunderbolts, and promulgates sentences of death and decrees of eternal reprobation; not that of which it is written: "From the throne proceeded lightnings and voices and thunders." From this throne Christ rules with peaceful jurisdiction. Through the presence, the prayers, the merits of His Mother, the Son of God distributes freedom to the captives, light to the blind, rest to the weary, health to the sick, plenty to the poor, security to the timid. From this throne He grants fidelity between friends, reconciliation between enemies, certainty in doubt, guidance in error, solace in tribulation, defence in war, home in exile, a safe port in shipwreck. From this throne He gives wisdom to the ignorant, exaltation to those who have been cast down, consolation to widows and orphans, grace to beginners and to those who advance, and a crown of glory to the perfect and triumphant.

Let the sun be taken from the universe, and there will be night. Let Mary be taken from heaven, there will be amongst men only darkness and confusion.

Christ had left His Mother for a time on earth, till she should have communicated to His disciples all that she had witnessed in her familiar intercourse with her Son, and had laid up in her heart. He left her that she might, according to the ancient prophecy, bruise the serpent's head, and plant the faith and love of Christ more firmly in the hearts of believers, and present to her Son without spot or wrinkle the Church which, on His ascension, He left to her instruction. Yet it seemed to Christ that He had not wholly ascended into Heaven until He had drawn her thither to Himself, from whose flesh and blood He had derived His own humanity. With a great desire, therefore, He desired to have with Him that vessel of election, that virginal body, in which He delighted, and in which He found nothing displeasing to His divine purity; that vessel which He had filled with the fragrance of all heavenly odors, with the abundance of all virtues, with the fulness of all graces.

It was in Mary's womb that the power of the Holy Ghost wondrously and ineffably compounded, from the Godhead flesh and soul, that incense which Christ the High Priest of the good things to come offered on the Altar of the Cross to His Father as the evening sacrifice. By reason of the indwelling of this incense the Holy Mother of God became odoriferous and sweet in her delights. She ascended, therefore, as a "pillar of smoke of aromatical spices, of myrrh and frankincense, and of all the powders of the perfumer." Hence some of the angelic spirits were not present among the others who assisted at the

passage of the Blessed Virgin out of the desert of this world. Perhaps they had been sent out to minister to the heirs of salvation. These, wondering at the sweetness of so much fragrance, exclaimed, "Who is this that cometh up from the desert flowing with delights?" As if they had said, How can such abundance of heavenly delights be found in the desert of mortal life, where there is nothing but sorrow and toil and affliction of spirit? Even we, who feed on the good things of the Lord, who are gladdened by the rushing of the river in the city of God, in the torrent of pleasure, in the glory of His Countenance, enjoy not such delights. But ah! let the angelic powers cease to marvel at the delights of this desert; for what was formerly a desert has now become a garden of delights, as the prophet says: "He will make her desert as a place of pleasure, and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord."

What are these delights in this Blessed Virgin? They are such as these—that she was chosen by the Lord, announced by the prophets, longed after by the patriarchs, saluted by the angel, rendered fruitful by the Holy Ghost; that she was prefigured in the rod of Aaron, in the fleece of Gedeon, in the gate of Ezechiel, in the bush of Moses; that she is the gate of life, the first-fruits of virgins, the beloved one of the eternal God. Let not the angels wonder if she is assumed into splendor and glory, who was at once the Mother and the handmaid of God, His sister and His Spouse, His Mother and His daughter. The Mother of God once laid her Son in an humble crib: to-day she is placed by her Son on a lofty throne. She laid her Son between two animals; she is placed by her Son above His holy angels. She carried her Child into Egypt; she is now herself transported from this world's desert into heaven. She clothed her Babe with poor swaddling clothes; she is clothed by Him in a robe of everlasting brightness. Her Son pours out on her His humanity and His divinity, His eternity, His splendor, and His joy; so that He is seen, embraced, and possessed by His Mother as the only-begotten of the Father, to whom be all honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.—*Peter of Blois.*

The Assumption.

REVEREND JOHN B. TABB.

Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth
 Apart from Mary's care;
 Nor Heaven itself a home for Him
 Were not His Mother there.

Editorial.

Replying to an address to the Pope which was read by the Bishop of Namur, at the close of the Eucharistic Congress recently held in Rome, having expressed his appreciative thanks for the interest manifested in the proceedings, His Holiness said:

"We must all, O beloved children, unite at the foot of the altar because there our redemption is fulfilled, there the spirit which has been led from innocence to sin returns to its obedience, to its perfect union with God, and leaving its disloyal, ungrateful separation, places itself again under the law of providence; there are to be heard the words of redemption of our loving Redeemer, who became poor for the sake of His Love, but who is rich in all the virtues of which we stand in need; who after having led a holy immaculate life, and preached His doctrines immolated Himself on the Cross for the redemption and salvation of all, and left behind Him the means necessary for us to regain our lost innocence. Where shall we attain the end of the redemption if not in the Divine Sacrament of the Eucharist? Yes, my dearly beloved, the Blessed Sacrament is a guarantee of Eternal life for us, and enables us to combat valiantly against all our enemies. There is no need, then, to emphasize the great advantages of frequent communion, and I beg and conjure you all to promote among the faithful the practice of frequent communion,—and you especially, my beloved sons who are priests, work with all your zeal and energy to make Jesus more and more loved in the Blessed Sacrament."

Robert Ellis Thompson in a recent issue of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, speaking of Max Adeler's proposition of an International League of Justice, as an effective means of securing universal and lasting peace, upholds the lofty ideals embodied in the sentiment for which our own nation "fought and bled", that "just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed." Mr. Thompson nicely discriminates, however, between the consent which is voluntarily rendered to authorized rulers by a patriotic people, and popular dissents from aggressive acts of alien oppressors. "The case of oppressed nationalities," he says, "kept under the unjust and always mischievous control of stronger peoples, is itself a fruitful cause of wars, which will not cease, and ought not, until every such nationality is free to work out

its own destiny in its own way. If the friends of peace could persuade these oppressed peoples to give up the struggle, to resign themselves to their miserable situation, and to accept peace as final and not to be shaken between them and their oppressors, the advocates of the Peace Policy would be very much gratified. They would predict a new and golden age for the human race, in which war-taxes would cease, labor now spent in the manufacture of weapons and the service of armies and navies would be put to better uses, and the demoralizing influences of the barrack would be eliminated. They also profess to hope that people would no longer develop and exercise those malevolent passions, which do so much to make the world what its Maker never meant it to be.

"The actual result of such a change would be a great demoralization of the human race. It would mean a surrender of ideal aims for the possession of quiet, comfort, the opportunity to make money, and the chance to convert it into pleasures. It would mean the sinking of hundreds of millions from the height of an unselfish purpose and aim to one of smug selfishness, in which their country would be forgotten, and the only question left them that of getting as much material good out of life as the case permitted. Devotion to one's country, especially if she be an oppressed and wronged country, is one of the great forces which lift men out of the selfishness to which our human nature is always prone. Make men indifferent to that and you have converted them into a menagerie of tame animals, with no ambitions beyond lifting their families a little higher on the social tree, and getting them more physical comforts than they had.

"Even on the Mammonite test such a policy would fail of producing what is expected of it. Economically every country reduced to subjection to another is a mismanaged country. The Empires of the world have carried and still carry industry in their wake. *Solitudinem faciunt; pacem vocant.* 'They make a desert and they call it peace,' as Tacitus makes the Caledonian commander say of the Romans. There is not a case on record of conquest being attended by anything but depression of the industrial life of the conquered people. Those of India and Ireland are the most notable, as being countries brought to industrial ruin by the alien rule of a people which thinks it has almost a monopoly of economic wisdom. They are only extreme cases of what is seen everywhere in the path of empire.

"To break a nation's spirit is worse even than to starve its people to the death. That also is the effort of every alien ruler, Russian, English, or American; and its success, if it did succeed, would be abominable. To bring a country to acquiesce in its bonds, and to accept them as something it will not strive to cast off when the hour strikes, is to destroy its self-respect. As well break a man's spine as break his self-

respect; and the injury to a people is just as great as to an individual. It is to take from it what only God could have given it, namely, the purpose to be one people in distinction from all others. That purpose is a spiritual fact in the nation's makeup, and furnishes the motive to the great sacrifices which are the glory of human history. The people which never has relinquished that purpose is a nation by itself, whatever alien power has overcome it for a time. Against such a power it can take no other attitude than that of expectation of the day of deliverance; and if it were to renounce war as a means of deliverance, it would have taken a downward step."

Mr. Thompson points out that renunciation of patriotic attachment to one's country and the acceptance of "humanity" as a substitute, has in itself the features of decay. National feeling is most righteously strong against it. Hence, his conclusion that Peace, in the true sense of the word, is the outcome of Righteousness! And in this sense the advocates of war accept death as preferable to national dishonor.

In his latest Encyclical, in which our holy Father, Pius the Tenth, considers at length the fundamental needs of society and the furtherance of social activities that bear directly upon good works, he eloquently sets forth the beauties of Christian civilization in past ages and its firm character as an enduring basis of civil legislation for future time. His Holiness emphasizes the necessity of the co-operation of individuals for the sanctification of souls; especially exhorts the faithful to vigilant care in eradicating from social movements undisciplined tendencies that have deserved condemnation from Holy Mother Church. Catholic action, in order to be efficacious, therefore, must extend its labors under her beneficent guidance. On this point His Holiness says:

"At the outset this truth must be deeply felt—that an instrument not properly adapted for the work it has to do is defective. It is evident that the Catholic Social Movement, proposing as it does to restore all things in Christ, constitutes a true apostolate for the honor and glory of Christ Himself. To fulfil this apostolate the grace of God is necessary. Now the grace of God is not given to an apostle who is not united with Christ. It is only when we shall have formed Christ in us that we shall be able to restore Him more easily to the family and to society. Hence all who are called to direct or who dedicate themselves to the task of promoting the Catholic movement must be Catholics to the very core of their being, convinced of their faith, soundly instructed in their religion, sincerely obedient to the Church, and especially to this supreme Apostolic Chair and to the Vicar of Christ on earth; they must have

true piety, manly virtue, good morals, and lead a life so pure that they will be an efficacious example to all. If the spirit be not thus tempered not only will it be difficult to promote good in others, but it will be almost impossible to act with a good intention. Strength will be lacking to bear with perseverance the annoyances that every apostolate brings with it, the calumnies of adversaries, the coldness and the want of interest of even the well-intentioned, and at times even those jealousies of friends and companions in arms, which, while they are perhaps excusable on account of the weakness of human nature, are greatly prejudicial, as they are the cause of discords, disagreements and intestine troubles. It is only virtue which is patient and sturdy in well-doing, and at the same time gentle and delicate, that can remove or diminish these difficulties, so that the weak to whom the Catholic forces are dedicated may not be compromised. 'For so is the will of God,' says Saint Peter, 'that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: Sic est voluntas Dei ut bene facientes obmutescere faciatis imprudentium hominum ignorantiam.'

"The Work of Catholic Congresses and Committee rendered in the past great services, thanks to the intelligent activity of the distinguished persons who directed it as well as to the activity of those who presided or still preside over the special organizations. It is for this reason that at our express desire the center or union of organizations of an economic character which was maintained after the above mentioned Work of Congresses went out of existence, will continue under those who now are at its head.

"The Catholic social movement, if it is to be thoroughly effective, must not be limited by the social needs of the present day. It must strengthen itself by all those practical means furnished by the progress of social and economic studies, by the experience already gained elsewhere, by the conditions of civil society and even by the study of public life in various countries. If this is not done there will be a risk of groping about and of reaching out after new and doubtful methods whilst ready at hand are good methods that have already been tried and have been found to be successful. They likewise expose themselves to the danger of showing a preference for organization and methods, which perhaps were suitable in other times, but which to-day are not understood by the people. To conclude, they may halt half way from their failure to avail themselves of those civic rights with which modern constitutions clothe all, Catholics included. In regard to this last point it is clear that modern systems of government place it within the ability of all without distinction to make their influence felt in public matters. Catholics within the limitations imposed by the law of God and by the prescriptions of the Church may with safe conscience avail themselves

of this means to demonstrate that they are as competent as others, and even more competent, to co-operate in the work of advancing material and civil interests of the people, and so win an influence and beget a respect which will make it possible for them to defend and promote the higher interests affecting the soul.

"The civil rights we have referred to are many and of various kinds, the highest being those which make it possible to take part directly in the civil life of the country and to represent the people in the halls of legislation.

"Very weighty reasons, Venerable Brothers, dissuade us from setting aside the rule laid down by Our predecessor of saintly memory, Pius the Ninth, and afterwards followed by Our predecessor of saintly memory, Leo the Thirteenth, during his long pontificate. This rule forbids in a general way Catholic Italians participating in legislative power. There are, however, other reasons of equally weighty character founded on a regard for the highest interests of society, which must be safeguarded at all hazards, which may require in certain cases a dispensation from the above mentioned law, especially, Venerable Brothers, when you recognize a strict necessity for this dispensation for the good of souls and the supreme interests of your churches, and consequently apply for it.

"The possibility of Our making this benign concession imposes upon all Catholics the duty of preparing themselves carefully and seriously for political life should they be called to participate in it. Hence it is of great importance that the same activity which has been employed in such a praiseworthy spirit by Catholics in preparing themselves by means of a good electoral organization for the administrative life of the municipalities and the Provincial Councils should be applied with equal earnestness with a view to a proper preparation and organization as was opportunely recommended by the Circular of December 3, 1904, issued by the Board of Presidents of the Economic Associations of Italy.

"At the same time this is done the lofty principles which regulate the conscience of every true Catholic must be inculcated and be put in practice. Every good Catholic ought to remember, above all things and in all circumstances, that he must be and show himself to be truly Catholic. He ought to accept public office and perform its duties with the firm and constant purpose of promoting, by all means at his command, the social and economic welfare of the country and especially the welfare of the people, and this he should do in conformity with the ideals of a civilization distinctly Christian. At the same time he ought to defend the supreme interests of the Church, which are those of religion and justice."

Among the admirable characteristics of the youthful sovereign of Spain that have won public esteem through sympathetic comment of the press, particularly during his tour through France and England, none seem to have inspired so general a gratification as his consistent Catholic spirit expressed in ceremonial observances. Upon this point the London Catholic *Times* remarks:

"It is a matter for rejoicing that the Catholic land of Spain should in days of waning spiritual belief send abroad a king who, whilst modest in his demeanor is none the less loyal and fearless in his religious observances. In Paris, where infidelity abounds in official circles, he was accompanied to Notre Dame by President Loubet, and when entering the church he took holy water, made the Sign of the Cross, and kissed the aged Cardinal-Archbishop's ring in recognition of his spiritual authority. Very fittingly did the Cardinal observe that deep gratitude is due Queen Christina for having given such a monarch to Spain. In London King Alfonso acted in the same way at the Westminster Cathedral, and His Grace Archbishop Bourne gave expression to a sentiment similar to that which was uttered by Cardinal Richards."

"Sanguis Jesu Christi emundet nos."

*Forgiveness through the Precious Blood.**

Place a bunch of *scarlet carnations* at the Feet of the Crucified and burn a lamp before them. The scarlet of the *Precious Blood* is redder than your sins: Its light and heat is from the fire of the Holy Ghost. Its fragrance exceeds all flowers.

Let the spicy fragrance of your carnations ascend as an incense of prayer. Connect with each flower an act of *forgiveness*, a *prayer* for one who has injured you. How can a soul who kneels in the confessional and is washed by the Blood of Christ, falling drop by drop upon it, as its sins are told, return a less thanks-offering than forgiveness of others?

Indians drink the blood of valiant enemies that they may absorb their spirit. We drink the Blood of our *Friend*. "Drink abundantly O ye, My friends." We drink in His Spirit, which is PEACE. Peace is strength. Weakness is restless, exasperated, fretful. Peace, strong and calm, because strong.

The FRAGRANCE of the *Precious Blood*. Its merits ascend as a sweet odor to God. We are *washed* in the Blood of the Lamb. It's our *laver* of regeneration. Ruby and crystal gleam in its waters. Fairest flowers grow by its brink. How shall we pollute again with sin the robes made white by the Precious Blood? Hear the Voice of the Bride in Canticles. How she dreads to return to the world. "I have washed my feet who shall defile them?" It is the cry of the soul after Communion! *Purify and hide me. O Lord!*

*July Twelfth.

Edith R. Wilson.



Some Recent Books

Volumes XII and XIII, *THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS*, have been issued by the Arthur H. Clark Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Both volumes contain important documents that throw light upon events in the Islands from 1625 to 1630. Besides the records that detail trade restrictions, conflicts between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, the increase of educational institutions and missionary Orders, a document entitled, "Royal Festivities," vividly and picturesquely describes the magnificence of the celebration at Manila on the accession of Felipe the Fourth to the throne of Spain, in 1623. As a brilliant, State function, unsurpassed even by the splendor of old Spain itself, this festival betokens the general good will and loyalty of the distant subjects of the King.

The laws framed for the regulation of immigration will be read with interest, particularly those limiting the influx of Chinese and Japanese. These laws reveal a prudent foresight on the part of the Governors of the Philippines who would save a Christian people from pagan contamination. Reports of civil officials and those of ecclesiastical superiors show the importance and richness of the Islands, and earnestly urge the King to provide for their future security to the Spanish Crown.

These volumes offer profitable and entertaining reading matter, the character of which induces reflection upon the spiritual force that dominates the historical phenomena of the Philippines. In this comprehensive survey of the Past may be discerned the relations of the constants and the variables; naturally, one echoes the dominant note that sounds true spiritual development. Again we commend this valuable publication to our readers.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY ROSARY, illustrated, comes from the publishing house of B. Herder, St. Louis.

This delightful booklet of prayer and meditation on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary should be placed in the hands of every Catholic child who has learned to read. Children of a greater growth may efficaciously apply the heavenly messages contained therein.

The Reverend F. A. Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B., has given us an ideal picture of "the regular life," or the "simple life," in his work entitled, *ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE*, as it existed in England in pre-Reformation days. The history of the institution of religious Orders of regular discipline by which so many thousands of men and women have attained a high degree of spiritual perfection by means of regulated labor, strict discipline, of the senses and appetites, obedience, and joyful prayer, is certainly of unique interest. To those who are strenuously striving for "*high ideals*" in the social, the religious or in the political life, the common-sense methods of attaining them, the daily practice of Christian virtue will forcibly appeal.

Benziger Brothers, New York, have brought out the book in excellent style with handsome illustrations. The plans of monasteries, maps locating extensive foundations, and the figures typical of the members of the various religious Orders, enhance interest in this pleasing record of simple, regular and heroic life.

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY, founded on the journal of D. Bourgoing, physician to Mary Queen of Scots, and on heretofore unpublished documents, by the Honorable Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, is now published in a new edition by Sands & Co., London.

The present compilation includes details of the trial and execution of the Scottish Queen, culled from the Calthorpe manuscripts annotated by Beale, under the guardianship of whose descendants the manuscripts have been carefully preserved. This valuable evidence throws additional light upon the nobility of the character of the Queen of Scots during her cruel imprisonment and heroic suffering at the hands of the treacherous Elizabeth!

In *THE WEIRD PICTURE*, John P. Carling depicts the moral obliquity of an artist-lover afflicted with the madness of genius! The romance is not wanting in "thrilling situations." The chapters entitled "The Man at the Confessional" and "High Mass and What Happened At It"—in which Mr. Carling weirdly insinuates the Church's methods of detection of crime and her summary dealings with it—bear the stamp of utter ignorance of Catholic practice. The expressions he puts into the mouth of a supposedly instructed member of the Church, from a Catholic standpoint, are ludicrous in the extreme; but, why look for *fact* in *Summer Fiction*?

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have brought out the book with fine illustrations.

Calendar for August.

1—S. Peter in chains. Patience under afflictions.

2—B. Jane of Aza, Mother of our holy father S. Dominic. Simplicity. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

3—S. Paul of the Cross, Priest (from April 28), Founder of the Passionists.

4—Our Holy Father S. Dominic; founder of the Order of Preachers, and Institutor of the Most Holy Rosary. Plenary Indulgence: C. C.; visit; prayers.

5—Our Lady of the Snow. Confidence in Mary.

6—First Sunday of the month—Transfiguration of Our Lord. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

7—S. Cajetan, Priest. Founder of the Theatines, known as the Confraternity of the Love of God.

8—B. Augustine Lucera, O. P., Bishop. Love of neighbor.

9—B. John Salerno, O. P., Priest. Contemplation. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

10—S. Laurence, Deacon and Martyr. Love of the Poor.

11—Octave-day of Our Holy Father S. Dominic.

12—S. Clare, O. S. F., Virgin. First Abbess of the Poor Clares. Poverty.

13—Second Sunday of the month—SS. Hypolytus and Companions, Priests and Martyrs. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

14—B. Emygdus, Bishop and Martyr. Repentance.

15—The Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. Holy day of obligation. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians, Tertiaries and members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

16—S. Hyacinth, O. P., Priest. Zeal.

17—B. Emily Bicchieri, O. P., Virgin. Purity of Intention.

18—S. Rochus, Priest. Disinterestedness.

19—S. Alphonsus Maria de Ligouri, Bishop; Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Conspicuous by his sanctity and learning.

20—Third Sunday of the month—S. Joachim, Father of Our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

21—S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow; Founder of the Visitation Sisters.

22—Octave Day of the Assumption.

23—B. James of Mevania, O. P., Priest. Peace.

24—B. Bartholomew. Self-sacrifice.

25—S. Louis, King of France. Submission to the Will of God.

26—S. Philip Beniti, Priest. Servite. Charity to the sick.

27—Last Sunday of the month—S. Joseph Calasanz; Founder of the Order of Regular Clerks of the Mother of God for the education of poor children. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

28—S. Augustine, Bishop. Doctor of the Church. Founder of the Order of Augustinians. True Repentance.

29—The Martyrdom of S. John the Baptist. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

30—S. Rose of Lima, O. P., Virgin. First canonized saint of the New World.

31—S. Raymond Nonnatus. Priest; member of the Order of Our Lady for the Redemption of Captives.

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Louis, King; S. Isabel, Princess; S. Clare, Virgin; S. Susanna, Virgin; S. Bernard, Abbot; the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Rose of Lima, Virgin; S. Sabina, Widow and Martyr; S. Laurence, Martyr; S. Augustine, Bishop, Doctor; the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Bartholomew, Apostle; S. Helena, Empress; S. Dominic, Confessor; S. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow; S. Alphonsus Ligouri, Bishop and Doctor.

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Japan To-Day.

REVEREND AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

IV.

The general idea about the Japanese, held by those who have only read about their exploits in the present war, is that they are a supremely practical people, whereas, on the contrary, they are naturally most unpractical, and possess a sentimental and poetic temperment with all its virtues and defects. They are great lovers of poetry and are much given to writing it, from the Emperor, himself, downwards. He is said, in spite of the cares of State, which must have always pressed heavily upon him, to be the author of some thousands of poems, a feat by no means impossible, as a Japanese "long poem" consists of not more than thirty-one syllables arranged in five lines. It is a sketch of nature in one of her multitudinous phases, or, rather, an outline to be filled up by imagination. It is of the nature of a descriptive exclamation, and need not contain any expression of the poet's feelings. Here is a translation of one writtēh a thousand years ago:—

The moon, on an autumn night, making visible the number of wild geese flying past with wings intercrossed in white clouds.

The "short" poem consists of only seventeen syllables made up into three lines. As an example we quote the following:

On an autumn evening a crow perched on a withered branch.

These examples show the vast abyss that separates European from Oriental modes of thought and expression, and makes it so hard for us to penetrate the inner soul of the Japanese. It must ever remain a puzzle to us, how they can set such an extraordinary value on this peculiar form of poetic expression. It is an exhibition of their intense love of simplicity, that they find delight in phases of nature that we would consider commonplace, and delight to make pictures of them in their short conventional poems.

The Japanese show the want of the practical spirit that distinguishes modern civilisation by their lack of appreciation of the value of time, a constant source of annoyance to Europeans who have any

dealings with them. When you want a thing done at once you are certain to be subjected to an irritating delay, though you are assured that it will be done *tadaima*. You learn from your dictionary that *tadaima* means immediately or bye-and-bye; but a very short experience will teach you that it may mean after an hour or two, or to-morrow, or the middle of next week. *Tadaima* is continually in their mouths, but woe betide you if you put any trust in it; you will begin after a time to detest the very sound of the word.

The carelessness of Japanese servants and workmen, in striking contrast to the Chinese, is proverbial of the Far East. In business they show the same careless habits, and foreign merchants who have business dealings with them, are loud in their complaints. This, evidently, has its origin in the low position that the merchants held in feudal times, when they were assigned to the fourth, or lowest class, in the scale of society, below the soldier, the farmer and the artisan, an arrangement that shows how much the Japanese esteemed martial glory and despised wealth and the makers of it. Things, however, show a marked improvement in this direction of late years; numbers of the better class of Japanese have taken up business, and the ever-increasing volume of Japanese trade in the markets of the world is beginning to impress on them the necessity of business habits if they are to keep abreast of the times.

It is to be feared that it will take a long time for these ideas to reach the common people, to whom, even at the present, clocks and watches are more or less of a luxury. Though they will do a fair amount of work they are not inclined to hurry even if it is a question of catching a train, and if they miss one they do not fret, though they may have several hours to wait for another. They take it all calmly and patiently, with resignation to the inevitable, though it has been brought about by their own carelessness. *Shikata ga nai*, they say, "there is no help," and with these words on their lips they bear any kind of annoyance or adversity with stocial calm. An Englishman, who had lived in Japan, thus expresses his feelings on this point:

"Here's to the Land of Approximate Time!

Where nerves are a factor unknown;
Where acting as balm are manners calm,
And seeds of sweet patience are sown.

Where every clock runs as it happens to please,
And they never agree on their strikes;
Where even the sun often joins in the fun
And rises whenever he likes."

Besides their childlike love of Nature, and especially flowers, the devotion to Art for Art's sake, is another sign of the sentimental character of the Japanese. The commercial spirit so universal in Europe among art-workers and craftsmen, has not yet made headway among the Japanese workers in wood, metal, lacquer, and pottery. Under the old *regime*, the *daimios*, or great lords, were the patrons of art, each supporting several artists in his home, perfection of work and not time or money being the great object. The result was that the artist, free from all danger of want and thoroughly devoted to his art, used to spend years sometimes in the making of an exquisite and imperishable work. The artist never expected any monetary return for his work, however priceless it was. His sole reward was the joy of bringing it to perfection. That is how Japan, with all her poverty, produces such unrivalled work. The old spirit still lingers on among the art-workers, in spite of the temptations of modern commercial competition. Even lately it has happened that a European purchaser, asking the artist, could not get him to name any price. The man had no idea of its monetary value, and was obliged to refer to his wife and sons to do the bargaining for him. If you order twenty kettles of the same pattern, of the artistic kind used in Japan from a metal-worker, you will, probably, find that he has made no two alike. Either there is a change of size, or shape, or of ornament, his artistic instinct hindering him from making two articles exactly alike in every particular though the latter course would have brought him the same amount of money with far less labor. How different is the commercial art so prevalent in the West.

The love of country, carried to the fanatical extent as it is in Japan, is another sign of the eminently sentimental temperament of the people. It kept them in jealous seclusion from the rest of the world for two centuries and a half, making them regard the rest of mankind as barbarous, and their own country the only one worth living in. That this sentiment, though robbed to some extent of its jealous features, is still a force of which we can form only a slight conception, is to be seen in the utter contempt for death displayed in the present war, the voluntary sacrifice made by the people at home, the congratulations made to families when one or other of their sons has been sacrificed on the altar of duty. It is this intense patriotism that has enabled them to crumble the armies of Russia, naturally a much stronger and richer nation.

It is strange that, possessing as they do all the good qualities of the sentimental temperament, the Japanese should be the most suspicious people in the world. In past times the spy system was more highly developed than among any other nation. Every man had some one

else appointed to spy on him and report his action to those in power. No man could trust his dearest friend; what if the supposed friend had ingratiated himself with him in order the better to know all about him and report his most secret actions? It may be imagined that this atrocious system has engendered distrust among all classes, and that every Japanese finds a delight in watching his neighbor. To the present day even the ordinary European tourist who travels through the country, may be sure that he is watched in a way that would obtain in no other country. If you stay in a hotel more than a few days you must sign a paper for the police, stating your name, age, occupation, place you came from, names of your parents, and many other particulars which you would reasonably suppose would be of no earthly use for them to know.

The pernicious consequence of this universal spying is that mutual confidence, so necessary in our relations with our neighbor, is destroyed and every man distrusts his fellow. To this defect may be added the universal practice of deceit, which changes the sentiments of Europeans towards them after a time and obliterates the good impressions produced at first by their gentleness and politeness. The worst of it is that they are not ashamed of this grave defect. If you were to call a Japanese a thief, he would bitterly resent the imputation, but call him a liar and he will only smile. He may think that you are praising him for his cleverness in deception, or while denouncing it, that you have a lurking admiration for it. However, the Japanese are not worse in this respect than other Orientals; they share this defect in common with the rest of the Asiatic races.

A strange lack of sympathy, too, with the sufferings of others, is seen in their treatment of the maimed, the blind, and the lame, who are exposed to derision, contempt, and want. In this respect, as in many others, it is surprising how much we owe to Christianity without knowing it. Our Lord went about "healing the sick;" bringing comfort to the outcasts of humanity, and setting His followers an example which they were not slow to follow. In pagan countries and among savage tribes, where the natural selfishness of man is not checked, the treatment of the sick and infirm, of old parents no longer able to work, by their selfish children, is most inhuman. So we must not be surprised if the Japanese show a lack of that sympathy which has been taught to the world by Jesus Christ, and did not exist before He came. The Government, in late years, urged by the example of Christian nations, has some charitable institutions of the kind, but they are woefully inadequate to the needs of the population.

As it is generally well known by this time that the moral standard of the Japanese is very low, I need not say more about this fundamental

defect of their character, than that the accounts written by standard authors on this matter are not by any means exaggerated. On my way from Japan to Manila, I showed a pamphlet on this subject, compiled from three English authors, to two intelligent Japanese merchants with whom I had got into conversation. The picture was drawn in such dark colors that I thought there must be an exaggeration somewhere. However, the next day, after having read the pamphlet, they acknowledged that all that was said was perfectly true. In this, as in other respects, the indirect moral influence of Christianity has been already felt in Japan; the position of woman, who until lately was treated more or less like a slave, has been considerably raised, and many things are concealed which formerly were public scandals.

The promiscuous bathing of both sexes in the public baths, which up to thirty years ago was general throughout the Empire, and excited the derisive criticism of travelers, is now no longer to be witnessed in places frequented by Europeans at any rate, as the Government, alive to criticism of the kind, and jealous of the honor of the country, passed strict laws forbidding it; but I have been assured by old residents in Japan, that in out-of-the way places the law is evaded in the most flagrant and ludicrous manner. In other social relations the Japanese observe the proprieties as well as most other nations, but in this one particular they are strangely lacking in them.

It is Christianity alone that can probe the deep moral wounds of Japan; and it has already by indirect influence made some progress in that direction. But the work is difficult with a people, one of whose fundamental principles is, that "a Japanese can never do wrong if he follows his natural instincts." Moreover, his own national religion is without moral teaching of any kind, and the modern education, as I pointed out in the last article, teaches morality on a purely secular basis, without any reference to religious sanctions—a grave mistake pointed out by one of Japan's leading statesmen.

Such are the Japanese as seen with European eyes—merry, light-hearted, poetic, artistic, living for the day, enjoying life in a simple fashion, free from the petty cares and worries that make life so burdensome to many of us; and yet frugal almost to parsimony, suspicious, deceitful, and infested with a moral plague that must sooner or later tell on the temporal welfare of the nation, to say nothing of the spiritual aspect, if a remedy is not applied in time. Let us hope that the heroic lives of the missionaries who are laboring with such devotedness among them, may effect a change for the better, and that the light of Christianity may dawn at last upon the minds of a people who possess so many amiable qualities.

Pioneer Missionaries of the Maryland Colony.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

XI.

Of all the native tribes of Maryland, the Piscataways were the most numerous and powerful. Their Tayac, or Great Chief, was then Clitomachen, a mighty and renowned Wero-Wance; he was but human; so, he fell ill, and all the forty medicine men of the tribe exhausted, to no purpose, the various healing arts and the conjurations of their mysterious craft in their efforts to cure him. At last, Father White was permitted to treat Clitomachen; this he did so effectively, that he shortly had him on his feet, and in a week or two he was as well as he had ever been. While the forty discomfited medicine men stood aghast at so marvelous a feat of healing by the pale-face priest, the jubilant Tayac was contemplating a more important service for Father White. The man able to perform such miracles over the body must certainly possess some mysterious influence with "the Great Spirit." So Clitomachen, after due preparation, had himself and his friends baptized. They became ardent Christians, learning civilized habits and adopted English ways and dress, and studied the English language. Speaking with Governor Calvert afterwards on the benefits of trading with the colonists, Tayac is quoted as saying: "I consider these as trifling when compared with this one benefit: that, by their aid, I have arrived at the true knowledge of the one God, the most important of all knowledge."

The conversions, and thenceforth active co-operation of this great Wero-Wance and his friends, was of incalculable aid to the Fathers. Nor was it in things spiritual and moral only that Father White's renown was thus heralded far and wide amongst the native tribes. His fame as a great medicine man in healing the ills of the flesh was no less widely and popularly acclaimed. It was, in fact, chiefly by means of it that the missionaries were enabled to so readily extend their labors, and the colonial authorities their laws, amongst the Nanticokes.

At the second assembly of the freemen of the Maryland province, sitting January 25, 1637-38—at which Calvert himself presided as chairman—a draft of colonial laws framed by the Proprietary was read and rejected by a large majority. Calvert was too just and wise a man to lock horns with this majority of the freemen of his colony over their action. He knew them to be men whom he could trust to

make their own local laws and manage their own affairs. He had come there to establish a free self-government and could not, therefore, dissent from this outspoken will of such a majority. To do so now, when the British Parliament "had openly declared against toleration," would be false to the essential principle of religious liberty, the very corner-stone of his colony. If there was no other spot on earth where men were free to worship God in their own way, and where the majority of freemen's votes was law, there should be such freedom and law in Maryland. Under so liberal and just a government it was no more than natural that the colony should grow apace.

The first serious check to this growth was the outbreak of the contest between the King and Parliament. Being a Royal grant, the enemies of Calvert's colony renewed their opposition to his authority with the decline of the King's power. To avert, if possible, the danger which he saw ahead, Governor Calvert sailed for England to consult with his brother, Lord Baltimore. He deputed Giles Brent to act as Governor during his absence; this was in April, 1643. There was some slight skirmishing afoot between the small Maryland soldiery and the Nanticokes. Brent appointed the doughty Thomas Cornwaleys, who had formerly commanded the Saint Marys' naval expedition against Clayborne, captain-general of the Colonial forces. He was not long in concluding a satisfactory peace with the Nanticokes, and presently led his little army against the now predatory Susquehannoughs.

Governor Calvert returned to Maryland in September, 1644, to find it seriously disquieted by the secret conspiracies of its evil genius. He, too, had quite recently returned from England with increased honors, having been raised by the King to Treasurer of Virginia for life. He wrought upon the simple credulity of the Kent Islanders, assuring them that the Marylanders could not turn them out of their lands. He showed them a parchment which he assured them was his (William Clayborne's) commission from the King. He had royal authority to protect them against Calvert's designs to turn them out.

But when news that Parliament had overthrown the King's power in his realm, reached the colonies, Clayborne claimed to be acting in the name of and under authority of Parliament. At this juncture Captain Richard Ingle, who had formerly figured rather disreputably in some Colonial affairs, again came upon the scene as an ally of Clayborne. He came in command of an armed ship, claiming to have authority from Parliament, and having on board some two hundred pounds' worth of goods belonging to his friend Cornwaleys, with which he had run away. He claimed, also, to have letters of Marque. He

and Clayborne marshaled all their forces for an attack upon Saint Marys, and it soon fell into their hands. Governor Calvert went over to Virginia for help to repel these lawless invaders. But the fact that Maryland remained for two years in the hands of her enemies, shows that he got little help there.

Of the doings of Clayborne and Ingle, during their armed possession of Calvert's colony, William Hand Browne, author of "The History of a Palatinate," says: "We catch glimpses of Ingle and his men marauding about; imprisoning men; pillaging plantations; seizing corn, tobacco and cattle; stripping mills of their machinery, and even houses of their locks and hinges; shipping their plunder to England and comporting themselves generally like mere brigands; but, of any attempts at government on their part we find no trace. Among the rest the house and plantations of Cornwaleys were plundered. To obviate any retributive action of Cornwaleys, Ingle, upon his return to England, preferred charges against him of a debt of fifteen hundred pounds and had him lodged in prison. Cornwaleys' friends rallied to his side and succeeded in getting him out of jail. Cornwaleys prosecuted Ingle for his Maryland robberies. Ingle, thereupon, petitioned Parliament for redress of his prosecutor's evil doing, averring in his petition that all he did "was for conscience sake, and that he only plundered Papists and Malignants, in order to relieve Protestants." He also points out "how discouraging it will be to the well-affected if Papists and Malignants are allowed to bring actions at law against them."

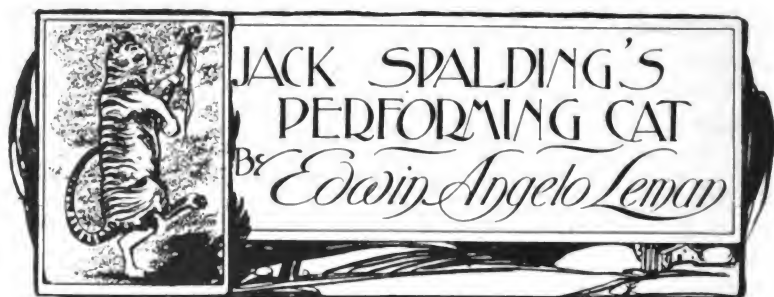
But the worst feature of Clayborne's and Ingle's marauding, and the most disastrous in results to the colony, was the destruction of the missionary stations. The missionaries, amongst them the venerable Father White, the Apostle of Maryland, were sent in chains to England. Owing to the destruction and mutilation of the Provincial records, the accurate accounts obtainable are meager. Father White, some time after reaching England, was tried on a charge of treason and acquitted. Ten years' steady labor and exposures about the rivers and bayous of Maryland, in open boats, were already telling upon his constitution; so his superiors would not consent to his returning to the scenes of his missionary achievements. He died in England in 1656.

Governor Calvert had been busying himself in Virginia in making arrangements for regaining possession of his colony. Lord Baltimore, his brother, thinking his province was hopelessly lost, had written to him from England to save what he could of their private property from the wreck. But Leonard was more hopeful, and by the end of 1646 had raised a small force of Virginians, which, together with some fugi-

tive Marylanders, he led across the Potomac upon Saint Marys. The surprise of his enemies there was complete and he once more entered his capital in triumph. When order was fully restored on the mainland and the statutory laws of Maryland again in peaceful operation, he turned his attention to Kent Island. This was the hotbed of the malcontents, and he was obliged to lead in person an armed expedition to subdue them. When he had restored peace there an amnesty was granted to the rebels. Scarcely had the new era of religious liberty and prosperity begun to be enjoyed throughout the province, when the Governor fell ill. It soon became manifest to his attendants that the end was near, and his family was summoned to his bedside. The most efficient and desirable successor to the office which he must shortly vacate was his chief concern. He selected Thomas Green as his successor. His kinswoman, Margaret Brent, he appointed as his executrix, instructing her to "take all and pay all." He died on the ninth of June, 1647.

Leonard Calvert, Father Andrew White, and their associates in the foundation of the Maryland colony were unquestionably the pioneers of true civil and religious liberty in that part of the New World which is now comprised in the United States. The gifts and graces of God, which thus enabled men to accomplish this in an atmosphere and environment permeated, so to speak, with religious intolerance, and reeking with sectarian prejudices supplemented by bitter persecutions, were as rare as they are admirable. They gave the whole civilized world an example of unselfish and humane Christian enlightenment and Catholic toleration such as it never knew before, and which it has scarcely enjoyed since.

The fact that in scarcely six years' time from Leonard Calvert's death, his colony passed a law that "all Quaker vagabonds and idlers" (meaning the innocent, God-fearing Quaker refugees that had fled thither from the persecutions of New England and Virginia) should leave Maryland, and if they ventured to return should be whipped from constable to constable out of the province, adds fresh luster to the deathless fame of White and Calvert. Empires and kingdoms have been overthrown and commonwealths or republics raised on their ruins. The heroes of such revolutions were most of them great characters. Their names and fame are blazoned on the pages of history and biography as models for the youth of every land to copy. Yet, I believe that, in the last analysis, the final summing up, the Calverts and the Whites will be given first place by better judgments and that their deeds will live forever in the hearts of men.



THE CAT BEGINS HIS PROFESSIONAL CAREER AS A STAR, LEAVING THE KITCHEN FIREPLACE TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC UNDER THE DIRECTION OF HIS BOY MANAGER.

I.

"That cat is a positive plague," said Aunt Amelia, crustily. "I can't understand, Sarah, why you tolerate it around the house. If there is an animal I loathe on the face of this earth, it's a cat. The best of them are full of deceit and treachery."

Her sister smiled. She adjusted the lamp-shade she had been wiping, and said:

"I'm sure Jack wouldn't agree with you in that opinion, Amelia."

"I have expressed myself often enough regarding that repulsive creature, dear knows."

"He sets great store by Tiger, particularly because he can perform so many clever tricks. Every week Jack teaches him something new, and only this morning he told me there was a new 'act,' as he called it, very dramatic in its way, which he and Tiger can do with great effect."

"Absurd! How can you, his mother, see him waste his time so? Much better for him if he would occupy his leisure time reading that book on etiquette I gave him. I don't think he has even turned the cover."

"Perhaps not; you know what boys are."

"Oh, if I were his mother, I know what I'd do in training him. He is overindulged. The way parents—"

"Really, Amelia, you are vexing," said Mrs. Spalding, with some spirit.

"I'm in the right, just the same."

"Unmarried people make themselves ridiculous when they lay down rules for the raising of children."

"Thank you, Sarah!"

"Well, I must say it. Jack is a good boy. He may be a little unpolished, but he'll grow out of that in time."

"Unpolished! He's positively uncouth. Look what a model Wilfred Howett is. That boy is my ideal."

"If he's your ideal, then I'm very thankful Jack is far from it. Wilfred Howett, poor boy, has been made really effeminate by being reared among a lot of girls, with the result that he has got their ways. He ought to be sent to some boarding-school and let grow up as nature intended."

At this point Tiger, a striped yellow specimen, crossed the kitchen from the fireplace, and proceeded to recline near Miss Smith's chair.

"Get away, you horrid thing! you're as unsightly as a wild beast."

Mrs. Spalding laughed. "Jack gave him that name on account of his color and general appearance."

Tiger retreated to a place under the table, where he stretched himself with an expression of ease and self-satisfaction.

Suddenly a boyish shout was heard.

"There's Jack now," said his mother, a light of pride in her eyes.

"I hope to goodness he will not start in about his cat when he comes in."

The next instant Jack burst into the farmhouse in a manner that would have made an authority on good form tremble.

He was a handsome, robust boy of perhaps fifteen, clean and neat in appearance, if somewhat rude.

"Good news, mother! I'm engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Oh, not to be married! I'm too young for that; engaged with Tiger for Father Jerome's picnic. We're to do our act together every fifteen minutes as a five-cent side-show. After all, I'm to have a new suit of clothes, although I didn't quite see before how they would come. I guess my prayers are going to be answered."

"I hope so, dear. God works in strange ways. Father certainly can't afford to buy you any new clothing."

"I should think you'd find some other means to earn money than by appearing in public with a cat," said his aunt, with a sneer.

"Father Jerome said it would be all right. When I told him about Tiger and me he was all interest. Of course, it's not a sure thing until he sees us rehearse for him; but I know Tiger will make a hit, especially in the make-believe jungle act where he springs at my throat and seems to throw me down. I have to use red paint in the act to make it realistic and tragic."

"Horrible!" cried Miss Smith, with a shudder. "Enough to make a body swoon."

"Don't be too realistic, Jack, as you would make it offensive to onlookers."

"Father Jerome will decide all that, mother; he told me so. There'll be nothing unpleasant, be assured. Aunt Amelia will admit that, after she has seen Tiger and me at the picnic."

"Don't presume for a moment that I would degrade myself by witnessing such a low and vulgar performance. I am surprised at Father Jerome, I must say. Why couldn't he arrange for something instructive, an historical lecture, for instance, or—"

"Oh, people wouldn't listen to a history talk at a picnic, Amelia, especially the young folks. They'd find it very dry."

"It seems to me the popular taste is nothing short of depraved."

"The picnic is to be a kind of fair, you know, Aunt Amelia. It has to have a lot of funny things, some of them silly, maybe, or the people won't spend their money. Father Jerome wants to get all the money together that he can, to help along the new church he is building. He thinks Tiger and I will please the fancy of the people. If we fail, I'm to be given charge of a pie stand, with permission to eat a whole pie if I want it, and some pay for my work."

"A whole pie would ruin your digestive organs," said his aunt, stiffly.

"Oh, I wouldn't eat it at once. I won't eat any at all unless I feel like it. But I'll take it just the same, for it will be part of my pay."

"You'll never fail to take all that belongs to you, Jack," laughed his mother.

"Father Jerome says I have the American commercial spirit; where is father?"

"He's gone to Sedley for some new harness. Kitty went with him."

"I guess I'll take Tiger outside and practice with him after dinner. I want to have our act perfect."

The following days were devoted by Jack to diligent rehearsing.

When he felt that he and the cat were fit to appear before the pastor of the village church he called one afternoon with Tiger at the rectory, but only to learn from the housekeeper that the priest was absent and would not return until the next day.

Before going back home, Jack left Tiger in the care of the housekeeper for a little while, saying that he wanted to visit the church, which was usually kept open during the day.

Unlike Jack's aunt, the old woman was partial to cats, and readily took Tiger in, promising to give him a treat of chicken bones and milk.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bryan. Don't let him eat too much, or he'll get lazy. He's a professional, you know, and has to be kept in training."

"Leave that to me, Jack. When you call for him there'll be a little refreshment also for you—a nice big piece of cake and a glass of cider."

"I'll not refuse them."

"I'd like to see the boy that would."

A few minutes later Jack opened the door of little Saint Ann's, a rather rude structure of unattractive interior. The altar and sanctuary had an improvised appearance. Rough benches were substitutes for pews, and candles took the place of lamps on brackets fastened to the walls. However, there was a pretty statue of Our Lady that had been recently donated to the church by a well-to-do family living in the village.

Jack was very serious looking as he made his way up the aisle toward the statue. Perhaps his Aunt Amelia would have been surprised if she could have stolen a glimpse of him that moment.

He knelt before the image, took his beads from his pocket, and began to say the Rosary.

In his petition he asked the Blessed Virgin, in his own boyish way, to bless his efforts at the picnic, to grant that he and Tiger would give a successful entertainment, but that all would happen according to the will of God. It was a sincere prayer, after the manner taught him by his mother, and he earnestly inclined to the belief that it would be answered.

The next day he and Tiger rehearsed for Father Jerome, and the priest was not only pleased, but highly amused.

"Your act will go, I'm certain, Jack," he said, encouragingly. "As to that red paint, I would ask you to use only a little, just enough for a burlesque effect; otherwise things will look too gory."

"Very well, Father. I'll follow your suggestions strictly. I am very thankful to you for the engagement."

The picnic finally came off. The grounds were crowded. It had all the spirit of a country fair, and Father Jerome was happy at the prospective business results.

In an old, faded tent Jack and the cat awaited patronage.

Outside was a large crude poster announcing—

MASTER JACK SPALDING
and his
PERFORMING CAT, "TIGER,"
in a
Thrilling Scene Depicting
LIFE IN THE JUNGLE.

Admission, 5 cents; children under ten years, 3 cents; babies not admitted.

The people's curiosity was piqued and the tent filled quickly for the first performance, many having to remain outside for the second.

Of course, Jack's sketch was not one to stand the test of criticism, but it was indulgently received by the spectators who really found it interesting and amusing.

The scene showed Jack face to face with a supposed real tiger in the tall grasses of a European jungle, followed by a desperate struggle for life, then a powerful shot—and finally the animal stretched "dead" at the fatal moment.

It may be said that Jack's performance was surpassed by that of Tiger, considering the latter was but an animal. The audience applauded warmly, and the sound reached those outside in the grounds, making a good advertisement for further business, as Jack was quick to appreciate. Thus he and the cat were a great success, to the happy satisfaction of the parish priest and Jack himself.

He returned home with a neat sum of money, and the promise of a new engagement in a neighboring town, where another rector, who had seen the performance, wished him to appear.

Jack told the good news to the family and they shared his pleasure.

His aunt naturally regarded the whole prospect with contempt.

"It's only a deceiving bubble," she commented sarcastically.

"The people will soon tire of such foolishness."

"I knew you'd knock things, Aunt Amelia," said Jack, undisturbed.

"I feel that my success will be lasting."

And it was, as a number of future engagements proved.

Jack was enabled to earn many a needed dollar for the home, and it was not long before his aunt even was glad to avail herself of the despised Tiger's earnings in the nature of a rheumatism remedy which had to be renewed every week, and furthermore, by repeated parcels of powerfully flavored peppermint lozenges, whose strong effect probably helped in changing Miss Smith's views regarding Jack and his performing animal.

But even a histrionic cat must pay the price of fame. There were troublous days ahead for Jack and Tiger, and they were destined to figure in very strange adventures, as we shall see while following them on their tour.

(To be Continued.)

Manda's Baby.

WILL W. WHALEN.

Her eyes were closed now, and her lips were white. Marshall Rothermel looked down into his wife's face, and its set features told him the truth; she was dead. She had given up her life for another; a tiny baby girl who lay by her mother's side and wailed feebly. A woman was on her knees at the bed, her face was buried in her hands.

"Tell me, Letty, is she really dead? I cannot believe it."

A moan and a sob from Letty sadly confirmed his fears. Then Rothermel stormed and raved like a mad man, for few husbands love a wife as he had loved his. In a paroxysm of grief, he was on the point of cursing the child that had been the innocent cause of its mother's death; but Letty's hand was quickly pressed over his lips, and her voice said:

"Hush, Marshall, hush! perhaps the dead can hear. You must not curse your baby and Manda's."

"Take it away; away, where I shall never see it again; I hate it, I hate it; it has robbed my darling of life. O 'Manda, 'Manda!'"

Letty's eyes looked the reproach which her lips longed to speak. She had never cared for her sister 'Manda's husband; a stern, cold man, with a great deal of education, much business energy, and but little heart. Why 'Manda, sweet winning, pretty 'Manda had ever loved and married such a man was a mystery to Letty. To be sure, 'Manda had made a good match. She had been only a poor miner's daughter, and Marshall Rothermel was the wealthy proprietor of Coal Creek's one hotel. But 'Manda never thought of such a thing as marrying for wealth; she had married for love. That is why the marriage surprised Letty; how could any woman love such a man? she asked herself.

The hotel, of which every Coal Creek resident was justly proud, was large, splendidly built, and magnificently furnished. Its boarders, included many of more than local reputation, who had come sight-seeing in the coal regions.

'Manda Rothermel's funeral was over. Letty sat by her mother's

fireside with 'Manda's baby in her lap. It was restless and cross, but Letty's one great virtue was patience with the weak and suffering.

"I'm sorry, Letty," said her mother, "that our little 'Manda has such a father. But leave him go; we'll keep the baby and raise her, since he won't have nothing to do with her; poor innocent! What an idiot he is, anyhow, hating an innocent baby. As if the little darling were in fault. But he'll be generous to little 'Manda with money."

"I will never take a cent from him," replied Letty with determination. "He said I should bring up the baby as mine; that he never desired to see its face, that he had no love for it. Yes, I *will* raise little 'Manda as mine, but he may keep his mony. She shall never know that her father lives, for he intends to leave Coal Creek and go to Philadelphia. She shall be 'Manda Devere, as her mother was; if I can accomplish it, she shall never hear the name of Rothermel."

"But, Letty, you ain't got much money."

"Sufficient for you and 'Manda and me; and I am strong, I can earn more."

Letty Devere taught school at Coal Creek, and her salary was fifty-five dollars a month. No term had yet passed since she began to teach but brought her a position. She was an excellent teacher, and the Coal Creek fathers and mothers knew that their children could be entrusted to her care.

The years sped on. 'Manda Devere had grown into a lovely girl of fifteen summers; but those fifteen summers had brought fifteen winters with them, and those fifteen winters told hard on Aunt Letty, who was no longer young. Grandma Devere rested in the little churchyard, where nothing broke the stillness but the sweet songs of the wood birds, the wind sighing in the tall trees, and the plaintive music of the brook as it rippled on its way.

Aunt Letty had a snug sum in the Coal Creek bank for hr niece, and that helped to make less bitter the parting which her heart and her physician told her must soon come. Aunt Letty was unusually sharp; but when a new bank started up at Coal Creek, and held out the alluring bait of ten per cent. to depositors, she, like many others, was captivated by the golden possibilities. She put all her hard-earned dollars into the new bank; the crash came a week later; she was left without a dollar, and without strength to earn one. That great wave swept the last plank from beneath the feet of the patient woman, who was battling against the advancing tide. She sank, never to rise again.

'Manda Devere—Devere was the only name she knew, so carefully had her aunt guarded her—'Manda, fairly well educated, tactful, bright, pretty, and penniless, had the world before her. Unprotected

she had to fight her battle; the armor of Aunt Letty's tender care was now taken away. A young friend, who was going to seek work in Philadelphia persuaded 'Manda to go with her.

The train drew near, and poor 'Manda, with tear-bright eyes looked her farewell at the towering beetle-browed mountains which girded the little town round about; at the old church, with its pretty green graveyard; at the poor homes of the miners, with the black roofs, weather-boarded sides, and crazy porches; at the little vacant house in which she and Aunt Letty had been so happy, and which now, with its curtainless windows stood, like a frieghtener owl, staring at the road.

Then she was on the train, and was whirled miles and miles away from Coal Creek—among towering coal-banks, with slimy green, yellow, and black streams flowing at their feet; through dreary swamps, with moss-covered logs, high brush, and languid water lilies; through desolate wastes of coal culm which had hardened in the sun's rays, and in which dead white tree-trunks stood; through pretty towns and thick woods, over brooks and creeks, along by golden fields and smiling meadows, till she reached the enchanted garden of her fancy, Philadelphia.

* * * *

The rich hotel-keeper was lolling in his chair, with his white hands joined.

It is no wonder, Margaret, that God has never given us a child," he said. "How have I treated the little one for whom my first wife, my dear 'Manda, sacrificed her life! What a stupid blundering idiot I was! My little one, if she is still living, would now be in her seven-teenth year."

"Oh, that you may find her, to cheer our childless old age; I am as heart-hungry as you are; and, dear, I could love your child so well. But, Marshall, have you made inquiries for her?"

"Yes, at Coal Creek, where she was born. But my remorse has come too late; my child is no longer there. The aunt who brought her up is dead. My little 'Manda—that is what they named her—is destitute, and is working here in the city."

His wife pressed her web of a handkerchief to her kind eyes. "Poor little girl!" she sighed.

"I was so fortunate as to secure my daughter's portrait while I was at Coal Creek. See?"

His wife took the picture, and her eyes opened wide in amazement. She rang for the new waitress.

"Prepare yourself for a great surprise, Marshall; your 'Manda is in this house; God has guided her here. No wonder that my heart went out to her at the intelligence office.

The door opened, and 'Manda Devere—or Rothermel, as she was henceforth to be called, entered the room. Marshall Rothermel, with a boyish bound, quite unlike his usual portly step, caught the frightened girl to his breast.

"Why, she is the image of 'Manda, my dear, dead 'Manda, as I knew her first, Margaret! O child, child, forgive your hard old father!"

But 'Manda was so happy on learning she had found her father that she could do nothing but weep.

Those Divine Eyes.

ROSE C. CONLEY.

Rose a star whose beaming splendors
Fell in radiance o'er a Child
With the holiest eyes that ever
Looked in human eyes and smiled.

Those eyes divine searched Peter's softly
And through that ardent nature swept
A flame of love and light transcending
Flesh and blood—and Peter wept.

Judas flung his blood-bought treasure
Back again with anguished cries
For the memory of that pleading
"Where to, Friend?" from those sweet eyes.

Those holy eyes sought Mary's, winning
A saint so great from depths of sin—
Whene'er is told 'sweet Jesus' story
There, too, is told the Magdalen's.

May we each with Him, becoming
"Like unto a little child,"
Meet the holiest eyes that ever
Looked in human eyes and smiled.

Simple Talks to Boys and Girls.

As you can see, my dear boys and girls, I have named the short talk that I expect to have in this department, "simple." This word also means "silly," but I hope none of you will take it I am going to be as bad as that. It is my intention to speak to you every month on ordinary, every-day things, and I hope that those who read my words will profit by them, if only a little.

The month of September means for most of you the re-opening of school. Many, probably, will be glad to return to their studies, while others will enter the class room feeling as blue as indigo. If the thought of parting with your vacation freedom or country rambles makes you gloomy and dissatisfied, just think of those young people who are obliged, for their living, to toil in unpleasant shops and offices. They would be delighted to have your chance at school. Could they exchange with you for awhile, I'm sure they would show you how to appreciate the opportunity.

To those going to boarding school let me say that you are not leaving home merely for a good time on the ball field or a "rough house" in the dormitories. Remember that a college or an academy is a place of business where earnest effort and good results will be required of you. Don't imagine you are an invited guest at some relative's villa. Your parents certainly don't imagine it when the mail brings them a carefully made out bill for your board, tuition and incidental expenses. It's on your conscience to keep the rules and attend to your studies and not waste your time or the family money. Don't fear that you will not have a happy time while away from home. As a matter of fact, it's the really diligent student that gets the most "fun" out of the scholastic year.

I would say a word also about respecting your instructors. Whether you be the pupil of a day school teacher or of a college professor, always make it a point to treat them with the politeness that is due them. Be assured, they will appreciate your courtesy and good manners, and you'll find yourself winning friends such as no rude or impudent student can hope to gain.

All of you wish to be successful at school and in after life, I am certain. Have you ever thought of being especially devoted to Our

Lady in this matter? One does not have to be awfully dry and pious in order to find favor with Our Lady. Give her your mind and heart in a natural, easy, way and you'll be pleased with your affairs from day to day. Somehow, you'll realize you are on the right path, and you'll take your little worries as happening for the best. You need not say long prayers when asking Our Lady to help you in your studies. Short ones will do nicely and you'll be inclined to say them oftener.

Begin the school year well. Get a medal of Our Lady and always carry it as a mark of devotion to her. If you should lose it, quickly replace it with another.

Although you are expected to do good work at school, don't be a book-worm or a class-room plant. That is, do not give your time to unnecessary reading. Take all the outdoor exercise you possibly can. You will need it. Go in for healthful sports and athletics. Visit the gymnasium. You need not strive for a second. You'll be doing your brain and body a world of good, and that's the chief thing. Combine physical culture with your studies and you'll make a splendid showing later on.

JACK BLACK.

Our Lady of Good Counsel.

Translated from the English by Rev. C. J. Cronan, Rosebank, S. I.

O Virgo! Mater Bonis Consiliis:

O imaginem pulcherrimam!

Super omnes, artibus artificis;

Dubitanti dic quid faciam.

En! carissimi Jesu amplexibus!

Tuti palla sub caerullea

Brachiis collo innectentibus,

O Mater! jube quaevis omnia.

Per lumen coeli oculis refulgens,

Per doloris fluminum undam,

Quam speciosa nobis indulgens,

Mater gemens! dic quid faciam.

Heu! vitam vallis lacrimantibus,

Falsa vera obscurantia,

Tempestate, tentationibus,

O Mater! jube quaevis omnia.

Editorial.

From a paper entitled "Catholic College Discipline in the Formation of Character," read before the Catholic Educational Association in New York City, on Wednesday, July 12th, by the Rev. Francis Cassilly S. J., Vice President of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, we take an interesting excerpt:

The formation of character is the acquisition of all good habits, natural and supernatural, intellectual and moral, which enable a man, so far as human frailty will allow, to lead a perfect, manly Christian life. The man of character is the man who will lead a pure and self-sacrificing domestic life, the man who will bear brotherly love to his fellow-man, who as a citizen, will place duty above self-interest, preferring the voice of conscience to the allurements of pleasure, the man, finally, who in situations of stress and peril and danger can be relied on, even to the loss of fortune and life. Like Horace's hero.

*"Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae."*

This is the common understanding of a man of character. And it is the universal opinion of Catholic educators so far as I know, that the formation of character is the primary end of all education. Catholic teachers and professors in all the grades of teaching, from the kindergarten to the university, are supposed to keep this lodestar of education ever shining before them. It is evident that in the university, less formal effort is put forth to this purpose, owing to the fact that the older the student is, the more formed his character is supposed to be. As long, however, as there is growth in mental culture, just so long is there room for simultaneous growth in character formation.

We are to consider this subject as it pertains to the college.

Amongst the common educational errors of to-day, perhaps none is more pernicious than the opinion that if the intellectual and physical development of the student be attended to, the moral side of his nature will take care of itself. "Don't force the child," "don't curb his natural appetites," "allow him to follow his inclinations," "by no means interfere with his sacred personality," are maxims that are frequently heard and that may be said to taint our present-day educational atmosphere.

The results of these principles are only too painfully evident on all sides of us. We see them in the finished products of modern education, in the men and women who have passed through school and college and are now tossed about in the maelstrom of life. To what else than false principles of moral education are we to attribute the growing license of public and domestic life, the decay of religion and morality, evils which are admitted on all hands by the leading thinkers of the day? To what else than lack of moral training are to be attributed the increase of crime amongst the young, their disregard for law and authority, the strikes at school, the hazing, the class-rushes, the youthful bandits?

Moral training, according to Catholic ideals, always keeps the foremost place in the teacher's mind, and it is owing to this that Catholic schools and Catholic students to-day are coming out in strong contrast to other schools and their students.

As we are considering the place of Catholic college discipline in the formation of character, it is to be remarked at the outset that the term, "discipline," may be taken in a wider or more restricted sense. In the wider sense, it may be taken to comprise all the means and methods, the prescribed round of duties employed to train youth. In a narrower meaning, it refers merely to the enforcing of college rules and regulations. I have preferred to take the word in its wider and truer meaning of teaching or training.

As we are speaking of Catholic colleges, it would seem that the place of honor as well as of importance belongs to religion. As without faith it is impossible to please God, the foundation of all instruction and discipline must be religion. Without religion we may form cultured pagans, but we can never turn out Christians.

Moreover, what is the first essential in education? It is to teach self-control, the bridling of passions. The primary difference between a savage and a civilized man is that the savage follows his impulses, gives full rein to his passions, while the civilized man is supposed to act according to the dictates of reason, to make sense subject to intellect, to subordinate body to soul.

Now what can give motives to self-restraint, can induce the boy to check his passions, to overcome his sensual nature, so well as the Christian religion? Tell a boy that an action is base, that it is foreign to polite society, that it will lead to civil punishment, he will avoid it just in so far as he considers it profitable or politic to do so, but tell him that it is forbidden by his Creator, that it wounds the heart of his Savior, that it will cast him out of heaven, and condemn him to an unhappy eternity, and you go deep down into his heart, giving him motives that will sway him, as long as he preserves the gift of faith.

Now, in regard to the teaching of religion, how are we to carry it out? Religious discipline, like every other, has two sides to it, the theoretical and the practical. As man has two powers of the soul, the intellect and the will, every discipline tending to develop character must appeal to both. The intellect must be enlightened and the will must be strengthened. We must know what to do and we must be stimulated to follow what we know.

The dogmas and precepts of the Christian religion then must be taught and not in a superficial way, but so that the young man will carry away with him from college such a knowledge and thorough understanding of his religion, and such readiness in answering the ordinary objections brought against it, that nothing in after life will ever cause him to waver in his allegiance to it.

The practical side of religious training is a little more complex. It embraces primarily exhortations to well-doing, and the frequentation of the sacraments. The beauty of virtue, of faith, hope and charity, of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance, the necessity of obedience in respect for authority the advantages of industry and noble ambition, should frequently be placed before the student.

On last Tuesday evening, feasts of the Assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin, eight students were invested in the habit of the Order at the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers, Glenace, Mo. Three of these were from St. Louis and five from St. Paul, Minn. Jacob Winzen, George Schaefer and James Dorney are the St. Louis subjects and Paul Morgan, Charles McGuire, Michael Huesman, Edward Murphy and James Lester Roddy are from St. Paul.

Jacob Winzen will be known as Brother Ireneus Philip, George Schaefer as Brother Justinus Edward, James Dorney as Brother Jasper Clement, Paul Morgan as Brother Levian Anselm, Chas. McGuire as Brother Leonidas Austin, Michael Huesman as Brother Herman Joseph, Edward Murphy as Brother Lucian Conall, and James Roddy as Brother James Lewis.

Applicants desiring admission can now be accommodated. Address Brother Adjutor, De La Salle Institute, 35th St. and Wabash Avenue. Chicago, Ill.

Saint Michael and All Angels.

Let our love forth in praises
And the hymn our choir upraises
In the holy angels sight!
Praise is pleasant, praise befitting
When our hearts, no sin committing,
With our lips in praise unite.

Michael let all men be lauding,
None of us ourselves defrauding,
Of the gladness of to-day;
Happy day for ever telling
Of the triumph all excelling
Of the Angel's bright array!

Off is the old dragon driven,
And his legion, foes of heaven,
Put to ignominious flight:
In confusion the confuser
Is expelled, and man's accuser
Hurled from heaven's utmost height.

Whene'er Michael help is given,
Peace on earth and peace in heaven,
Praise and jubilation, reign;
'Tis his valour, might commanding,
For the common weal upstanding,
Triumphs on the battle plain.

Prompting to sin's disgrace,
Thrust out from heaven's race,
Through the air's boundless space
Satan walks to and fro watching with many a wile,
Breathless he in poison vile,
But guards at hand his guile utterly overthrow.

Hierarchies three in heaven
Are to ceaseless worship given,
And to ceaseless harmony:
Neither doth their adoration
Nor their hymns without cessation,
Stay their ceaseless ministry.

O what wondrous love's volition
Is this thrice thre-fold division
Of the heavenly kingdom's host,
Man so loving and protecting
As from men to be selecting
What it of its own hath lost!

As 'mongst mankind we see diversities of grace,
So orders will there be of varied rank and place,
The righteous glorious need:
One glory hath the sun, another pale moonlight;
The stars shine forth, each one
With its glory bright; so shall the risen dead!

Let the old man, and the earthy,
Be renewed in fashion worthy
Of angelic innocence:
He may hope then in the sequel
To be crowned as their co-equal,
Though not pure from all offense.

Never ceasing to obey them,
Let us pious honour pay them,
That we may their help obtain;
All devotion so sincere
To the angels brings us near,
And God's love for us will gain.

Therefore, breaking silence never
On heaven's secret things meanwhile,
Thither let us lift up ever
Hearts with hands all pure from guile;

That co-heirs the courts of heaven
Thus may deem us fit to be,
And by both due praise be given
To Divine grace equally!
To the Head all glory be,
'Mongst the members unity.—Amen.

ADAM OF S. VICTOR.



Some Recent Books

Dr. T. MacDougal, Assistant Director of the New York Botanical Gardens, writing in the *Open Court* for August on the subject of Hugo de Vries' theory of Mutation says:

"The history of the studies upon which the mutation theory is chiefly based forms one of the most inspiring chapters in the history of natural science. Twenty years ago Professor DeVries began bringing under observation successive generations of several species of plants in order to determine whether all of the thousands of individuals included in the progeny of one parent-plant would inherit all of the parental characters. Over a hundred species were examined in this way. Finally one was found which showed seed-sports among its progeny—individuals which in some types lacked some of the parental qualities and hence constituted retrogressive forms, and others which bore characteristics not manifested by the parent. In this momentous discovery he had happened upon one species which was in its mutative period, which might occur in the history of a species once in a century, or once in a thousand centuries, and which might extend over one season or over a hundred. With this clue he set to work to ascertain the principles governing such forms of inheritance. Greenhouses and experimental grounds were prepared and cultures tended for two decades with the most painstaking and microscopic care. Every precaution was taken to exclude the interference of the wind, insects, birds and other agencies in pollination and fertilization. Exact pedigree-cultures were carried through two decades with a degree of care not hitherto used in any culture of plants. It is impossible to set forth the enormous amount of detail to be kept in mind and organized in such experimental observations. It may only be cited as an illustration that in some seasons the packet of seeds, each representing a separate experiment, and requiring separate notes, reached into the thousands. Furthermore the striking character of the results to be tested made it necessary that the experimenter himself should perform the commonest operations of gardening, in the way of weeding, watering, etc., in order that a line of descent might be traced through an unbroken series of years without a trace of doubt as to the purity of its lineage. The splendid results derived

from a collation of these observations well justify the work spent in obtaining them, constituting as they do the most important contribution to organic evolution since the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species*.

The series of lectures delivered by Hugo de Vries on this subject, delivered at the University of California are now published in handsome book-form by the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, under title. *SPECIES AND VARIETIES; THEIR ORIGIN BY MUTATION*. These lectures will be read with interest by scientific enquirers.

Frederick, Bishop of Beauvais, in a letter to L. Abbe Henri Bolo, author of a treatise on the sublimity of PRAYER, says of that eloquent doctrinal work: "I find united in your works Scriptural knowledge and personal inspiration, woven with consummate art. You grasp so clearly the meaning and the words of Holy Scripture, that by your writings your readers are reminded of those old commentaries in which it is difficult to discern where the interpretation begins or where the Sacred text ends. * * * Wisely avoiding new doctrines as regards the matter, you have admirably succeeded in presenting them under new form."

This excellent treatise on *Prayer* translated by Madame Cecilia, is published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

I will only bid you study three books, and they will last your life. The first book is God. Look up into the face of God. Live in the light of His presence. Walk to and fro in your daily life amidst the perfections of God, of His justice, of His sanctity, of His purity, of His truth, of His mercy, of His justice, of His beauty, until, by walking in the midst of that light, you receive some of its brightness, and read all things by its clearness. The next book is Jesus Himself. This is what St. Paul meant when he said: "I account all things to be loss for the excellent knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." He meant that he set before himself the life of his Master, that he read beneath the outward life, and entered into the mind of Jesus Christ, that he made the Sacred Heart of Jesus to be the manual of his contemplation. And the third and last book is your own self. When you have the light of God and the vision of the perfections of Jesus Christ in your intellect, then look into your own hearts. See what is your own state, and shape, and color in the sight of God. The study of these three books will light up in you a threefold science; the science of God, the science of Jesus, and the science of self-knowledge.—*Cardinal Manning*.

IRELAND'S STORY, abridged in text-book form for the use of schools, reading circles and general readers, is a timely publication recently issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Under the joint authorship of Charles Johnston and Carita Spencer, the volume is a presentation in a fresh, living, and popular form of ancient traditions, bearing upon the beginnings of early races, the consideration of Ireland's wealth of literature, of her glorious national life and her dramatic struggle for the maintenance of her Faith. The story of Ireland's torture since the days of Henry the Eighth, appeals to all lovers of liberty, for therein are revealed the principles of religion and patriotism that have withstood the cruel brutality of despotic English misrule. This delightfully-written story includes present-day happenings in the "British Empire." It is especially recommended to would-be smart people and sneering infidels who condemn Ireland unheard; or, worse still, who have judged and sentenced her according to the false testimony of her most malignant enemy. The book is beautifully illustrated throughout.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOLAR'S INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE, by Arnold Harris Matthew, revised by the Very Reverend W. A. Sutton, S. J., Rector of Mungret College, Limerick, comes from the publishing house of Benziger Brothers, New York.

The present volume, intended by its author as an introduction to English literature, admirably suits the purpose; it is invaluable to the Catholic student, as it includes biographical sketches of Catholic writers, with reference to their works, which have been omitted from the handbooks of English literature in general use. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has been touched upon; and, in consideration of its discussion in the literary world, the author gives a list of books *pro* and *contra* the authorship of Bacon; these arguments on either side will be gladly hailed by the teacher who is endeavoring to keep his class in "literature" down to date!

THE SUFFERING MAN-GOD OR THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST RESPLENDENT IN HIS SUFFERINGS, by Pere Seraphin, is a collection of beautiful meditations on the Passion of Our Divine Lord. The present translation by Lilian M. Ward, reveals the profound thought and practical piety of the author. The book is admirably adapted for the use of members of religious communities and for lay persons.

Benziger Brothers, New York have brought out the book in excellent style and convenient form.

A GLEANER'S SHEAF, Thoughts in Prose and Verse, compiled by a member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo, is an attractive pocket booklet on devotional subjects, published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

Music.

The Boston Music Company, Boston, has recently published the following: ETUDE IN A MINOR, for the piano, by Adolf Blassmann, edited and arranged by Louis Bachner; ENDORS-MOI, arranged by Pierre Devoy on the melody of Edwin Green's celebrated song, SING ME TO SLEEP; HALF A DOZEN WONDERFULS, GRADE 1, for the piano, with little verses by Florence Maxim; No. 2, THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK, and No. 6, THE ROCKING HORSE, are charming little compositions, fit to capture a young child's fancy.

The vocal compositions are: PEACE OF GOD (duet for sop. and alto), arranged by Leigh Kingsmill, from the original melody by Gounod; LEAD KINDLY LIGHT, Cardinal Newman's great poem arranged to a finely sustained melody, by Francis Bohr; TO THEE, O GOD, a sacred song for contralto, by Robert Nicolls; two songs for soprano voice by F. S. Converse: No. 1, ECHO, (poem by Rosetti), and melody ranging through many keys of means of modulations; No. 2, ASK ME NO MORE (Tennyson); IF SHE BUT KNEW, by Edwin Greene, in four keys; English and German text and violin or cello obligato *ad libitum*; THERE IS A GARDEN, by Edwin Greene, in four keys, English and German words. This is a pretty melody with an Irish lilt to it; VOICES OF THE PAST, by Ed. Greene, a good song in four keys, English and German text and violin or cello obligato; KING BABY, words by Lawrence; ALMA-TADEMA, set to music by G. W. Lunt; THE SOLAR MONDAY, a catchy little encore song by G. W. Lunt; THINE FOR LIFE, (English text), by Mascheroni, a fine, broad song written in his usual attractive vein in four keys; APRIL, LAUGH THY GIRLISH LAUGHTER, for high voice, by George L. Osgood; THE MERMAID AND THE TAR, humorous song in three keys, by Fabian Rose; GYMNASTIQUE VOCALE, exercises for the Development and Flexibility of the Voice, by A. Giraudet of the Opera Paris, Professor of the National Conservatory of Music and Declamation, Paris,—a very good treatise consisting of exercises on scale, arpeggio and trill; ODE TO SLEEP, Op. 79, No. 1, Wm. Berger, a fine quartette for male voices, unaccompanied; THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES (with violin

obligato), a quartette for male voices, prettily harmonized; **ALMA MATER**, a good college quartette for men's voices, unaccompanied; **TE DEUM LAUDAMUS**, in A flat, by Benjamin Whelpley, with English words; **Three Easter-Carols**, by A. Train-Soule: 1—**THE LITTLE FLOWERS CAME THRO' THE GROUND**; 2—**GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGELS**; 3—**ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! FROM EVERY STORMY WIND THAT BLOWS**, and **COME, SEE THE PLACE WHERE JESUS LAY** (Easter Anthem), by Geo. A. Burdett; **MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN** (words by Ed. Everett Hale), a vigorous two-step by Benjamin Whelpley; **SONG OF THE CHRIST CHILD**, by Geo. L. Osgood.

William A. Pond & Co., New York, are the publishers of a treatise of short pieces for the organ, entitled **ORGAN GEMS**. It consists of Modern Gems, Preludes, Postludes, Hymns, Wedding, Festive, National and Requiem Music, compiled in convenient form by Albert W. Berg. They are principally for soft stops. It is a most useful book and all organists should examine it and have one at hand for ready use. The fourth series of *The Musical Writing Book*, is a collection of exercises for acquiring a practical familiarity with **ELEMENTARY HARMONY**, by Prof. H. G. Tiepke. This is excellent for young harmony classes. The **WAGNER-LISZT ALBUM**, Edition Pond, consists of select excerpts from the Wagner Operas, fingered and revised for piano solo by the eminent pianist, S. B. Mills; the numbers are as follows: **LOVE SCENE** (Lohengrin); **BALLADE** (Flying Dutchman); **ELSA'S DREAM** (Lohengrin); **BEAUTIFUL EVENING STAR** (Tannhauser); **MARCH** (Tannhauser); **SACRED MARCH** (Parsifal). Three sacred songs: No. 1—**THE GLORIOUS MOON**, a strong Easter Song of high emotional power for soprano, in E flat, by Daniel Protheroe; No. 2—**JUST FOR TO-DAY**, for mezzo-soprano, by John B. Marsh; No. 3—**OH, TENDER AND SWEET WAS THE MASTER'S VOICE**, simple in style, melodious and of easy compass; for soprano or tenor in B flat; alto or bass in A flat. **MY DIN SWEET LASS**, from "Cap and Gown," by Marion Hubbard; **CUPID'S ART**, for medium voice, simple and pleasing, by Samuel Aronson; **TWINKLING STARS**, by Chas. J. Wilson, and **ELEEBE**, by Ione Hoiles Marston; these are two gay, rollicking marches and two-steps.

Of Octavo Sacred Music we found **SAVIOUR BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING**, mixed quartette for four soli voices, by J. Christopher Marks; **AWAKE, YE SAINTS, AWAKE!** quartette with solos for soprano.

tenor and bass, by John B. Marsh; NOW IS CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD, soprano solo and mixed quartette, by Harvey B. Gaul; BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL, and IF ANY OF YOU LACK WISDOM, two fair quartettes by H. P. Danks; A RHYME, A RHYME FOR EASTER TIME, an Easter Carol by H. B. Day; EASTER CAROL ANNUAL No. 37, a collection by various authors: CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN, by Jos. Rosenthal; EASTER HYMN, by Wm. A. Pond Jr.; ALLELUIA TO THE KING, by Rev. B. E. Backus; HAIL THE PRINCE AND LORD OF LIFE, and ON WINGS OF LIVING LIGHT, by G. W. Warren.

The Chas. L. Partee Music Co., of New York, has recently published: FUDGES—a dashing march and two-step by Lee B. Grabbe; THE FLOWER OF MEXICO, LA FLOR DE MEXICO—a captivating intermezzo by the eminent bandmaster, Carlos Carti, playable in all combinations; THE RAGTIME CRAZE, another of our popular two-step arrangements, full of vigor and spirit, and not difficult.

From the John Church Co., Cincinnati, we have received the following songs: THE MYRTLE AND STEEL, and song for baritone, THE OLD KIRK-YARD, both of J. Lewis Browne; THE SKYLARK'S SONG, for soprano, by Dudley Buck, written in his usual satisfactory and musicianly style; INDIGNATION, by Waddington Cooke, words from the German, something of the style of D'Albert's THE MAIDEN AND THE BUTTERFLY; three songs by Wm. G. Hammond, as follows: MESSIAH VICTORIOUS, an Easter song, with broad chord accompaniment and good climaxes; CUPID'S WINGS, a vivacious song for high and low voice; CLOUD SHADOWS, an attractive melody over an interesting accompaniment; MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL, poem by J. F. Waller, music by Max Heinrich. While the song is dedicated to David Naves, the entire work is dedicated to the eminent singer, David Bispham. It consists of a recitation a la melodrama, set to a melodious piano accompaniment, interspersed with a solo for mezzo-soprano voice. The entire work may be played as a piano solo.

Calendar for September.

1.—S. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr.

2.—S. Stephen, King of Hungary. Obedience to the Holy See. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

3.—First Sunday of the month. B. Guala, Bishop, Spirit of Charity. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit Rosary Altar; prayers, (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers; (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

4.—Octave day of S. Augustine.

5.—B. Catherine of Racogni, O. P., Virgin. Peace. Anniversary of deceased Friends and Benefactors of the Dominican Order.

6.—B. Bertrand of Garrigua, O. P., Priest. Devotion to the souls in Purgatory. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

7.—S. Rose of Viterbo, O. S. F., Virgin. Contemplation.

8.—The Nativity of Our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

9.—S. Monica, Widow, (from May 4), Mother of S. Augustine. Perseverance in prayer. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

10.—Second Sunday of the month. The Holy name of Our Blessed Lady. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

11.—B. Giles, O. P., Priest (from May 14).

12.—BB. Alphonsus, O. P., and companions, Martyrs (from June 1); Fortitude.

13.—S. Angela, Virgin (from June 8). Votive Mass of the Rosary.

14.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

15.—Feast of S. Dominic in Suriano.

16.—B. Imelda Lambertini, O. P., Virgin, Patroness of First Communicants. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

17.—Third Sunday of the month. The Stigmata of S. Francis Assisi. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

18.—SS. Cornelius, Pope, and Cyprian, Bishop, Martyrs.

19.—S. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento, and his companions. Joy in the Faith.

20.—Ember day. B. Francis Possados, O. P., Priest. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

21.—S. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.

22.—Ember day. B. John Dominic, O. P., Priest (from June 10).

23.—S. Thecla, Virgin and Protomartyr. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

24.—Last Sunday of the month. Our Lady of Mercy. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

25.—S. Thomas of Villanova, O. of the Rosary three times a week. S. A. Bishop and Doctor. Love of study.

26.—B. Dalmatius Moner, O. P., Priest, (Observance of Rule) Silence.

27.—S. Barnabas, Apostle, (from June 11) Charity.

28.—S. Joseph Cupertino, O. F. M., Priest, Humility.

29.—S. Michael Archangel. Zeal for God's glory.

30.—S. Jerome, Priest and Doctor of the church. Love of Holy Writ.

The Patron Saints for the Living Rosary of this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Cornelius, P. M.; S. Wenceslas, M.; S. Ida, W.; S. Firmismus, B. S. Rosalia, V. The Five Sorrow-Mysteries—S. Maurice, M.; S. Cosmas, M.; S. Thecla, V. M.; Michael, Archangel; S. Regina, V. M. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Matthew, Evang.; S. Editha, V.; S. Jerome, C. D.; S. Justina, V. M.; S. Justus, B.

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The Missionary Travels of Father Jacques Marquette.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

XII.

From the first voyage of Columbus to that of the last of the Catholic discoverers and explorers of the New World, religious zeal and spiritual energy in the pursuit of the one dominant purpose of spreading the light of Christian civilization amongst the benighted natives, had been the incentive and impetus to about all their efforts and achievements. Though Champlain was dead ere Marquette was born, and Joliet and La Salle first saw the light about six years after Champlain's death, yet the Canadian atmosphere was still redolent of his helpful influence, and the memory of his Christian kindnesses was still fresh in the minds of the Indians when, in 1666, Father Jacques Marquette was sent out from France to the Canadian Missions. After studying the Montagnais language he was sent to one of the Upper Lake Missions in 1668. Here, in little more than one year's study, he mastered six Indian languages.

From the day that Father Marquette had gained sufficient geographical knowledge of the country further southwest, his purpose to explore the banks of the Mississippi River was strengthened. His prayers and invocations to the Blessed Virgin had been mostly for her intercession with God to obtain the favor of enabling him to visit the Nations bordering on that great river. Then, in the very first entry of his journal of the voyage thither, he states, "The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin . . . —this very day was precisely that on which M. Joliet arrived with orders from Count Frontenac, our Governor, and from M. Talon, our intendant, to go with me on this discovery."

With an outfit of two birch-bark canoes, some supplies of Indian corn and smoked meat and a crew of five men, they set out on the seventeenth of May on their journey toward the great river which Mar-

quette had promised to name the Immaculate Conception in the event of "the Holy Virgin Immaculate's" granting them the favor of discovering it. By means of information obtained from friendly Indians, they had previously drawn crude maps of their projected route. Passing through the Straits of Michillimacinac they coasted along the north shore of Lake Michigan which at that season must have been pleasant sailing. Landing, toward evening, they built their camp-fire near the dividing line of lake and forest, where they cooked and ate their simple meal, then rested for the night. On reaching the Menomonie River they presently came to the village of the Menomonies, or wild rice tribe of Indians.

These friendly natives, on learning of the missionaries' destination, exhausted their vocabulary in an effort to urge them to abandon their voyage. The tribes along both banks of the Mississippi were ferocious savages, who murdered or scalped every stranger coming to their country; a mighty demon, whose terrible roar was heard far and wide, abode in the river's depths; and, even if they escaped the tomahawks, this demon would devour or engulf them. But Marquette, paying little heed to their warnings, gave them a few wholesome lessons in the truth of religion, taught them what prayers they could learn in the time he had to spend among them, and proceeded with his party on the journey. After a brief rest at the Mission, at the head of Green Bay, they dragged their canoes wearily up the swift rapids to Lake Winnebago, which they crossed to a river beyond, down which they went on to the country of the Mascontins and Miamis, which they reached on the seventh of June. These tribes had been joined by the Kickapoos, since they had been visited by Father Daklon and Allouez. The natural beauty of their surroundings was a source of real delight to Father Marquette, but still more so was the big cross which they presently discovered, decorated with deer skins, red girdles, bows and arrows—Indian offerings to the great French Manitou. A council of chiefs and elders was called by Marquette on reaching the town. As soon as they had assembled Joliet told them that he had been sent by the Governor of Canada to discover new countries, and God had sent Marquette to teach His Divine truth to themselves. The chiefs freely consented to furnish trusty guides asked for by Joliet, and the travelers went their way, conducted by two Indians.

At last, on the morning of the seventh of June, they came in sight of level plains fringed by steep hills; and, as they proceeded, their delighted gaze rested on the broad river flowing past heavily-wooded heights, through ever-sounding solitudes, never before trodden by foot of a white man. Launching their canoes upon the waters of the long-sought river, "with a joy which I cannot express," wrote Marquette, they drifted with and paddled down the swift current through fresh

and diversified scenery charming to the adventurous voyagers. About sunset of each day they landed on the river bank, made a fire to cook their evening meal, which after having eaten, they put out the fire and again embarked; paddling a mile or so further down, they anchored their canoes, and, with a man on the lookout, rested till morning.

In this manner they descended the Mississippi for more than two weeks without seeing a living soul save one another. Then they saw human footprints in the western bank of the river, which led them to a well-trodden pathway inland. Leaving their men in charge of the canoes, Marquette and Joliet started on foot to follow this path. They had gone about two leagues through the shade of the forest, and a little distance along a stretch of prairie, when they sighted an Indian village on the bank of a stream and two others standing on a more distant hill. After a brief prayer for divine aid and protection, the travelers advanced toward the village till they could hear human voices in the wigwams. Then they stood and shouted so as to attract attention to their presence; whereupon the natives came swarming out of the wigwams, presently coming close to meet the pale-faced strangers. Holding calumets, decorated with feathers, up toward the sun, four chiefs stepped up before the travelers and stood silently gazing at them. At sight of some bits of French cloth on the chief's scanty raiment, Marquette concluded they were friends and broke the silence by asking them who they were. Offering him a peace pipe, they answered they were Illinois. Another pipe was handed to Joliet. They were then invited cordially to the village, the chiefs and people leading the way.

The great chief, standing naked at the door of his big wigwam and holding up both hands before his eyes, welcomed the guests to his country. "Frenchmen, how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us!" he saluted. "All our village awaits upon you, and you shall enter our wigwams in peace." The wigwam into which he led them was overcrowded to an intolerable heat by staring savages, with the chiefs of which the Frenchmen were obliged to smoke another calumet. This done, the guests were invited to visit the Great Chief of all the Illinois, at one of the other villages which they had seen on the hill. On the journey thither they were followed by nearly all the chiefs, warriors, squaws and children. The great high chief, standing naked between two naked men, spoke his welcoming speech as the visitors came close. After another peace pipe, smoked in the crowded lodge, Father Marquette spoke in Algonquin to the assembled chiefs and men of might, declaring himself a messenger sent by the God who made them, and whom it behooved them to love, honor and obey. On concluding his religious instruction the missionary extolled the power and prerogatives of Count Frontenac.

Then, upon Father Marquette's asking for information about the

other tribes further down the river, whom they were about to go on to visit, the chief, in a neat speech, urged them to remain in his country—the river's calm was more quieting in their presence, clearer and more serene was the sky above them the more beautiful the earth beneath, and a more delicious flavor was added to the tobacco. Giving them a young slave and a calumet, he again entreated them to remain. At the great festival which followed they were fed, by the master of ceremonies, with Indian meal, porridge cooked in bear grease, as infants are fed with a spoon. The second course was fish, from which the same person picked out the bones with his fingers, and blowing the bits thus made edible, put them in the mouths of the guests with his fingers. A well-cooked and highly-seasoned dog coming on for the next course, failing to tempt their appetites, was followed by a dish of buffalo meat.

When the company had broken up the travelers went to rest on buffalo robes spread on the ground by the Indians. Next morning, after the Frenchmen had breakfasted on the best that the great chief's larder afforded, he again importuned them to remain with his tribe. In following their projected course down the river they but courted death at the hands of the more savage tribes living along its lower banks. But all his blandishments and warnings were to no purpose; and, when the good Father gave them his blessing and, with Joliet, got on his feet to go, the chief himself heading an escort of six hundred of his braves, saw their guests safely afloat in their canoes, bidding them a kindly God-speed.

In his journal Father Marquette gives some vivid descriptions of striking scenes which they passed under carved by the elements in the rock cliffs on the east Side. On the flat face of one tall cliff was painted, in crude native craft, a pair of manitous, or Indian gods. He describes them as a pair of monsters, as large as calves, painted in red, black and green, with horns like a deer, red eyes, a head like a tiger's, and a frightful expression of countenance. The face is something like that of a man, the body covered with scales and the tail so long that it passes entirely round the body, over the head and between the legs, ending like that of a fish. So variously and deeply had he and his companions been impressed by this crude specimen of native art, that for hours following they continued to discuss it, till they were aroused from their reflections by the sound and turbulence of rushing waters. They had come upon the swirling confluence of the two great rivers, the Mississippi and Missouri, upon which their light canoes were tossed about as nimbly as chaff in a summer whirlwind.

Like all great explorers and pioneer missionaries, Father Marquette was an idealist, something of a dreamer, and more of a mysticist. On his map he names the Missouri Pikitanoui, and, on its banks, just above the Osages, he locates a tribe of that name. Long before his

fatal illness, he had judged, from its course, that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, and he hoped, some day, to reach the long-sought South Sea by way of the Missouri.

Down they drifted, past the present site of St. Louis—then a dense forest—till they came to the mouth of the Ohio (beautiful river); and still onward, through low shores, overgrown with tall cane, waving its pale green foliage in the almost stifling haze of the midsummer day. They had seen no traces of men for weeks. At night the mosquitoes gave them little rest whether they camped in the wood or came back to the shore, or lay in the bottoms of their canoes, at anchor in the river.

One day, when they had their sails spread for awnings and were drifting down with the current, they saw a party of Indians on the shore close aboard. Marquette, on the impulse of momentary surprise, held up before them the calumet given him by the great Illinois chief as a symbol of peace. It had the happy and desired effect of winning pacific signs and an invitation to land, from the men on shore. The invitation was, of course, accepted; and, on coming closer, the Frenchmen saw that the natives were armed with knives, guns and hatchets. But their fears were presently allayed by the European cloth garments worn by some of the natives, who escorted them to their wigwams, and after smoking the obligatory peace-pipe, sat them down to a sumptuous feast of buffalo meat, bear's oil and white plums. For their hospitality and information of their route downward, the Father gave them double return of spiritual instruction and his blessing. Then the Indians assured the travelers, as they went, that they would reach the mouth of the river in ten days.

Their next surprise, some three hundred miles further down, was the sight of a native village on the west bank of the river, and the simultaneous yelling of the villagers' war-whoop rent the explorers' ears. They saw, with a shiver, the native braves snatch up their weapons and run for the shore to slay the invaders. Father Marquette's prayers for Divine aid were united by those of Joliet and their men. Their retreat was cut off by several canoe loads of armed savages, who put out to intercept them, while other armed braves ran out from shore to the attack. They paid no heed to the Father's upheld calumet, but strung their bows and aimed their arrows for the deadly attack; when the timely arrival of older warriors, who, at sight of the peace-pipe, saved the explorers' lives, by bidding their frenzied youth not to fire. One war-club, hurled by a young savage, had passed harmlessly over the Frenchmen's heads. A friendly invitation from the old warriors to Marquette and Joliet to come on shore was cheerfully accepted. They were received with the usual native cordiality and feasted on the choicest viands prepared with the greatest skill known to the native culinary art. After resting over night in their hosts' wigwams, the

travelers embarked and proceeded on their way early next morning. Some eight leagues further on they came near a village of an Arkansas tribe, to which word of their coming, from their late hosts, preceded them. A canoe, with a naked chief standing in her bow, holding up a calumet, making friendly gestures and singing softly, put out to meet them. On landing at the village, standing on the east side opposite the mouth of the Arkansas River, they were led to the front of the great chief's lodge. The ground, beneath a sort of scaffold where they were halted, was carpeted with rush-matting; upon this they were given signs to be seated; the more exalted braves formed a semi-circle about them, close to which the elders, first, then the other numerous body of the tribe lined up.

Presently Father Marquette discovered that one of the men spoke good Illinois; he began a lucid instruction in the divine truths of the Faith which he had come to reveal to them. He had, of course, first distributed the presents indispensable to such occasions. When he had finished his religious teaching he besought information concerning the tribes further down the river. They were warlike tribes, armed with guns obtained from white men, they told him; and the Arkansans stood in such dread of them that they dared not venture upon their hunting grounds.

These Arkansans had knives and hatchets of their own make. They had beads and other trinkets of traffic with Spaniards or French. After feasting all day in entertainment of their stranger guests, a scheme was laid to kill and rob them that night. But this was detected and defeated by their great and more humane chief, who subsequently came to their wigwam, smoked with them the calumet and danced a peace dance, to assure them of their safety.

Fathers Marquette and Joliet, after deep deliberation, decided that they had descended the Mississippi far enough to determine the essential fact that it was not into the Gulf of California, the Vermilion Sea, nor into the Atlantic Ocean, but into the Gulf of Mexico that the river emptied itself. Some fears of hostile Indians had a little weight, too, in shaping their decision to start on their return to Canada to report their discoveries.

They began their homeward journey July the seventeenth. The up-stream course, against a steady adverse current, was as toilsome as it was slow and fatiguing. Not many days had they been subjected to this toil, scorching midsummer heat and miasmatic exhalations of the riverside morasses, when Father Marquette fell ill with dysentery. After weeks of this struggle they finally reached the mouth of the Illinois River, into which they steered and drifted down with its fresher current.

Stopping at the Illinois village of Kaskaskia, they were cordially

welcomed by the chief and his following of young braves, who, having entertained them with the usual native hospitality, offered to guide them to the great Lake of the Illinois (Michigan). Under this guidance they reached the lake in safety and pursued their homeward way along its shores, reaching Green Bay late in September. Father Marquette's strength was now so exhausted that he decided to remain there to recuperate, while Joliet went on to Quebec to report progress to the Governor. Full of hope and anticipation of honors to come from Count Frontenac, to serve whom faithfully was Joliet's dominant ambition, the intrepid young Frenchman hastened his journey eastward. He had surmounted every difficulty and danger to almost within sight of his goal, when, at the foot of the rapids of La Chine, just above Montreal, his canoe upset; two of his men and a boy were drowned, all his papers and records were lost, and he barely escaped with his own life. The heroic devotion of this rare spirit to the service of his noble patron and the cause of spreading Christian civilization among the native tribes of the great West, is best expressed by his own words, which conclude the report of his loss to Frontenac: "Nothing remains to me but my life and the ardent desire to employ it in any service which you may be pleased to direct."

Father Marquette, at the Green Bay Mission of his order, convalesced slowly throughout the following winter, spring and summer. But, in the fall, his health improved so satisfactorily that he asked and obtained the permission of his superior to undertake the foundation of a mission in the chief town of the Illinois tribe, which he had formerly planned to name the Immaculate Conception. Having completed his arrangements, accompanied by two Frenchmen, who had journeyed with him on his great voyage of discovery, a band of Pottawattamies and another of Illinois, he started on the twenty-fifth of October. His fleet of ten canoes made good headway to a portage through the forest, which was crossed to Lake Michigan. But the storms of mid-November were already lashing the waters of the great lake into frequent billowings of rage, which drove the canoes to seek shelter in chance havens. Yet, they put to sea again the hour that the storms abated and pushed ahead till they reached the river Chicago, entered it, and paddled a couple of leagues inland, where they rested.

For some days before their landing, Father Marquette's disease had grown worse; and, being attacked by a hemorrhage, he told his companions that this would be his last journey. They began to build a log-cabin near the river to protect their feeble pastor from the storms and the piercing cold. He, meantime, gave much of his attention to the devotions of his societies' saintly founder, thus inducing his companions to frequent and practical spiritual exercises.

Buffalo, deer and wild turkey were abundant near their cabin,

for the shooting of which Pierre and Jacques kept on hand an ample supply. From their camp, some eighteen leagues distant, came two French traders to visit and serve Father Marquette as best they might; so he was never without faithful and devoted attendants. His one ardent desire in life was now to see the foundation of his mission laid; to that end he induced his friends to unite with him in a nine-days' *novena*. This was scarcely finished when his strength began to return and his disease to leave him. Early in March he felt able to take the road again, and on the thirteenth of that month, when the rapid rise of the river had flooded their cabin, the party lugged their canoes over the muddy portage to the Des Plains. Down this stream they drifted with the spring freshet to its confluence with the Illinois, which they descended to Kaskaskia. Here the Indians, who well remembered the Father, received him, as related by historians, "like an Angel from heaven." In a circle of five hundred chiefs and old men, behind which were gathered fifteen hundred youths and warriors, and back of these the women and children, stood Father Marquette near where Utica now stands—preaching and teaching his divine messages to all. So potent were his eloquent words that he was begged and entreated to remain always with his auditors. But he went on his way, followed by crowds of those who had importuned him to remain. He and his companions again embarked on Lake Michigan, heading their canoes for Michillimackinac. But, alas! the good Father's disease grew malignant and his strength failed him. Feeling that his mortal life was nearing its end, he urged Pierre and Jacques to land. This they did, and at once began to build for him a bark dwelling on a hill near the landing. So far gone was his strength that they had to carry him to the rude bark shelter when it was finished. He heard their confessions and gave them the Blessed Sacrament while he still had sufficient strength left, thanking God, as he did so, for His gracious permission to die in the discharge of his duty, a missionary of the faith of Christ, and a member of the Society of Jesus. Then he bade his faithful attendants take some rest, which they did. In the course of a few hours his feeble voice summoned them to his side; they found him about to breathe his last. With his dimmed eyes fastened on the crucifix, which one of them held before him, and breathing the names of Jesus and Mary, Father Jacques Marquette expired on the very highway of his active missionary labors. They buried him in a grave close by his bark wigwam, as he himself had directed just before his death. Shortly afterwards they started toward the Mission of Saint Ignace, bearing to his brother Jesuits the news of their great loss.

A year or two later, a hunting party of Ottawas, after their winter's sport about Lake Michigan, when about to start homeward in spring—just as all nature had begun to rejoice in the beauty and glory

of the opening buds and greening prairies and new leafing forests—were filled with kindly thoughts and freshened memories of him who had been their spiritual awakener and baptismal Father at Saint Esprit Mission, sought and found his grave. They exhumed the body, cleaned and dried the bones, and encased them tenderly in a casket of birch-bark; this they bore in solemn procession to one of their canoes. With this canoe in the lead of the line of twenty-nine others, the fleet proceeded toward the Mission of Saint Ignace of Michillimackinac; the hunters, as they went, sang their native funeral songs. At the mission, as they drew near, missionaries, Indians, and the rest came to the landing to receive the remains with due reverence and respect. Then the bones of Father Marquette were buried, with the solemn rites of his Order, beneath the mission church.

Tardy enough has been the justice which the United States has done to the deeds of this great pioneer explorer of her greatest river, in honoring his memory with a statue erected in the nation's capital. Not even this slight tribute was wholly spared by sacrilegious, vandal-hands. They have chipped and hawked at it in about the same spirit that the astute agnostic and infidel historians and critics have aimed their futile innuendoes at the whole body of Jesuit missionaries of the New World. Yet the renown of the hero-priests grows brighter and brighter under the searchlights of a broadening and more tolerant comprehension of historical truth which reveals their self-denying efforts and superhuman achievements; and this both for the spiritual and temporal good of the more needy masses of mankind everywhere. Like all real workers in the Lord's universal vineyard, they neither sought nor seek the applause of men. Rather was it that martyrdom which won for them the eternal crown from the hands of the great "King of Kings" to which their souls aspired. Yet, like most of the great idealists of all time, poor and neglected, scorned of men, in their own day they have become the guides for those of after generations who have nobly excelled in higher aims, who have realized something really worth while.

"Only they are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making Nations nobler, freer!"

There's many a trouble
Would burst like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

Japan To-Day.

REVEREND AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

V.

POPULATION AND STANDARD OF LIVING.

It is curious to note that in Japan, with its teeming population of 47,000,000, increasing at the rate of 600,000 a year, not more than fifteen million acres are under cultivation, as the country, being largely mountainous and of volcanic origin, offers not more than thirteen per cent of the land for the plough and the spade—less in proportion than any country in Europe. Ireland, with its twenty million acres, three-fourths of which are under crops or pasture, has exactly the same amount of cultivable land, and yet is only able to support a diminishing population of four and a quarter millions. In Ireland, the land where cows increase and men decay, we possess about ten million large quadrupeds—that is, two and a half for each unit of the population. Japan, on the contrary, is only able to feed three million quadrupeds, including 1,500,000 horses, and 1,300,000 horned cattle, making the proportion of one animal to sixteen units of the population. Carrying the contrast still further, while Ireland imports most of the cereals from abroad to feed her people, Japan not only feeds her enormous population on the same amount of cultivable land that we have, without any assistance from other countries, but is able to export agricultural produce. Japan is the most congested district in the world, the ratio of human beings to the land being twice as high as in China, with its teeming population of four hundred millions. To bring the case home to ourselves, it is just as if the whole population of England and Scotland had to live here in Ireland, and obtain their whole food supply from the area of land now under pasture and crops, no food being imported from America or any other country. In Japan the number of persons directly engaged in cultivating the land is twenty-eight millions, being in the proportion of one worker for each half acre, a density of human units to which even our most congested districts do not approach.

To account for this enormous disproportion it must be borne in mind that nearly all the cultivable land in Japan is devoted to cropping, there being but a small amount suitable for pasturage. Owing to the scarcity of animals, the work on the farms is done almost entirely by unaided human labor, as well as the haulage of agricultural produce. Moreover, rice, which is the principal food of the people, gives two prolific crops in the year, thus doubling the ordinary value of land for human needs. Owing to the smallness of the farms, every foot of ground is utilized and cultivated with the care usually bestowed upon

a garden. Again, there is not a large leisured class in Japan which preys on the vitals of the population: riches are very evenly divided among all classes, and nearly every one has to work in some way or other for the well-being of the nation. The evils of landlordism are not felt to any appreciable degree, the Government having bought out the old feudal proprietors and enabled most of the farmers to become peasant proprietors. Above all, there is no such thing as absentee landlords, like those who draw the millions of rent from us every year; no foreigner can own a foot of land in Japan. Though heavily taxed, it is they who tax themselves, and the money is spent in their own country, whereas we, after paying our just contribution, are overtaxed to the tune of three million sterling at least, for the common needs of the British Empire.

Such are a few of the reasons why Japan can support a population wholly disproportionate to ours. But the chief reason of all is their national spirit of economy as opposed to our national wastefulness—a defect we share with the English and the Americans, the nations with which we are brought most in contact. Their standard of living, their expenditure on themselves, is altogether below ours in eating, drinking, dress and amusements. We are continually talking of the poverty in Ireland; we should go to Japan to learn what poverty really is. If the paupers in our poorhouses got the food that decent Japanese families are content to live on they would look on it as a starvation diet. Our poorer classes scornfully reject the food that Nature has provided for them, and which in past years built up the bone and sinew in the country. Oats, indigenous to the soil, the cultivation of which is decreasing, are put aside in favor of white wheaten flour, imported from abroad; milk has been entirely superseded by tea, which, of course, has also to be imported; fish, with which the seas are teeming around us, is neglected as an article of diet, being regarded as an inferior food, and the working classes in the cities and towns spend an undue amount of their income on meat, which they over-value, and use wastefully. As to the varied vegetables which grow so plentifully in our climate, and supply the various elements of nourishment to the human body, there seems to be a stolid determination among the working classes, in spite of long-continued economic teaching, to have nothing to do with any except the well-known cabbage and potato.

On the other hand, the Japanese live on the rice, Indian corn, and millet, which they raise themselves; they drink their own tea, and smoke their own tobacco. They set a high value on the fish they catch around their coasts and in their lakes and rivers, and they use meat but very sparingly. They utilize as important articles of diet not only various vegetables out of which they make soups, but different kinds of seaweed and nuts. The government has been successful in introducing

and propagating several species of fruits which were not indigenous to the country, and their use is widely increasing.

I need not do more than refer to our wasteful national expenditure on intoxicating drink, except to remark that from an economic point of view it has a great share in the decrease of the population. This evil is not to be found to any great extent in Japan.

The item of expenditure on dress is far less among the Japanese than among ourselves, especially as regards the women. The constant changes of fashion among Western nations in modern times account for most of the expenditure. As fashions never change in Japan, and the national dress is simplicity itself, expense and worry are saved to a remarkable degree.

Our expensive amusements, such as elaborate theatrical displays and horse-racing, will also account for a large amount of our expenditure. As I explained in the last article, the Japanese amuse themselves in a simple fashion at very little cost. From some tables published in the *Labour World* on July 1, 1898, we can form a very good idea of the general cost of living among the working classes of Japan. The editor sent forms to be filled in by the laborers themselves, so we may rely on the accuracy of the appended tables. The first shows the income and expenditure of a skilled workman—a blacksmith—receiving 2s. 2d. daily wages, amounting to 13s. a week, or 58s. a month. He was living in a house of two rooms, and the family to be supported consisted of himself, his wife, his mother, and two sisters:

| | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------|-------|----|
| House rent, one month | 4 | 0 |
| Rice | 25 | 0 |
| Fuel and light | 4 | 6 |
| Vegetables | 4 | 0 |
| Fish | 4 | 0 |
| Saké (rice beer) | 1 | 0 |
| Soy (Japanese sauce) | 3 | 0 |
| Tobacco | 1 | 0 |
| Hair-cutting and dressing | 3 | 6 |
| Use of the public baths..... | 3 | 6 |
| Pocket money | 1 | 0 |
| Sundries | 3 | 6 |
| | <hr/> | |
| | 58 | 0 |

The comparatively large amount expended on hair-dressing and bathing shows that the family considered themselves capable of keeping up appearances.

The next specimen we give is that of an ironworker's income and expenses. His wages were 1s. a day, making his ordinary monthly in-

come 29s. 6d. a month; but, by working overtime, he had brought it up to 36s. He lived in a house consisting of two rooms, with a kitchen, and his family comprised himself, his wife and two children, aged respectively six and two years. It will be noticed that nothing is expended on saké, and that the interest on a debt was absorbing a large part of his slight income:

| | s. | d. |
|--|-------|----|
| House rent | 3 | 0 |
| Rice | 14 | 0 |
| Fuel and light | 2 | 0 |
| Vegetables | 2 | 6 |
| Fish | 2 | 6 |
| Soy | 1 | 0 |
| Tobacco | 1 | 0 |
| Hair-cutting and dressing | 1 | 0 |
| Public baths | 1 | 0 |
| Pocket money | 2 | 6 |
| Sundries (including interest on debt)..... | 5 | 6 |
| | <hr/> | |
| | 36 | 0 |

Common labor is very cheap; female servants are paid only three shillings a month, while farm laborers engaged by the year get only £3 4s. for the whole twelve months, the female laborers receiving only £1 15s. for the same period. This does not give them sufficient to buy rice and fish, so they have to live almost entirely on Indian meal and barley or millet.

In spite of their dire poverty the people are cheerful and contented with their lot, so that emigration for the sake of a more comfortable livelihood, though open to all, has not been much availed of. At present there are about 125,000 Japanese living abroad, of whom 70,000 have made their home in the Hawaiian Islands, where they have all the fisheries in their hands. About 20,000 are in the United States, principally engaged as farm laborers and servants; a few thousand in the Philippines, working as common navvies; 15,000 in Korea, and 8,000 in British territory. At the present increase of population they will be forced to emigrate in much larger numbers, as their own country will not be able to support them, even at their present low standard of living.

In contrasting our own country with Japan, I am not advocating the adoption of Japanese modes of life, or any real lowering of our own, though it must be confessed that we can learn something from them. I am merely accounting for the enormous disparity in the population of the two countries, given the same amount of cultivable land

in each. It has been said by a great political economist that, under different conditions, Ireland could support a population of twenty millions. So it could, if, other unfavorable conditions being reversed as well, it were cultivated like a garden, and the people, as formerly, lived on the produce of the soil. But these are wild theories; it is impossible to put back the hand of Time, and as long as America and other countries offer greater material advantages, our people will continue to go forth from our shores, however much we may deplore the exodus. Still something may be done to check the flow by representing to the people, that, with greater diligence in developing the soil and more economy in the use of the gifts of Nature, they may find those material advantages at home which they seek abroad, and that the country is large enough to support them all in comfort, if they will turn its advantages more to account.

AGRICULTURE.

In Japan there are no large landed proprietors. The farms are very small, being on the average about two acres in extent; twelve acres would be considered a very large holding. In fact, it may be said that there are no farms in the country; there are simply gardens. The soil is not naturally very fertile, but by great care and incessant industry is made to return good crops, producing on the average, fifty bushels to the acre. As a rule the farmer and his family work the farm without the assistance of hired labor or cattle, and as the ground is so limited in extent they are able to devote a good deal of time to the production of raw silk, and the preparation of indigo and tobacco. The chief burden the farmer has to bear is the land tax, three and a third per cent. of the assessed value of the land. Several efforts have been made to obtain a reduction of this impost, but up to the present the Government has not seen fit to make a change. The principal crop raised is rice, five millions of persons being employed in cultivating it, the average yield being 210 bushels. Barley, rye, maize, and wheat are grown to the extent of ninety-four million bushels. A great deal of the better grades of rice is exported, and rice of an inferior quality imported for home consumption. Peas, beans, potatoes, turnips, carrots, melons, egg-plants, buckwheat, onions, and beet root are also raised in abundance. Rice, which is the most important crop in the country, gives two harvests a year. It requires artificial irrigation and constant care, each plant having to be planted separately by hand in the soft mud.

Tea, which is extensively cultivated in the Southern and Middle Districts is produced to the amount of sixty-eight million pounds. It is used principally at home, but is latterly finding a large and increasing market in America. As the culture and preparation of tea involves a great deal of careful hand labor, it can only be raised profitably in densely populated countries where wages are very small.

Tobacco, introduced by the Portuguese in the seventeenth century, is also raised extensively for home consumption. The fragrant weed was at first interdicted by the Government but now its use is universal. Last year's crop was sixty million pounds.

As the making of mats forms an important industry with the Japanese, 10,000 acres are devoted to the cultivation of special matting grasses. Mat-making is one of the cottage industries practiced in the houses of the peasants. They also raise a certain amount of hemp and cotton, which they spin and weave into garments for their own use.

The Government has shown the greatest interest in the progress of agriculture; and, by teaching the peasants improved methods of cultivation, has enabled them almost to double the productiveness of the soil. Thirty-eight experimental farms have been established to diffuse a knowledge of the most advanced principles of agriculture among the people. The Government has also taken in hands the introduction and acclimatization of various foreign fruit-trees which it sells at nominal prices to the peasants and the care of the forests which cover such a large area of the country.

A Legend of the Rose of Jericho

Where passed meek footsteps of the Child Divine,
By glad obedience sent,
Where the blest Mother, gentle, pure, benign,
On kindly errands went,
Where Joseph walked, (his look the truthful sign
Of Duty's just intent,)
A smiling blossom, dewy-eyed and sweet,
Sprang up as on they trod;
It poured blest incense o'er their sacred feet,
And on the favored sod,
Gifting with store of ceaseless homage meet,
Love's guardians and their God.

And e'en till now, in far-off Eastern land,
Where'er that blossom grows,
Each townsman grave, each chief of desert band
The mystic flow'ret knows,
Naming its still (while pointing reverent hand),
"The Holy Family's Rose."

—Harriet M. Skidmore.

Most Reverend Father Cormier, Master-General of the Dominican Order.

(Translated from the French by Reverend B. McGovern, O. P.)

Henry Cormier was born in Orleans, France, December 8, 1832. His mother, while quite young, was left a widow with two sons, Eugene and Henry. Eugene, the elder, died in 1847, and from that time she lived but for her son Henry.

Henry was one of the first pupils of the Seminary of the Chapel at its commencement in 1846, three years before the arrival of Bishop Dupanloup. The Academy was founded in 1848. At its first session, Henry, although not a member, distinguished himself by his lecture, "Moses on the Nile"—a composition of great merit. Excelling in literature in his early years Henry was even more brilliant in the art of music. There was scarcely any instrument upon which he did not play—from the flageolet, upon which he first commenced, to the organ—the ophicleide was also included among them.

But, surpassing all instruments, in sweetness of tone, was the remarkable quality of his singing voice! Rarely, indeed, is the gift of voice such as Henry possessed as a boy, bestowed upon mortals. His delight was greatest when singing the Divine praises, on special occasions, such as the month of May, in assisting at the musical services in her honor. Modest as to his attainments, he particularly shunned all praise that savored of compliment and flattery. Of an amiable and docile disposition he was constantly joyous and gave signs of his future sanctity.

When not engaged in the culture of his voice, or in instrumental practice, he was found either drawing or painting. His mind was fixed upon a still higher art which he began to practice, saying, as a saint might say, "I paint for eternity!" To rhetoric he turned his attention for which he soon evinced a remarkable aptitude; his ready genius enabled him to accomplish prodigies in the competitive work of his classes; but the time required for conscientious study left no vacant moment for the artist.

At the Grand Seminary of New Orleans, Henry acquired a knowledge of ecclesiastical matters and developed a love of regular discipline which colored his after life. He entered eagerly and gleaned industriously in the spacious fields of philosophy and theology. But the active work of teaching Christian doctrine, so dear to Bishop Dupanloup, absorbed a great deal of his precious time; in this work he may be said to have expended his energies.

When the Concursus for theological grades opened he kept him-

self steadily in the front rank. The brilliant delivery, elegant diction and pure Latinity of the Abbe Cormier charmed Bishop Dupanloup, who awarded to him the first place. He was long remembered at the Seminary by those who had the pleasure of hearing his arguments in a theological disputation which he maintained against Pere de Ravignan. It is mentioned in the life of the Bishop of Orleans in these words: "In the argumentation between the Abbe Cormier and Pere Ravignan, the composure of the candidate, his penetration of mind, his promptness in grasping the objection and in answering it, and the mutual courtesy of the adversaries, charmed the entire audience."

In June, 1856, Henry Cormier, having been already ordained, took the Dominican habit in the Novitiate of Flavigny, receiving the name of Hyacinthe-Marie. His piety, his profound religious recollection, reflected in his serene countenance, and a happy blending of sweetness and dignity attracted all; thus he won confidence and gained friendship. Among the simple novices it was regarded as a privilege to be allowed to serve his Mass.

Under the enlightened direction of his novice-masters, Reverend P. Escalier, and, later, Reverend P. Sicard, he acquired solid virtue and the most pure Dominican spirit. In his spare moments he could be seen with a copy of the Constitutions in his hand. The mastery of the Constitutions in those days was no easy task.

Meanwhile, the precarious health of the novice pointed to the improbability of his profession. Fortunately, Reverend Father Jandel passed through Flavigny at that time. He was strongly impressed by the religious fervor of Father Cormier and by the unreserved approval of the novice-masters. The General of the Order assumed the difficulties of the case. He took Father Cormier to Rome, hoping to obtain for him a dispensation from the Sovereign Pontiff.

A trial of two years seemed necessary. During this period he filled the office of Secretary to the General. Pope Pius the Ninth had imposed as a condition that the novice should be free from hemorrhage for one month. After twenty-nine days symptoms of the miserable malady reappeared.

At the request of Father Jandel, however, the Pope consented to the admission of the novice, saying: "Since it is not for him to live under the religious habit, it will be at least for him to die under it." Reverend Father Hyacinthe-Marie Cormier made his profession on the twenty-third of May, 1859, at Santa Sabina. Immediately after his profession, Father Cormier was made sub-master of novices in that Convent. From that moment the life of this great Dominican has been spent in uninterrupted responsibilities.

In 1863, Father Jandel, wishing to make the newly-founded Convent of Corbara a nursery of model religious, sent thither Father Cor-

mier as Prior. Twenty-five years later we find the impress of the spiritual benefits accrued to the religious, and members of confraternities, through the ministrations of their holy director.

In 1865, upon the re-establishment of the Province of Toulouse, Father Cormier was instituted Provincial; in 1869 he was unanimously re-elected; his powers were prolonged until 1874.

In 1874 he was elected Prior of the Convent of Marseilles, where he completed the building of the church and convent. He was re-elected Prior in 1877. In 1878 he was elected, for a second time, Provincial of Toulouse.

In 1879 Pope Leo the Thirteenth deemed it advisable that the Order, which had been temporarily administered by a Vicar, should elect a General, the electors, unable to assemble in General Chapter, sent their votes in writing. Of the three names proposed to the electors, Father Cormier's received flattering recognition. Father Larocca was elected.

From 1882 till 1888 Father Cormier filled the office of Prior of Toulouse. He had declined, in 1887, the Priorship of Marseilles. In 1888 he laid the foundation of a new Convent at Biarritz and created for it, by his efforts, a sympathetic interest that it still retains. In 1890 he occupied a new priorate at S. Maximin. Elected Definitor of the General Chapter of Lyons in 1891, he received in it a large number of votes for the office of General. Father Fröiwurth was elected; he recognized the evident testimony to the worthy qualities of the Definitor from Toulouse, and, accordingly, called him to Rome, as his socius.

When Father Ciconagi vacated the office of Procurator of the Order by his acceptance of the Secretaryship of the Index, Father Cormier was appointed Procurator, in rank of dignity, the second in the Order.

As a member of many Roman congregations, Father Cormier received at Rome marked consideration. Leo the Thirteenth and Pius the Tenth entrusted to him many delicate missions. It was with utmost satisfaction that the Holy Father received the news of Father Cormier's election to the Generalship. The apostolic activity of the new General of the Dominican Order, which had been exercised in all grades of power, may be said to be a long preparation for the responsibilities of his present office.

He gave innumerable retreats to religious men and women; his retreats for ecclesiastics were marked with fruitfulness. In spite of the weakness of his constitution he preached with success and won by his eloquence. To his energy and zeal was brought about the beatification of Reginald of Orleans, Bertrand Garrigua, Diana, Raymond of Capua and Andrew Abellon.

His exquisite taste for sacred music prompted him to direct the

restoration of the Dominican chant in the Province of Toulouse. Seated at the organ he would sustain the chant, correct mistakes and improvise most charmingly. The Abbe Liszt, once having heard him play, pronounced him a master in his art.

Father Cormier has written numerous ascetical works, among which may be mentioned "Instruction of Novices," "Fundamental Retreat," "Three Progressive Retreats," "Ecclesiastical Retreats," "The Tertiaries Friend," "Thoughts Upon the Attributes of God," and the "Life of Father Jandel." This last-named work was written in the loving spirit of filial piety. Happy son of so worthy a spiritual Father.
Ad multos annos!

Alpha and Omega.

CECILIA URIEL DOYLE.

A glowing crimson rose once upward strove
To meet its mates which o'er it wreathed;
And as it climbed, with fragrance breathed,
"Love!—love!"

I watched a happy birdling as he wove
A dainty nest for wee eggs blue;
He shaped, and chirped in tones so true,
"Love!—love!"

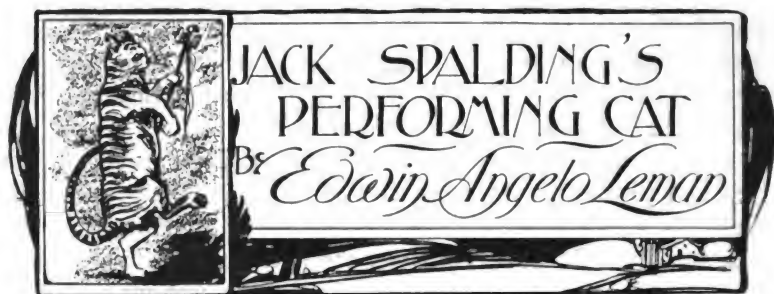
There flashed and lit a snow-white, cooing dove,
His home-cote reached, in tender tone,
He called unto his own dear one,
"Love!—love!"

There comes to mind a breeze-kissed, sun-lit cove;
A youth of strength and maiden fair;
And oft he murmurs fond words rare,
"Love!—love!"

Two shivering butterflies their bright wings move
In unison as they flit by,
Forever waving joyously,
"Love!—love!"

I listen in the night and fain would rove
Beneath the rustling, waving trees,
As low they whisper in the breeze,
"Love!—love!"

I lift my longing gaze toward Heav'n above
Whose beauty causes tears to start;
And something sings within my heart,
"Love!—love!"



Synopsis of Part One.

Jack Spalding, a farmer's son, owns a trained cat, which he exhibited at a church picnic. The animal's earnings enabled Jack to purchase a much-needed suit of clothes. The cat scores a hit in public and other engagements follow. Miss Amelia Smith, Jack's aunt, loathes the feline actor, yet is glad to benefit from Jack's income. Tiger is the cat's name. He is large and powerful, with a yellow-striped coat. His performance is suggestive of a real tiger in the jungle. Although a remarkably clever animal, he is only an ordinary home cat, fond of the kitchen fireplace when he is not on the stage.

II.

MRS. UNDERWOOD'S SORROW—THE THREAT OF MARTHA CROWE.

Among the entertainments given by Jack and Tiger was one that took place in St. Paul. Not the flourishing metropolis of Minnesota, as some of my geographical readers may imagine, but an ambitious little town, conceited, perhaps, where the inhabitants liked to be regarded as up-to-date in everything.

St. Paul had a commonplace wooden structure which it proudly called the City Hall. It was a kind of theatre, used for political meetings, voting, fairs, dances, school exercises and entertainments in general.

It was here that Jack and Tiger were to appear, and a number of well printed and striking posters hung throughout the town heralded their coming in good style. Other distributed bills promised a "great show," with the support of a number of home singers and the popular town band. The proceeds were to be devoted to repairing the school-house.

Jack and his trained cat stirred curiosity wherever they were advertised, and those who had seen their performance in neighboring places, spoke so well and amusingly of it, that it awoke a desire in others to see it also.

Tiger was a subject for serious discussion with some people. One very cautious old farmer openly declared that the cat was a fraud.

"It won't be as it looks in the pitchurs that are pasted up," he

said, knowingly. "There ain't no cat as kin do a trick like that. My cat Nig that's dead these two years, and buried back of the house, was as smart as they grow, but he couldn't do no such acts as this here Tiger pretends to do. No, siree, I ain't asleep, and they'll never see my quarter."

Another very intelligent person, a lady teacher, said she had her doubts about the cat. She was inclined to believe that Tiger was not a domestic animal at all, but a real wildcat captured and kept in restraint, and probably a dangerous animal if it should break loose.

The cat had many enemies, but their comments only served to swell the advance sale of tickets, and when the evening of the entertainment came, there was a positive crush of curious people, who good-naturedly besieged the box office and ticket taker.

Strangely enough, Miss Smith, Jack's aunt, was there, accompanied by an unpleasant person of her own type. She had returned to her first opinion of Jack and Tiger.

"Land sakes, Martha! I don't know whether we have done wisely in coming," exclaimed Miss Smith, with an effort. "If this continues I shall certainly faint. This crowd is terrible."

"Don't mention it, Amelia. Actually, my cape is being swept from my shoulders."

"I'll be thankful when we reach our seats—if we ever do get to them."

"Well, it was our duty to come, Amelia. I wouldn't have urged you coming if my conscience hadn't spoken."

"Very true, Martha. We ought to see just what my nephew is doing in public, and to take him and his parents to task if he is giving scandal."

Although Jack's aunt had of necessity benefited from Tiger's earnings by means of the rheumatism remedy and small quantities of peppermint lozenges, she was not certain, for all that, whether their performance was a legitimate one. She had talked the matter over with her bosom friend, Martha Crowe, who proposed that they both together witness Jack's entertainment in the interest of public decency.

They delayed somewhat at first, but when rumors got afloat that Jack and the cat were becoming worse, their sketch developing into the sensationalism of a "frightful dime novel," both ladies strengthened themselves for action and proceeded to St. Paul, Miss Smith first having requested and obtained complimentary tickets from Jack, who innocently thought his aunt and her friend were growing liberal in their ideas.

At length Miss Smith and Miss Crowe found their seats, where they were glad to settle and fan themselves with their programs.

"I hope to goodness no one will recognize me as being a relative of Jack's," said his aunt, glancing furtively around. "Upon my word!

if there isn't Eva Dwyer staring right at us. No doubt she thinks we are here through vulgar curiosity, and she has heard us often condemn my nephew. She has such a tongue that she will spread the news all over our neighborhood. She is one of those, too, who wouldn't accept our real motive in being present."

Miss Crowe did not reply, for at that moment she was startled by a stray piece of ginger bread, hailing evidently from the boys in the gallery and intended for nobody in particular, which landed, first on her shoulder, and then straight into her lap.

"Mercy! what's that?" she exclaimed, nervously.

"Such ruffianism!" gasped Miss Smith.

"It is positively dangerous to sit in such a crowd as this."

"I hope there are no pistols about us."

"Just suppose that had been something heavy—a stone, for instance."

"It must be that my nephew and his animal are attracting a coarse, rough class of people."

"It looks like it, Amelia."

"I hope no panic or the like will occur while we are here."

"Perhaps we should have stayed at home, after all."

"Well, we will see it out, now that we have come, Martha. Who knows but we may win a great victory? If so, the editor of the Pikeville *Independent* may devote a column to our good work."

"That's so, Amelia. We will suffer in silence until it is over."

The audience becoming impatient for the performance to begin, hand clapping grew loud and feet heavy and noisy.

The appearance of the band was the occasion for hearty applause and shrill whistling among the gallery occupants.

"We had better remove our hats, Martha. That's the style nowadays."

"I know it is, Amelia," said Miss Crowe, who disliked being considered unfamiliar with the custom. "I remember taking mine off last year at the opera house in Cedar-ton."

Both ladies unfastened headwear that might have been fashionable once upon a time, Miss Crowe assuming a knowing air as she drew out the pins.

There was melody, ragtime, jigtime and some attempt at classical music from the musicians, who ended their efforts with a grand crash.

The curtain rose and the stage performance started.

It was a lengthy program, with some good numbers and some wearying ones. In due order the star feature, Jack and Tiger, appeared, and they were given what the newspapers next day termed a "rousing reception."

Miss Smith and Miss Crowe began to tremble.

"After all, I'm wondering if I can sit through it, Amelia."

"I feel the same way, Martha. Isn't that red paint dreadfully suggestive?"

Jack's sketch had undergone many changes. It was now a convincing and thrilling act in its way, sensational in the extreme, but in no wise objectionable.

Tiger seemed to have got used to his business and he enacted his role in savage style, his realism causing several green persons in the audience to cry out audibly.

"Demoralizing!" exclaimed Jack's aunt.

"Horrible!" said her friend.

"It is on our conscience to have my nephew's play suppressed. I shall count on your assistance, Martha."

"I shall be delighted to give it, Amelia. So degenerating!"

"We will talk with his father. He's the one. My sister is too set in her views about her son. Besides, her affections blind her to his errors."

"Then let it be his father, as you propose. We two together can no doubt overcome him. In union there is strength."

As usual Jack and Tiger scored the hit of the evening, and when the entertainment was over, the audience, with few exceptions, expressed great satisfaction.

It is hard to say how Miss Smith and Miss Crowe made their exit from the hall. They tried to stay together and relieve themselves of sarcastic comments on the performance as they moved with the crowd; but fate, or rude people, rather, so pushed and jostled them that they lost each other, Miss Crowe not becoming aware of the fact until she found she had been talking by mistake to a fat lady at her elbow, who argued against Miss Crowe's criticism by declaring that the cat's performance had cured her of a bad attack of blues and that it was a cheaper means than doctors or patent medicines.

"Excuse me, I was not addressing my words to you," said Miss Crowe, stiffly. "I thought my friend was at my side."

"Pooh!" ejaculated the fat lady. "I've had my say, anyway."

After being almost carried off her feet, Miss Crowe reached the open air, where she found Jack's aunt waiting for her in great agitation.

"I verily think my pocket was picked! Would you believe it, I've lost seven cents and my coral shawl pin?"

"My stars!"

"I was carrying it in my pocket for safety, the catch was broken."

"Can't we go back and look for it?"

"Yes, but I'm of the opinion it was stolen."

They went back to search for the treasure, but in vain, and almost suffered being locked in the hall over night by the janitor, an old man of weak sight and hearing.

Miss Smith told him of her loss.

"I doubt if you'll recover it, lady. Someone must have picked it up, and very few articles find their way back to their owners. That's been my experience at the hall."

Both ladies returned to their homes, thoroughly disgusted with people and things in general, yet taking courage at the hope of a triumph at their intended interview with Jack's father.

That same evening Jack met the wealthiest man in St. Paul. His name was Denis Underwood and he was president of the town bank.

Mrs. Underwood was with him, and both greeted Jack warmly.

"We have made it a special point to see you, dear," said the banker's wife. "Indeed, hearing about you and your famous cat induced us to come here this evening. I'm very desirous for you to give an entertainment at our home as soon as you can. My principal object is that you meet our son, Vance. Can you call to have a talk with me to-morrow, Jack? I have a very confidential matter to speak on."

"Yes, Mrs. Underwood."

"Come to luncheon. We can talk alone, as Vance and his father will be absent. I'll explain matters fully then and perhaps we can set a date for the cat's appearance."

"I thank you, Mrs. Underwood. I'll be there."

"Remember, it is a most important matter I wish to see you about. It concerns Vance."

"What can it be?" thought Jack, after they had parted. "About Vance, eh! I wonder if he's been up to anything?"

Jack had heard a good deal of Vance Underwood's doings. The banker's son was a fellow of seventeen, just developing into young manhood, and rumor had it that he was a source of great trouble to his parents.

"I have never yet met Vance," reflected Jack on his way home. "I am really curious to find out just what his mother wants."

Jack kept his appointment next day. The substance of the talk was that Mrs. Underwood wished Jack to meet her son in order to form a friendship that would have a moral influence over Vance. She had heard of Jack's exemplary qualities and his devotion to the Blessed Lady.

"I know you are a good, worthy boy," she said, "and it would give me great happiness if you could convert Vance. He is simply going to his ruin. Boy though he is, he has already begun to drink, and was recently sent home from college for his misconduct."

"I understand."

"I am in hopes that he will take a liking to you and a fancy to the cat's eccentricities. Vance likes cats and, I think, will appreciate the humor and novelty of your little play. Through that, and your personal efforts chiefly, I hope to win him from his sinful ways."

"I'll see what I can do," said Jack, modestly. "Anyway, I'll try, even if I fail."

"Some good will result, I feel assured," said Mrs. Underwood. "Vance's father, as well as myself, will owe you an everlasting debt if you can lead the poor boy. It may seem odd for me to ask you, a comparative stranger, in a matter of this kind, but I felt inspired to do it. I have no one else I can turn to; that is, indirectly, for Vance absolutely ignores church matters, and said very wicked things when I urged his going to the Sacraments. We shall have to be diplomatic with him. If his father and I were to order him from home for not obeying, I believe he would go, and it is likely he would be lost altogether. I can't understand why he behaves so. He is not like most boys, who would be apt to fear parental discipline. So ask our Lady to help you, and perhaps you will succeed where we have failed."

"I've never done any missionary work," said Jack, a little embarrassed. "But I feel that I ought to make this attempt, since Vance's case has come my way."

"It would be a great charity. Of course, he won't surmise anything."

"Oh, he won't be able to guess anything from my conduct. It would spoil all if he did. He and I must become well acquainted before anything can be done. Besides, he must take to me in a friendly way. If he don't I shall fail."

It was arranged for Jack and Tiger to entertain in Mrs. Underwood's rooms on Wednesday of the coming week.

Meanwhile Jack and the cat were billed to appear elsewhere.

While preparing to lay their complaint before Jack's father, Miss Smith and Miss Crowe were horrified to see a huge poster announcing that, in addition to his regular performance, the cat would appear in a new and startling feat. Dressed in the costume of "Humpty Dumpty," he would shoot the chutes on the pond at the Crescent ballgrounds, making one of the most thrilling plunges on record.

"We must act at once, Amelia," cried Miss Crowe.

"Yes, Martha, at once. If the boy's father won't listen to me, I'll threaten to leave the Spalding roof, even if I have to go to the poorhouse."

"If all else fails," whispered Martha Crowe, significantly, "wouldn't it be a good idea if that cat, *accidentally*, by the way, were to swallow a tempting dose of poison?"

"Martha!"

"I say it, Amelia. It would be a benefit to our young people if that miserable cat were under the ground. And it wouldn't take much to make me do the work myself."

(To be continued.)

Simple Talks to Boys and Girls.

Perhaps some of you thought I was a little too exacting last month when I seemed to lay down a set of rules for your deportment at school. I fancy I hear you say that if I were a boy myself I couldn't walk such a straight line; that I shouldn't be such a model as I tell others to be. I'm sure you won't doubt that I was once a boy, and (let me whisper it) I was by no means a model one. In fact, I'm thankful there are no teachers of my early days around who can go into details about my daily life in the class-room. I tell this little bit against myself because I want you to profit by my sorry experiences. Looking backward, I can see plainly that when things did not go smoothly, the fault was my own, although then I used to blame everybody else, from the principal down to the janitor.

I do not wish you to think me too strict. No boy, or girl, either, can be perfect. Do what you can, show a good will, and you will glide naturally into the right way. If you should slip occasionally, get up again and determine to do better.

Have you a well-furnished or a shabby home? It seems a strange question for me to ask, does it not? It certainly isn't curiosity with me. If you have a richly appointed home, I congratulate you. It may be that you are vainly pleased when others of your companions see how fashionably your parents' house is kept. Possibly others of you would dread a call from a well-to-do friend, because your home is old-fashioned and worn-looking. This is mostly the case with poor girls who are proud. Don't be foolish. Enjoy your home, even if it be only a funny little "shanty" with hand-me-down things. If it would make you miserable to have your wealthy acquaintances see where and how you live, simply don't invite them to your home, and if any underbred persons used to fine surroundings, should be so rude as to criticise, don't let it worry you. Yes, enjoy your home. Take comfort in the queer little parlor, even though it may look as if Noah once occupied it. Get all the pleasure you can out of the serenely plain sitting-room. Don't cheat yourself for the sake of other's opinions. A home is a home. It's the spirit of the inmates that makes or mars the happiness to be found there. If you are poor and ambitious and imagine that luxury brings pleasure, bear in mind that many beautifully decorated homes where money is plentiful, are very unhappy, and the families envy the peace and contentment existing in plain places. Have you ever passed an old little home, say, at Christmastide, in a poor neighbor-

hood? It may have been at night. The curtains were drawn and a cheerful light glowed through them. There were happy voices and perhaps the lively music of a harmonica or an accordion. I have often passed such places, and I don't think I could have resisted the invitation if some one had come out and invited me into the cozy interior. I know young persons of wealthy families who delight in entering such homes for an evening's pleasure. This wouldn't be the case if those in poorer circumstances were to exclude their prosperous friends through pride or shame.

Is your home really so poor as you think it is? Very likely you have unseen treasures in it, or if you do see them you don't appreciate them. Count yourself rich if you have an affectionate, considerate mother, who is trying to make things comfortable and happy; and count yourself cruel if you murmur for not being better off. I say cruel, because it means a deep wound to your mother when those for whom she is trying hard to provide complain. Grumbling people are never happy anywhere, and the more one strives to please them, the more they find fault.

It would do some of murmuring boys and girls a lot of good to put them amid surroundings where they would have real cause to complain. The things they despised would suddenly become very attractive, and the advantages they failed to appreciate would seem highly valuable.

The quicker we come down to the point of making ourselves content the happier will it be for us. We all are more or less given to the blues at times, and generally over trifles. It's when real trouble comes along that we see how silly we have been. In a word, then, let us be content with our lot. We shall find much to be grateful for if we only take the trouble to look. Remember there are millionaires to-day who declare they were happiest when they were poor and struggling.

JACK BLACK.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre. For though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you, for while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

Editorial.

We refer our readers to the Calendar for October for special reminders of the many indulgences that may be gained by those who daily recite the Rosary during the present month. This beautiful devotion, in general practice in all lands, in its presentation of the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious events of the life of Our Lord Jesus Christ, is in its very nature effectual in concentrating the mind upon the consoling mysteries of our holy religion—mysteries that, contemplated in time, redound to our happiness for all eternity.

Reflection upon the mysteries of the Rosary while repeating the Hail Mary, can not fail to awaken one to a sense of the sweetness of this simple but sublime devotion, so eloquently preached by our great Saint Dominic, so perseveringly continued by his devoted children, and so ardently loved by the faithful throughout the universe.

It is fitting, therefore, that zealous clients of Mary should renew their fervor during the "Month of the Rosary" and prove their earnestness in her service by spreading the knowledge of the signal favors obtained through this beautiful prayer to the Mother of God—the prayer pre-eminently satisfying to human needs and lavishly enriched by indulgences from the Church. The special indulgences granted by one of our greatest Popes, the "Pope of the Rosary," Leo the Thirteenth, recalls his tender confidence in the power of the Mother of God, which he exquisitely expresses in the following lines:

With one accord, O Mother fair,
Thy children offer as a prayer
The scented bloom of roses rare.

The prayer is heard and answered; we,
Receive from thy dear hand the free
Mercies thy Lord commits to thee!

We kneel before thy shrine to prove
A mother's care; from Heaven above
Accept the pledges of our love.

No gems we bring to thee, nor gold;
Our little baskets only hold
The wreathed flowers of field and wold:

The lowly violet's penury
The snowy lily's chastity,
The purple rose's agony!

And while our loving hands would frame
A worthy chaplet, we proclaim
Again and yet again thy Name.

Be thou our favoring Patron here;
Be thou our Guide in deserts drear;
Be thou our Help when death is near!

How well thy client Gusman wrought
Thy will in every deed and thought—
The weaving of thy Rosary taught!

On earth, a grateful task and sweet!
But oh, more grateful, should our feet.
But gain at last the heavenly seat!

Then sweeter far 't will be to raise
To thee a wreathed song of praise,
O Virgin blest, through endless days.

Take to your hearts the roses rare
Your Mother giveth to your care,
And joyous weave the chaplet fair.

Lo! we obey the high command;
What then shall be the guerdon grand?
O trust the issue to her hand!

Yes, trust in her who shall unfold
In Heaven her great reward—behold,
For wreathing roses, crowns of gold!

Most gratifying results of the crusade against the profanation of the Holy Name of Jesus was recently witnessed in the diocese of Newark, New Jersey. Fifteen thousand men, representing the membership of the Holy Name Societies of several towns, paraded through the streets of Jersey City, on Sunday, September the seventeenth, in solemn recognition of the sacredness of the Christian's obligation to defend the Holy Name of Jesus. In this grand showing of organized effort, Monsignor E. Sheppherd, Vicar-General of the diocese, is certainly to be congratulated, as the perfection of the movement is the outcome of his personal initiative.

Despite the pouring rain, the assembled multitude listened eagerly to the words of Bishop O'Connor, who voiced the sentiment of the Holy Name Societies in their united protest against profanity. In the course of his remarks, the Bishop said: "The practice of profanity has become so lamentably prevalent among our working people that it is almost impossible to walk the distance of one block upon our streets without hearing profanely used the name before which we are told

every knee should bow. Not men alone, but women, are addicted to this vice and we hear the name of God taken in vain by the lips of little children." Reverend Father Whelan, Pastor of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, who also addressed the people, appealed particularly to the members of the Holy Name Society for active individual effort for the suppression of the prevalent vice of cursing and swearing. He said: "It is clear to me that if this country is to be bettered by the Catholic Church it must be through the individual efforts of the individual members of the church. Of all countries in the world this is the most individualistic. In other lands those on top shape the opinions of the masses. In this country the ballot and the press render it possible for the individual to shape his own opinions. Therefore, I appeal to you as separate individuals in your shops and among your friends for a new and active reverence for the name of God and of His most holy Son."

In echoing the words of Father Whelan, we would particularly emphasize the positive phase of the work of the Holy Name Society—that of implanting in the hearts of the young, the love of the Holy Name of Jesus.

By the chivalrous interposition of our Chief Executive, the adjustment of Japanese territorial and financial honor to the non-preponderating interests of Russia in the East, seems to be a matter for general congratulation. It is to be hoped, however, that the philosophy of chivalry will deter the "peacemaker" from disclosing anything that would not cement reconciliation. The way of the "peacemaker," like that of the transgressor, is *hard!*



Some Recent Books

Volumes XXVI and XXVII of *THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS* have been issued by the Arthur H. Clark Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The former volume is devoted to interesting events covering the year 1636, during which time the new Governor, Corcuera, manifests a remarkable activity in affairs both secular and religious. Corcuera's report to Felipe IV, for the first year of his government, includes exhaustive documentary details of all that concerns the political and financial status of the Islands.

Volume XXVII treats of the commerce of the islands. The Governor emphasizes "the importance of the central location of the

islands, and the restraint and hindrance that they constitute to the schemes of the Dutch for gaining control of Oriental trade." The persistent efforts of the Spanish colony to prevent the Dutch from gaining a foothold in the islands; the frequent depredations of the Moro pirates; the adjustment of affairs between the government and the religious communities in and about Manila; above all, the spirit of loyalty manifested towards the mother country, so minutely described in this volume, furnishes most instructive reading.

The Arthur H. Clark Co. should be heartily commended for the progressive spirit that prompted the publication of this historical work. One needs but to study these volumes to convince himself that the Filipinos have a history initiated by Spanish Catholicity and preserved unto the justification and glory of a chivalrous people.

CALLISTA, Cardinal Newman's beautiful sketch of the third century of the Christian era, fictional in character, but replete with historical associations, is now published by Benziger Brothers, New York, in uniform style of the "Popular Library" series.

CALLISTA, brilliant, talented Greek girl, figures in subtle argumentation based upon pagan philosophy, in which, however, she fails to find spiritual solace. The story of her earnest strivings for truth and her final triumph in the shadow of the Cross, powerfully illustrates the celestial quality of the Divine gift of Faith.

Newman's elegant style, the richness of his classical allusions, his noble portrayal of human love, spiritualized and sanctified by suffering, fascinate beyond expression. Callista, read, either as a literary pastime, or as an instructive romance, will contribute an unusual amount of pleasure and profit.

THE LIFE OF SAINT PATRICK, by William Canon Fleming; PETER FOUVIER—(The Saints Series)—and LETTERS ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, by F. M. de Zulueta, S. J., are works of commendable merit, also published by Benziger Brothers. The moderate price at which these books are sold will encourage those who are in duty bound to furnish good reading matter for the family library.

Among recent publications of Richard G. Badger, Boston, we note the following interesting books: STRAY LEAVES FROM A SOUL'S BOOK; GIRDLE OF GLADNESS—Poems—by Arad Joy Sebring; THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, by Peter Fandel; THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS, by Theodore C. Williams; THE ONLY GERMAN STAGE VERSION OF PARISAL, by George Turner Phelps; this poem will be doubly appreciated, as it is accompanied by a parallel English version.

The books, in point of make-up, present artistic and original features characteristic of the good taste of Mr. Richard G. Badger.

Calendar for October.

1—First Sunday of the month. Our Lady of the Rosary. The Great Rosary Indulgence for each and every visit till sunset. This indulgence may be gained from the First Vesper, 2 P. M., on the preceding day.

2—The Angels' Guardian.

3—B. John Massias, O. P., Lay Brother. Sympathy for the afflicted.

4—Our Holy Father S. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order. A marvel of humility and mirror of Apostolic poverty and simplicity.

5—B. Raymond of Capua, O. P. Self-sacrifice.

6—S. Bruno, Priest, founder of the Carthusians. Love of solitude.

7—B. Matthew Correrii, O. P., Priest. Religious observance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

8—Second Sunday of the month. Octave Day of Our Lady of the Rosary. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

9—S. Denis, Bishop of Paris, and his companions, Martyrs.

10—S. Louis Bertrand, O. P., Priest and Apostle of New Grenada. Devotion to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

11—Octave Day of S. Francis of Assisi. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

12—B. James of Ulm, O. P., Lay Brother. Obedience.

13—S. Eduard, King and Confessor. Humility.

14—B. Magdalen Pannatieri, O. P., Virgin. Suffering for Christ. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

15—Third Sunday of the Month. S. Teresa, Virgin and Restorer of the Order of Mount Carmel. Obedience to Confessors.

16—B. Stephen Bandelli, O. P.,

Priest (from June 12). Meekness.

17—S. Anthony of Padua, O. F. M., Priest (from June 13). Evoked for recovery of lost articles.

18—S. Luke, Evangelist. Patience.

19—S. Basil, Bishop and Doctor of the Church (from June 14).

20—S. John Francis Regis, Priest. (From June 16.)

21—S. Ursula and Companions, Martyrs. Spirit of sacrifice. Anniversary of the death of Reverend Father Dyson, O. P.; Votive Mass of the Rosary.

22—Fourth Sunday of the month. B. Peter Tiferno, O. P., Priest. Good example.

23—B. Bartholomew, Bishop. Missionary zeal.

24—S. Raphael, Archangel. Loyalty to Religion.

25—B. Osanna, Virgin (from June 18). Votive Mass of the Rosary.

26—B. Damian, O. P., Priest. Reverence.

27—B. Innocent, O. P., Pope (from June 22).

28—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

29—Last Sunday of the month. B. Benvenuta, O. P., Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

30—Commemoration of the saints whose relics are preserved in our churches.

31—The Ten Thousand Martyrs. Meditation.

The Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: For the Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Francis of Assisi, Priest; S. Calixtus, Pope and Martyr; S. Theresa, Virgin; S. Louis Bertrand, Priest; S. Edward the Confessor. For the Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Simon, Apostle; S. Edwin, King; S. Bridget of Sweden, Widow; S. Ursula, Virgin and Martyr; S. Colman, Martyr. For the Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Denis, Bishop and Martyr; S. Hedwige, Widow; S. Bruno, Confessor; S. Raphael, Archangel; S. Luke, Evangelist.



THE LATE REVEREND JOHN S. JONES, O. P.

Dominicana

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The Late Reverend John S. Jones, O. P.

"Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased God; therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities."

In the sudden and unlooked-for death of Reverend Father Jones, which occurred on September 30th, after but several weeks' illness, his many friends have received a serious shock. Apparently in good health, and vigorously engaged in active duty when he was stricken, Father Jones had given but little indication of the fatal disease that ended so promising a career. Verily, he stepped aside from the crowd in instant response to the heavenly summons.

From the moment that it was announced that he was the victim of cerebro-spinal meningitis, slight hope was entertained of his recovery, and, in spite of careful nursing, skillful medical attendance and careful watchfulness on the part of the members of his community, Father Jones steadily wasted away. He leaves a host of sorrowing friends.

Father Jones was born in Aurora, Nevada, March 17, 1865. He lost both parents when quite young and, shortly after their death, with a surviving sister, came to California with distant relatives. In his boyhood he early displayed an insatiable thirst for knowledge and availed himself of means to acquire it at its best.

When a mere boy he manifested aspirations for the religious life and, when scarcely fifteen, selected the Dominican Order, entering upon his novitiate at the Dominican monastery, Benicia, California. The persistent industry that dominated the entire course of his theological studies foreshadowed the energetic zeal that characterized all his later undertakings.

After his ordination Father Jones was entrusted with successive offices of responsibility in his community in the discharge of which he displayed an extraordinary business ability and an alertness in grasping important, practical details that was surprising in one so young in experience.

Father Jones is favorably known throughout the length and breadth of California, and beyond its limits; but he especially endeared himself to those who were so fortunate as to come under his immediate direction. His priestly ministrations in Vallejo and San Francisco were notable in fruitful results. In any work that was assigned to him he labored indefatigably, and cheerfully, achieving much by his steadfast optimism.

He was singularly free from illusion. Whether in spiritual or in temporal concerns he sought to meet the needs of the present moment, and to the extreme felicity of his promptitude of action may be attributed the effectiveness and remarkable scope of his work. To the children he patiently and perseveringly devoted himself. He would have them realize in themselves the loftiest ideals socially, religiously, and aesthetically considered.

To educational communities in general he was fond of awarding a just meed of praise for the evident care and solid instruction that they bestowed on the young. He based his hope of future Catholicity on the religious teaching and training of the child—a teaching and training that comprehended the requirements of body, mind, and soul—that bespoke a cheerful, happy, intelligent service in the high and holy calling of a Christian. He constantly maintained that nothing short of Catholic education of the child could effect desirable results; hence his untiring interest in school work and his personal direction of classes when time permitted. Latin was a favorite study with Father Jones, and the creditable progress of large classes which he conducted in the different schools to which he was attached attests his patient efforts.

Music, vocal and instrumental, seemed to express the peculiarly harmonious qualities of his temperament. He was the embodiment of laughter, cheer and sunshine; song, sacred in its character of spirit greeting and unshed tears seemed to suit his nature best. And so, he led the children's voices in happy, joyous strains the echo of whose cadence will resound forevermore!

The organization of a junior choir from among the children of S. Dominic's Sunday School, that under his direction developed remarkable singing voices, is a pleasing feature of Father Jones' success in local work. It will be tenderly remembered in connection with his name as an instance of his zeal in encouraging the children to devote some of their time and talent to the most acceptable praise of God in prayerful hymns. Nor did he confine them to sacred music; operatic selections that came within the range of their powers, were carefully

selected and patiently imparted to them, with a success that delighted all who have heard them.

It would be vain to attempt to indicate even in a slight way, the spiritual good that has accrued to others through the priestly influence of Father Jones. Soundly grounded in his faith, emphatic in expression of religious and personal convictions, gentle in commiseration of human shortcomings, he seemed the impersonation of a hearty cheeriness and spiritual buoyancy that invigorated all who met him. There was nothing sombre in his nature; he loved God and hoped great things of his fellow-men. He preached the mercy of God and gloried in the repentance of the sinner, ever carefully distinguishing between the errors of the thoughtless and malice of the hypocritical. Zealous for the observance of God's law he would bring all to a knowledge of the consolation that springs from a cheerful and reasonable service.

Uniquely grand is the figure of this unselfish Dominican as we contemplate him in his priestly character; his loyalty where he professed friendship; his strong personal influence for good; his unswerving fidelity to duty. Noble, indeed, is the lesson of his pure life; his kindly sympathy, his submissive humility, his patient charity, his unshaken confidence in God's unlimited mercy. He was happy in his life work, happy with youth and innocence. Thus will he live in our memories. Golden glory, celestial brightness and sweet hosannas greet his work well done; for,

Not in garments black as night
Death at evensong has come;
But adorned in raiment white
She has fondly led him home!

Death is not a jailer dire
Binding man with cruel chains;
But an angel fair whose lyre
Lulls to silence all his pains!

Death is not a bitter blast
Nipping rose-buds ere they bloom;
But a burst of sunshine cast
Over life's encircling gloom.

Death is not an iron gate
Leading to the dungeon's night;
But a portal where await
Angels robed in ruddy light.

The Preservation of the Old California Missions.*

JAMES CONNOLLY.

[*First Paper.*]

Californians have at last come to appreciate the commercial as well as the historic, intellectual, and artistic value of their old missions. This auspicious awakening took shape in the organization of the "Landmarks Club," which was incorporated at Los Angeles in January, 1896. The club's expressed purpose is "to conserve the Old Missions and other California landmarks." Charles F. Lummis, the well-known *litterateur*, was the prime mover in the formation of the club, and is its first president. His thorough knowledge of Spanish-American history, and his many years of travel among the descendants of the early settlers and the Indians themselves, render him familiar with details of early Spanish-American life.

Most of the other officers of the club are literary men and women who have the cause of the preservation of these sacred relics at heart, for art's sake, if nothing more. Among the names that first appeared on the board of directors was that of Rev. Father J. Adam, former vicar-general of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. This is a patriotic work in which all citizens are united for the preservation of the noblest ruins in their country; ruins that symbolized the faith, energy, humanity, and art of the men who first kindled the light of civilization and of Christianity on the Pacific coast.

The widespread recognition which has already rewarded the club's efforts has been a surprise even to itself. Subscriptions have been sent in from far and near. A handsome sum is now on hand, and work has been already begun on the mission of San Juan Capistrano. This and the mission San Luis Rey will, as they are considered the most important links in the chain, have the club's first attention. All work will be designed by and executed under the direction of the club's official architect. A long lease of the grounds and buildings at Capistrano has been secured with the right to purchase in case the property should be ever offered for sale. Thus it can be seen that the good work of preservation is well under way, and will not be relaxed until the missions in Southern California are safe. When this shall have been accomplished there will be still higher things to do.

* By courteous permission of "Donahoe's Magazine" we are enabled to reprint Mr. Connolly's informational papers on the California Missions.

A brief glance at the picturesque history of the seven missions which form the group in Southern California, and on which the funds of the club will be expended, will probably more clearly manifest the national importance of its work.

When, in 1767, the enforcement of the royal decree of the Spanish monarch expelled the Jesuit missionaries from Mexico, the heroic Franciscans came to fill their wonted places. Delegates from the missions accompanied their beloved Jesuit fathers to La Paz, where the fathers had journeyed to embark for some strange land. The final parting on the shore was a sad sight, and the exiled fathers and their bereaved children wept bitterly. But the Franciscans at once wisely adopted the rules and methods of their predecessors and almost immediately won the confidence and love of the natives.

It was the fear of England's colonizing in the Californias, on the part of the Spanish viceroy in Mexico, the Marquis de la Croix, which probably urged him to send Jose de Galvez to the mother country to negotiate for something like Spanish colonization. His mission resulted in his securing the services of a most powerful and gifted ally, Father Junipero Serra. This zealously pious priest was born on the island of Majorca, 1713. His full name was Michael Joseph Serra; but when he completed his studies at the Lullian University and was finally admitted to the Franciscan order, he took the name of Junipero, and by this he is since known in history.

In 1749, in company with three other Franciscan fathers, he embarked at Cadiz for Mexico. After many years of most successful missionary work in Cerra Gorda, Father Serra was chosen Superior, and at once took charge of the missions of California, reaching the port of Loretto, with fifteen associates, April 2, 1768. Two expeditions were arranged for exploration: one by land and the other by sea. The journeys of both were long and toilsome, and they were subjected to many privations and hardships. They were finally reunited at San Diego, July 1, 1769. Shortly after their arrival, Father Serra with his own hands raised the cross of Christ, for the first time on the Pacific coast of the United States, on the shores of the beautiful bay. Under this cross was then celebrated the first Mass on the same coast, with the blue dome of heaven for a canopy.

Shortly after this the first mission of California was founded at San Diego, and in the course of a fortnight an expedition under Don Gasper de Portola was started up the coast to Monterey, to found another mission there.

Scarcely a month after the founding of the San Diego Mission there was an uprising among the Indians. The only casualty, how-

ever, was the killing of a boy and wounding of four Spaniards. The first mission buildings were but temporary structures, and in August, 1774, were removed to the present site, six miles up the mission valley on a high plateau commanding a fine view of ocean, mountains, river, and valley. In his "Two Years Before the Mast," which some writers have called the best history of the California Coast yet written, R. H. Dana says: "To protect the Jesuits in their missions, and at the same time to support the power of the crown over the civilized Indians two forts were erected and garrisoned, one at San Diego and the other at Monterey." Now, the fact is that the first and last and all the time California Missionaries were "Franciscans." As I have before said, the Jesuits were, by a royal decree, expelled from all Mexican territory, 1767, and it was in 1769 that the Franciscans first reached California. A little further on Dana says: "On the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Spanish Dominions the missions passed into the hands of the Franciscans." For an undergraduate, fresh from Harvard, his history seems a bit mixed.

Father Serra had read the Spanish geographer Vizcayno's glowing account of Monterey and its magnificent harbor, described as fit to shelter the navies of the world, and he was anxious to get the first foothold there. Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez were the spiritual directors of the expedition. The journey by land was long and perilous, and they overran their distance so far as to reach the bay of San Francisco; they first revealed to civilized man the existence of the Golden Gate.

Retracing their steps toward San Diego, they came to Point Pinos, supposed to be near the entrance of the looked-for harbor. After a fortnight's fruitless search for the latter, they erected a wooden cross, on an arm of which was cut with a razor, "Dig at the foot of this and you will find a writing." This writing was the diary of Father Crespi, giving a full account of their journeying, and is mostly a pathetic recital of privations: "The greatest of all being the absolute want of food. . . . We have used every effort to find the bay of Monterey, searching the coast thoroughly, notwithstanding its ruggedness, but in vain. . . . We leave this place to-day for San Diego. I beg of Almighty God to guide us, and for you, traveler, who may read this, that he may guide you to the harbor of eternal salvation." The concluding paragraph reads: "If the commanders of the schooners San Jose or Principe should reach this place in a few days after this date, on learning the contents of this writing and the distressed condition of this expedition, we beseech them to follow the coast closely towards San Diego, so that if we should be happy enough to catch sight of them,

we may be able by signals of flags or firearms to apprise them where succor and provisions may reach us. Glory be to God, the cross we erected on a little hillock close to the beach of the small harbor on the south side of Point Pinos and at its foot we bury this letter."

But the prayer for succor was not answered, nor did the paper ever reach those for whom it was intended. The schooner did not reach nor find Monterey, and after months of fruitless searching returned to San Diego, just in time to relieve from starvation those that remained at the mission. The few surviving members of the land expedition did not reach there until January, 1770, after six months and twelve days' journeying amid untold suffering, privations, and death.

But this failure did not in any way diminish the true missionary zeal of the Franciscans. They had repeatedly learned how sublime a thing it is to suffer for Christ's sake.

Later in that year another expedition started for Monterey, and this time found it. The fathers shortly after founded the mission of San Carlos, near the shore of the "beautiful bay." But the original site was some time later deemed not the best, and the mission was removed to the banks of the Carmel River, a few miles south, where it still stands in a fair state of preservation, and divine service is frequently held in it.

The Presidio was left in its original location and afterwards became the capital city of the Californias, under Spanish-Mexican sovereignty. Monterey subsequently became the home and scene of the higher social and political life of Spanish California. No more picturesque social life has ever existed on our continent. It was as beautiful and distinct as the landscape that environed it.

Between these northern and southern extremes of the Southern California missions, sprang up the other five in regular and not slow succession.

San Gabriel was established in the great valley of the same name in 1771. The church is still in tolerable repair, and is used as the parish church. Being but twelve miles distant from the populous city of Los Angeles, which is the central point of tourists, San Gabriel is probably the most widely known of all the missions.

San Luis Obispo was founded in 1772. It stands in a pretty location on the banks of the river of the same name, and is now in the growing city of San Luis Obispo, fifteen miles from Port Harford, the seaport of that fertile region. The mountain and valley scenery adjacent to this mission is magnificent.

The church building, years ago, was modernized and is now in excellent repair; this is still the parish church of San Luis Obispo.

No better manifestation of the wonderful success of the missionaries' efforts in civilizing and instructing the Indians could possibly be found than that shown by the records of the mission of San Juan Capistrano which was founded in 1776. The splendid church was completed and dedicated in 1777. So massive and substantial was every part of this noble structure that it would most likely have been flawless to this day had not the earthquake of 1812 leveled most of it to the ground, killing, or rather burying alive in the ruins thirty-five worshippers, who were attending Mass. The rear end wall of the quadrangle and the stone pillars which supported the grand dome over the main altar are still standing. There also remains some of the smaller domes which arched over the side altars, showing the artistic beauty of the interior. All of the gray sandstone of which the many great stone columns and pillars, as well as the rest of the massive masonry were carved, was taken from neighboring mountain quarries by the Indians. The adjoining buildings, which were probably residences, schools, and offices, withstood the shock of the earthquake, and have been utilized for parochial purposes. This mission is now included in the parish of Santa Anna.

The good work of preservation has progressed under the auspices of the "Landmarks Club," and enough of this unique ruin will be conserved to enable the future architect to draw his plans on the original design of the mission.

The mission of Santa Barbara was not founded until 1786. This sacred structure stands on a bold plateau overlooking the valley and ocean, five miles from the shore of the Pacific, and surrounded on the land sides by a panorama of hills and mountains. It can be seen from afar seaward, and to the passing voyager presents the grandest prospect along the Pacific coast. The vandals and destroyers were here prevented from doing their ruinous work by the continued occupancy of this mission by the Franciscan fathers. Most of their other estates were pillaged by greedy politicians and even by members of the first families and leaders in public life, after the secularization of the missions. But the venerable fathers came here for refuge, abandoning the other missions, and by their united efforts preserved this single sacred structure in its original completeness. All the regular services of the ecclesiastical year are held in the mission church; these attract large crowds of tourists. The assassination of the venerable and gifted Father Superior Ferdinand Bergmeyer, on February 28, 1896, by the lunatic Kruseymer, whom his victim had so long and well befriended, cast a deep gloom over the whole household for a long period.

San Luis Rey, the last, but by no means least, of the seven south-

ern links of the mission chain, has for two years or more been occupied as the Franciscan novitiate of the monastery of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Yacatecas, Mexico, the laws of that republic prohibiting the existence of such institutions within its borders. This mission stands upon a bold, broad plateau jutting out well into the great fertile valley of San Luis Rey, close to the river of the same name, and about six miles from the Pacific Ocean.

The Southern California Railway takes you to Ocean Side, forty miles from San Diego, whence the Poway stage takes you to the mission, a distance of six miles. This is the most extensive mission of the seven. The greater number of the less enduring outbuildings have fallen to decay, or suffered from the hands of vandals; but the main building and some of the front colonnades are still nearly intact.

Before the mission was thus occupied extensive repairs were made upon the church under the supervision of Reverend Father J. J. O'Keefe, O. S. F., formerly of the Santa Barbara Mission. He has been in San Luis Rey since it was opened, and is now its Father Superior. Future repairs by the Landmarks Club will be made under his supervision on this mission, and the club's indebtedness for his intelligent and able co-operation has been publicly expressed by its president. The work on San Luis Rey will begin as soon as that on San Juan Capistrano is completed.

The success attending these missionary fathers in civilizing the Indians was simply astonishing. The young were instructed from childhood in various trades and domestic industries, as well as in the observance of their religious duties. Cattle, sheep, horses, goats, and other domestic animals, were introduced. Varieties of cereals, grapes, figs, and olives were extensively planted, and rich harvests were reaped. Grain, wine, oil, hides, and tallow were sold to ships trading on the coast. With the funds thus realized the fathers purchased clothing and simple articles of adornment for the girls and women belonging to their missions. Decorations for the church and altars were ordered from Spain and Mexico.

The rapid and steady increase of conversions called for a constant increase of books, musical instruments, agricultural articles, and household wares, such as could not be made by the neophytes, as Father Serra named all of the mission Indians.

The wealth of these missions increased in nearly an exact ratio to the fathers' progress in winning over to Christianity and civilization the people they came to save. A brief sketch of the system of the training and industrial life followed at San Luis Rey will convey a fair

idea of that practiced at all the missions. The schoolrooms were situated in the most quiet part of the mission. Apartments secluded from the rest, called the nunnery, were occupied by the young Indian girls, who were commonly known as nuns. Placed under the guardianship of trustworthy matrons of their own race, they were perfectly protected from intrusion, and taught to spin and weave wool, flax, and cotton, and did not leave tutelage until they were marriageable. Indian children and those of the few white colonists attended the same schools. Those who displayed talent were instructed in music. Others who possessed mechanical ingenuity were trained to be carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, etc.; and men who were most proficient in husbandry were made foremen over the agricultural industries and the sheep and cattle herding.

At sunrise the bell sounded for the angelus, and the Indians assembled in the chapel for morning prayers, Mass, and a short religious instruction. Then came breakfast, after which, distributed in squads as occasion required, they repaired to their work. At 11 a. m. they ate dinner and after that rested until 2 p. m. Work was then resumed and continued until an hour before sunset, when the bell again tolled for the angelus. After prayers and the rosary, the Indians supped, and then were free to take part in a dance or some such innocent amusement. Their daily food consisted of an abundance of beef, mutton, and vegetables, with tortillas made of flour and corn meal. The men wore a linen shirt and pantaloons. Alcaldes and foremen had cloth raiment like the Spaniards, and the women had each year two changes of underwear and a new gown. Happiness and contentment went hand in hand in this ideal semi-pastoral life.

The bountiful hospitality extended to all travelers and wayfarers at these missions was proverbial. The mission doors were always open. Every traveler was received by the fathers with an open heart, and the most appetizing fare the mission could afford was offered to all. The travel-worn stranger came to them with as little fear of intrusion as we now go to a hotel. Each wayfarer was welcome to stay as long as he wished; on leaving he was provided with a fresh horse, and, if needed, a guide for his further journey.

Probably the first defection of this Indian mission life was caused by the increase of white settlers, the contact with whom demoralized the Indians. But the main cause of the final and almost simultaneous fall of all the missions was the avarice and cupidity of men eager to possess the fathers' belongings. These men inaugurated and fomented a movement for the secularization of the missions; and the Mexican Congress, under their influence, passed a law to that effect in 1833.

Under this baleful law the missions were converted into parishes, and the venerable Franciscan fathers in charge of them were replaced by secular priests and the mission Indians were "emancipated (?) from the tutelage of the Church." An Indian instructor was appointed under this law to control the temporal affairs of the missions, all proceeds of which, save a small allowance for the maintenance of the priest and costs of divine service, were to be used for public purposes. With what marvelous industry these administrators administered the property of the missions in favor of themselves and friends has been often told.

The evil effects of the rapid desolation thus wrought was nowhere so sadly manifested as in the alarming degeneracy of the mission Indians. It was this that induced the government to suspend the operation of the law. But it was too late. The business of destruction was already done.

In 1834 San Luis Rey had an Indian population of thirty-five hundred, possessed twenty-four thousand head of cattle, ten thousand horses, one hundred thousand sheep, fourteen thousand fanegus of grain, and two hundred barrels of wine. This instance of prosperity was true of the other missions.

The American conquest completed the ruin of whatever was spared by the administrators and their friends. San Luis Rey was, during the Mexican war and for some time after, occupied as a military post by United States troops. After it had been abandoned as such, the government required an estimate of the cost of repairing and restoring the mission to its original condition. Two millions of dollars was the sum estimated, and it need not be added that the work was never undertaken.

The mission of San Diego was also occupied by our troops for years during the same period. This first and in many respects most interesting of all the missions is fallen beyond preservation, and is now little more than a shapeless pile of tile and adobe. But there are some excellent photographs and pictures of it, which will enable the architect to draw his plans on the original design. Since Reverend Father Ubach had the Saint Anthony Indian schools located close to the ruins, three years ago, there has been something of the old-time atmosphere around the place. It has, in fact, become a most attractive spot for tourists. The vandals were unable to mar the magnificent mountain and ocean scenery, which to-day is as beautiful as when it first struck the delighted eyes of Father Serra and his associates.

This deep and abiding interest in the preservation of these missions is the culmination of the widespread recognition of the beauty

of the mission forms of architecture, as exhibited in the California State building at the World's Fair in Chicago. The Franciscan renaissance in architecture has been growing ever since. Many of the finest residences of the State have been recently modeled on mission lines. Cemented exterior walls, imitation tile roofing, stained and painted mission colors, graceful colonnades and frescoed domes now take the place of stiff squares and unsightly flats. Even the railroad companies are building their depots on the mission models. One of these recently completed close to the ruin of San Juan Capistrano is in exquisite harmony with the splendid landscape. Another at La Mirada is built in the same fashion and has a like picturesque effect.

San Carlos, or Carmelo, was always the favorite shrine of the renowned and sainted Padre Junipero Serra. It stands on a gentle elevation in the valley of Carmelo, which opens on the bay, four miles south of the city. The Carmelo River flows down near the mission to the ocean, and the bright diversity of the scenery is farther enhanced by great live oak and pine trees dotting the flower-variegated landscape.

The remains of Father Serra rest under the chancel, on the Gospel side of the altar of his beloved shrine. Here, too, rest the remains of Fathers Juan Crespi and Rafael Verger, his venerable associates in his divine work.

The splendid statute of Father Serra erected by Mrs. Leland Stanford at Monterey is another enduring and conspicuous mark of the Franciscan revival.

To still more pitiable decay has fallen the race which the Franciscans risked all to save. The fathers found them naked, living on nuts, acorns, and whatever game they could kill with bow and arrow, utterly ignorant of husbandry, and the other ways and industries of civilization. After half a century's indomitable endeavor on the part of the fathers, the Indians everywhere within reach of their influence had become an industrious, happy, Christian people. There is nothing of them left now save a few hopeless, shiftless hangers-on who are regarded as a vexatious charge upon the government. But the Indians are really as much a part of the picturesque Southern California landscape as are the old missions. The very same causes produced their rise and fall. Will not like causes preserve both from further decay?

If the Franciscan revival be as deep-rooted as it now seems to be, there is every reason to hope that the race for whom the missions were built will not be suffered to vanish wholly from California.

Japan To-Day.

REVEREND AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

Whatever progress has been made in agriculture, Japan is in a state of transition, passing rapidly from the agricultural to the industrial stage. During the centuries of seclusion she sufficed for herself. All intercourse with foreigners being forbidden, except the small trade allowed at Nagasaki with the Dutch and Chinese, the Empire supplied its own wants, and sought no foreign marts for its productions. Now, however, that she has entered into the comity of nations for the last half century, her imports and exports have gone up by leaps and bounds. Moreover, the vast increase of the population from thirty-four millions in 1875, to the present enormous figure of forty-seven millions, has convinced her statesmen that the nation can no longer live by agriculture alone, and that if they are to exist and make progress, it is necessary to enter on the industrial stage on a large scale, and place the fruits of their industry in the markets of the world. In a few years more, when the population will have risen to sixty millions, it is easy to see that the serious danger will present itself of this population overstepping the limits of subsistence, unless it can import food in large quantities from other countries in exchange for industrial products. It is this vital necessity of finding open markets that brought on the conflict with Russia. The Chinese Empire is the first and most important country with which Japan desires to push her trade, and it was felt that Russia, by seizing on Manchuria, dominating Korea, and exercising undue pressure on China, would close all the ports of Eastern Asia against the entrance of Japanese goods. The question then in the eyes of Japanese statesmen was a matter of life and death. Hence, the conflict with Russia, and the determination to drive her back into Siberia.

The raw-silk industry, which requires the greatest patience in the slow and tedious process of feeding the silkworms, is sedulously followed by most of the peasants, and adds a considerable item to their income. In most instances the cocoons are unwound and the silk sent in hanks to the factories; sometimes even the first processes are gone through in the factories. Silk, chiefly in its raw state, forms the most important article of Japanese foreign trade. The exports amounted in 1898 to the value of £6,100,000, including a considerable amount of woven material. There are more than two thousand silk-reeling factories in the Empire.

Though, just as the enormous rice crop is raised on millions of tiny farms, the vast output of raw silk comes from millions of tiny

homes, the factory system is gradually making its way into Japan in all the important industries. It's development is necessary if Japan is to compete with other nations on equal terms. However, it is a pleasing feature of the system, as introduced into Japan, that we do not find the ugly features connected with it there as in England and elsewhere. The Government is fully aware of the deteriorating influences on the workers if the manufacturers were allowed to run their factories regardless of all considerations except the making of money, so the best sanitary regulations have been made for the comfort and well-being of the operatives, who work in large well-lighted, and well-ventilated apartments kept with scrupulous cleanliness. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the Japanese workers are learning to form trades-unions, that strikes are not unknown, that, as a consequence of factory life, the servant difficulty is beginning to be felt to a certain degree, as in Europe and America, and that there has been an undue influx from the country parts to the factory towns.

The following tables, showing the growth of factories for seven years, are given by the *Japan Times*:—

| | No. of Factories with Motive Power. | Aggregate Horse Power. | No. of Factories without Motive Power. |
|------|---|------------------------------|--|
| 1894 | 2,409 | 41,031 | 3,756 |
| 1895 | 2,758 | 61,252 | 4,396 |
| 1896 | 3,037 | 64,429 | 4,603 |
| 1897 | 2,910 | 63,434 | 4,377 |
| 1898 | 2,964 | 79,016 | 4,131 |
| 1899 | 2,305 | 76,885 | 4,394 |
| 1900 | 2,388 | 95,392 | 4,896 |

It will be noticed that though the factories have slightly decreased in numbers during this period, the motive power has more than doubled, giving an equivalent increased output. From the statistics of 1900 we find that the factories are devoted to the following manufactures:—

| | No. of Factories. | Horse Power. | No. of Operatives. |
|---------------------------|----------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Silk Reeling..... | 2,218 | 6,631 | 116,148 |
| Cotton and Silk Spinning. | 133 | 20,463 | 80,469 |
| Ships, Machines, etc..... | 297 | 4,190 | 21,326 |
| Weaving | 1,301 | 2,596 | 44,553 |
| Cement | 156 | 1,825 | 6,424 |
| Printing | 110 | 531 | 7,841 |
| Paper Mills | 18 | 3,398 | 2,909 |

The shipbuilding industry has made wonderful progress, and the Japanese yards are able to turn out large ocean-going steamers of six thousand tons. What a contrast to half a century ago, when the people were prohibited from making any except the smallest kind of junks, for fear they would go to foreign countries. Japan is not only able now to supply her own wants, except in battleships, but has executed orders for the United States and the Insular Government of the Philippines for ocean-going steamers and gunboats. Japan's mercantile marine is now the eighth in the world, while her fleet holds the proud position of being the seventh among the navies of the Great Powers.

Progress has also been made in other modern industries, such as electric appliances, surgical instruments, cameras and photographic materials, leather bootmaking, chemical products, arms and ammunition, optical instruments, as the displays at the Osaka and St. Louis Expositions clearly showed. The Japanese have been searching the world for the latest developments and results of modern industrial science to introduce them to their country, and their ambition is to become the great manufacturing center of Asia.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Japanese art, now so well known all over the world, is such a large subject that we cannot do more than give some brief indications of it in the space at our disposal. The Japanese have a high appreciation of art. It enters into the common life of the people to a degree unknown to us, who regard it as a luxury for the rich. In Japan, on the contrary, all classes participate in it, and the commonest utensils have an artistic appearance. It would be well if we were more alive to our deficiencies in this respect. Ugliness of design and monotony of expression are so common amongst us, and when I say *us* I mean all industrial nations, that our taste has been vitiated and we care little for art in comparison with utility. Machine-made goods and standard designs have dimmed the artistic eye and withered the artistic hand by ousting the art-craftsman from employment, and though adding a great deal to the comforts of the middle classes by cheapening industrial products, have destroyed the appreciation of true art—one of the charms of life. Japan, too, is beginning to suffer in this respect from the effects of modern industrial competition.

The arts were introduced into Japan from China, principally through the influence of Buddhism, which also came into Japan from Korea. Some of the first renowned artists were Buddhist monks, and from the introduction of that religion in the sixth century till the destruction of the power of the monks in the sixteenth, the principal homes

of the fine arts were the Buddhist monasteries. After that period till the destruction of the feudal power of the *daimios*, fifty years ago, it was these great lords who fostered the arts in their homes and supported the artists.

The subject of Japanese painting is too extensive to dwell upon here. It is a study for the connoisseur only, and does not enjoy the general appreciation among Europeans of other Japanese arts. We may say the same of music. I heard the best Japanese music that could be produced under most favorable circumstances in the Osaka Exhibition. It was excruciating, and I can only describe it as a weird procession of discordant sounds struggling painfully through a nasal atmosphere.

The principal art industries, the products of which are known everywhere, are procelain, lacquered work, and bronze work, the yearly exports of which amount to about half a million sterling. These are peculiarly cottage industries, up to the present; except to a certain extent in the case of porcelain, they are not the product of large factories. The artist works with his sons in his own little workshop. He may have an apprentice or two, but no more. The porcelain-maker has his own little kiln to fire his goods; the metal-worker his own little furnace to melt the metal for his castings. It is wonderful what perfect and costly work can be done when we consider the simple means at their disposal. In metal castings the *cire perdue* process is used. A new wooden model is made by the artist for each casting. The ornaments are carefully modelled in red wax, and placed upon it, and then the finished model is placed in the material for the mould, wet sand being very compactly pressed around it. A slow fire is lit underneath, the wax melts, and runs off, the wood is reduced to charcoal powder, which is carefully blown away, and the mould is ready for the reception of the molten metal. This tedious process insures the sharp delineation of the minutest niceties of form. They have been masters of the art of working metals for many centuries; their old swords were unrivaled for temper, and were superior to those of Damascus; they could chase the hardest-wrought iron and steel, and their gigantic bronze statues of Buddha fill the mind with wonder, one of them being the largest casting in bronze in the world. Cloisonnee, or the working of enamels in metal, is an art of rather recent date in Japan, but the artists have brought it to great perfection and European connoisseurs are charmed with the productions of Tokio, Kioto, and Nagoya, the largest centres devoted to this art.

The most highly-esteemed pottery work is that made in the province of Satsuma, commonly called Satsuma ware. It is generally very high priced, a small piece of delicate workmanship being often

worth several pounds. Commercial art is, however, making advances, and a great deal of ordinary inartistic ceramic ware is made specially for the European market, where it commands a ready sale.

The most distinctive art of Japan, in which it excels all other nations, is that of lacquer-work. The name of *Japanned Goods*, which we give that work and the poorest imitations of it, shows how closely we associate that country with the art. The lac, which is a varnish made from the poisonous sap of a tree, is applied to the wooden or other object to be covered, in thin layers, which are then dried, rubbed down and polished. Altogether good lacquer may have to undergo forty-seven processes, so it may be imagined how precious and costly it is. Metallic substances and inlaid work are often added to the lacquer to give it a rich and artistic appearance. When finished it cannot be scratched; is impervious to hot water, and is practically indestructible. Beautiful lacquer work on many of the temples has been exposed to the atmosphere for hundreds of years, and yet the colors are almost as fresh as the day they were put on.

Wood-carving is another craft in which the Japanese excel. For a few pence you may buy beautifully carved plates and other ordinary utensils which would cost a good deal in these countries. Allied to wood-carving is the making of all kinds of things—fishing-rods, chairs, tables, umbrella-handles, stands, etc.—out of the bamboo. We are so familiar now with these objects in bamboo, that it is hardly worth while making more than a passing allusion to them.

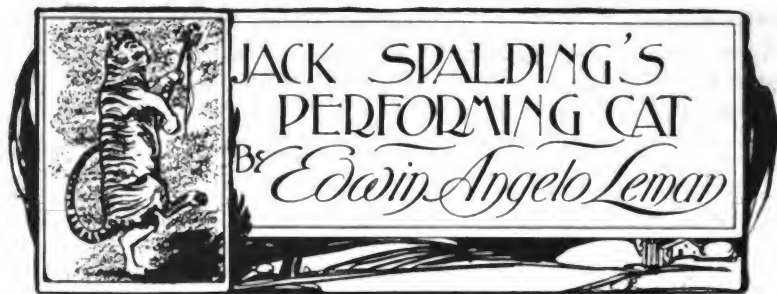
Autumn.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITE'S.

The leaves have fallen from the trees;
The swallows are all fled!
The rose no longer scents the breeze;
All sounds of mirth are dead.

Yet far athwart the moaning pines
There streams a golden light;
The ruddy sun, ere day declines,
Bids earth and sky "Good Night."

So shall be hushed all sounds of mirth
When Death has hovered nigh!
But though deep silence reign on earth
Bright light will flood the sky!



III.

MARTHA CROWE CALLS ON JACK'S FATHER, AFTER WHICH THE CAT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS.

Synopsis of Parts One and Two.

Jack Spalding, a farmer's son, owns a trained cat, which he exhibited at a church picnic. The animal's earnings enabled Jack to purchase a much-needed suit of clothes. The cat scores a hit in public and other engagements follow. Miss Amelia Smith, Jack's aunt, loathes the feline actor, yet is glad to benefit from Jack's income. Tiger is the cat's name. He is large and powerful, with a yellow-striped coat. His performance is suggestive of a real tiger in the jungle. Although a remarkably clever animal, he is only an ordinary home cat, fond of the kitchen fireplace when he is not on the stage. Miss Smith and her bosom friend, Martha Crowe, attend one of Jack and Tiger's performances and pronounce it offensive. They determine to petition Jack's father to check his exhibiting the cat. Meanwhile, Mrs. Denis Underwood, a banker's wife, asks Jack to entertain with Tiger in her drawing-room. Having heard that Jack is devoted to Our Lady, her real object is to form a friendship between him and her son, Vance, a wild college student in need of moral influence. Prior to the date set for his society debut, the cat is billed to shoot the chutes. This hastens the action of Jack's spinster opponents, and Martha Crowe hints significantly that the cat would better be poisoned.

Jack's Aunt lost no time in setting an afternoon for Martha Crowe to call. Miss Smith had informed her brother-in-law that she and her friend had a most important matter to discuss with him, and he agreed to hear them.

Jack's father was not prepared for an argument against the cat, and when the two ladies finally brought the subject up, he was surprised and annoyed.

"I must say," he said bluntly, "that I see nothing wrong in Jack's work or that of Tiger. Liberal, broad-minded, cultured people have spoken well of them. Our parish priest has made no unfavorable criticism, and I don't see why anyone else should. The whole amount of it is you have looked at the thing in too serious a light. Besides, the money Jack is earning at present is most needful to this household.

My pecuniary affairs are by no means happy just now. If I could be convinced that Jack were doing wrong, I'd be the first to stop him, Therefore, I must refuse your request to forbid his further entertainments in public."

His sister-in-law was nettled. She said impulsively:

"Well, understand one thing, the same roof shall not shelter that cat and me."

"I'm sorry, but the cat stays."

"You say that to me, your wife's sister? This is too much!" And Miss Smith produced a small handkerchief to relieve her eyes. "I never thought I'd be turned out of doors for the sake of a hideous cat."

Mr. Spalding smiled to himself.

"No one is turning you out of doors. You threaten to go."

"Oh, I'm not wanted here, I know it. I'm a poor lone creature, and there are those in this house that would be pleased to see me in my coffin. If I were only well-to-do, how different it would be."

"Come, Amelia, there is no use in being so touchy! You're always going on like this. You know you are welcome to my home, and nobody has ever hinted otherwise. When it comes to your trying to dictate to me how to run things, you make a great mistake. You are always disagreeing with my wife in the same manner. Really, I can't understand why two persons like you and Miss Crowe should make such a fuss about Jack and his cat. Surely, you don't want to be regarded by the neighbors as mere cranks."

"As for me, Mr. Spalding, I care not for outside opinion when I have a grave duty to perform," said Miss Crowe, coldly.

"I don't see where the duty comes in. If Jack and Tiger meet with disaster, you ladies will not be responsible."

Mrs. Spalding entered with a tray of tea and lemon wafers.

"Thank you, Sarah."

"Thanks, Mrs. Spalding."

Mr. Spalding took a cup, but only to taste it.

"How refreshing!" said Miss Smith.

"Delicious!" exclaimed Miss Crowe, drinking feverishly.

"I may add," said Jack's father, when they had finished, and with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, "that tea was bought with some of the cat's money."

"Had I known, I could not have swallowed it!" said Miss Crowe, horror stricken.

"That's why I said nothing beforehand. I didn't want to spoil your treat."

Notwithstanding, the tea must have animated Miss Crowe, for

the beverage had scarcely been drunk when she besought Jack's father with renewed energy.

"Really, Mr. Spalding," she pleaded, and with a faint suggestion of girlishness, "can't we persuade you to our way of thinking?"

"Not in the least. And, as a friend, I would advise you both to drop this matter, or you will become ridiculous in the eyes of the people. Are you aware that Mrs. Underwood has invited Jack to entertain with Tiger in her parlors?"

"Not the banker's wife?"

"The very same."

"Land sakes!"

"The woman must be losing her senses."

"She's taken quite a fancy to Jack and his cat."

"It only goes to prove that we are right," argued Martha Crowe. "Mrs. Underwood has always been an educational leader and a most praiseworthy woman. She has probably fallen a victim to some hypnotic power in this matter, or she would never have allowed herself to be influenced."

"Mrs. Underwood is an exceptionally strong-minded woman, who can choose and do for herself. It is only the half-educated and would-be reformers that are likely to oppose the cat."

"If you think I am half-educated, as you call it, Mr. Spalding" said Miss Crowe, spiritedly, "let me tell you that I have had a thorough schooling. If I do say it myself, there wasn't one of my class-mates that could equal me in geography, spelling or long division."

"And as for knitting and fancy stitching, Miss Crowe is unrivalled," spoke Miss Smith.

"I don't wish to be personal. I merely make the statement."

"Of course, if you are bent on seeing your son enter on a course that will necessarily lead to his downfall sooner or later, there is nothing more for me to say," said Martha Crowe, sarcastically, rising from her chair.

"I'll assume the responsibility."

"You ought to interfere, Sarah," said Miss Smith.

"Now, Amelia, don't talk like that. You know my husband and I are of one mind in this."

"Then let me say right here that as soon as I can possibly do it, I am going to leave this roof. Not altogether on account of that wretched cat, but because I'm only a stranger here, after all, and merely tolerated."

"If you are convinced of that, Amelia, there is no use arguing otherwise. We have grown positively weary in trying to cure you of your false impressions and oversensitive feelings."

"It may be that I have not long to live," continued Miss Smith, and becoming very emotional. "Only the other evening I dreamed that a bunch of tube roses was lying at the foot of my bed, and, as everybody knows, they are mostly a funeral flower."

"You'll outlive us all," laughed Mr. Spalding.

"Don't be superstitious, Amelia," said her sister.

Miss Crowe, too, became affected at the thought of her friend's demise.

"Don't speak of it, Amelia. It is too sad for words."

Miss Smith could not repress an hysterical sob, and this caused Miss Crowe's tears to flow more freely.

"That horrid cat is at the bottom of this—the evil thing! Never mind, Amelia, right will triumph yet."

"I fear it will be only over my corpse, Martha," wept Miss Smith.

"Come, come," said Mr. Spalding, laughing to himself, "drink some more tea and you'll both feel better."

"I have had enough, thank you."

"No more for me. Good afternoon, Amelia. Try to bear up under your troubles." And Miss Crowe, bowing coolly to Jack's parents, made her exit.

Martha Crowe took her defeat badly. Her pride was wounded and her anger roused.

"I'll make that man pay dearly for his attempt to belittle me," she said to herself, on her way homeward. "Such sarcasm I never did listen to in all my born days. Took us as if we were absurd ignoramuses. I'll show him yet. Now that I am in this affair, I'll fight it out, no matter the consequences. The idea! smiling at us in our most serious moments. What does he think we are, I'd like to know? He talks as he pleases to poor Amelia, but I'll convince him very quickly that I am not his sister-in-law, or a dependant, either. I have the Crowe blood in my veins, and the Spaldings will see pretty soon what I am capable of doing."

As advertised, the cat in due time shot the chutes in addition to his jungle-like performance, and in spite of his enemies' efforts to prevent him.

It was a curious crowd that gathered at the Crescent ball grounds to witness Tiger's daring plunge down the chutes, and although it was mostly a burlesque on the real descent as indulged in by people, it was nevertheless unique and surprising, Tiger taking the experience as great sport.

But his appearance at Mrs. Underwood's did not take place. And thereby hung a mystery.

One morning when Jack sought Tiger to give him his breakfast, he was alarmed to discover that the cat was gone.

Diligent searching of the premises was fruitless.

"I should have kept Tiger under lock and key," said Jack, much troubled. "I can't think what can have happened unless some one has stolen him. I never thought such a thing would occur here where we have never been disturbed by thieves. Perhaps some mean person regarded him as very valuable, but Tiger is no good as a performer to anybody except me. He won't, he can't, do his tricks with another. I don't know what I shall do now."

Jack was much disturbed. He told his father, then his mother, and last his aunt.

"I'll find that cat," said Mr. Spalding, suspiciously, and looking at his sister-in-law, who turned pale.

"Why do you look at me so savagely?" she cried.

"You know something about this affair, Amelia."

"I have had nothing to do with it."

"You mean that?"

"Have you ever found me to be guilty of a falsehood?"

"No, I have not."

"I repeat, I have had nothing to do with that animal."

Jack's father eyed her keenly.

"Then answer this: do you know anyone that has had anything to do with Tiger?"

Miss Smith hesitated.

"I am no spy on other folk's doings."

"That's not answering the question."

"I refuse to answer your question."

"Never mind, I'll find out elsewhere."

"It's nothing to me what you find out," snapped Miss Smith.

"I have my suspicions. I will make no accusation until I am sure of the guilty one. That cat is going to be found, alive or dead, or, at least, the party responsible for his disappearance."

"Well, bear in mind that I am not responsible."

"Maybe not, but if the law steps in on this affair, my lady, you'll have to answer some pretty stiff questions, whether you choose or not."

"The law! What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, maybe later on you'll receive some kind of a legal summons—that's all."

"Charging me with a crime? How dare you!" shrieked Miss Smith.

"No, but ordering you to tell anything you may happen to know.

I mean to stir up the whole country about that cat. I'm going to make straight now for Martha Crowe's."

"What's that to me. You needn't glare at me so significantly."

"Come, Jack, we'll go over to Miss Crowe's at once."

"Yes, father."

They started, walking briskly, and not pausing until they had covered a mile of the road, when they stopped before a plain white cottage.

They found the doors locked and the shutters closed, and could get no response to their repeated pulling of the bell.

"This is strange," said Mr. Spalding. "And it looks mighty queer."

A voice from the next yard arrested his attention.

"Are you looking for Miss Crowe, Mr. Spalding?"

"Yes, Mr. Stebbins. Do you know where she is?"

"Not at home, for certain. My wife says she told her she was off to her brother's on important family business."

"When did she go?"

"Yesterday. Molly didn't see her since the afternoon, and then only as she was passing the house."

"Did she carry anything?"

"I don't know. Here's Molly now."

Mrs. Stebbins appeared at the door.

"No, she didn't carry anything. Yes, she did, too, come to think of it—a hat box, which she said contained a new bonnet for her brother's wife."

"A hat box, eh? Do you remember whether it had holes in it—air holes?"

"Air holes? My! what a question. No, I don't remember."

"Very well. Thank you for the information, Mrs. Stebbins."

"You're welcome, I'm sure."

Mr. Spalding and Jack left abruptly, Josh Stebbins and his wife looking wonderingly after them.

"Did you hear that, Joshua? Air holes! That's enough to make a donkey laugh. Air holes for a new bonnet. It takes a man to ask such a foolish question. A woman would'nt say such a silly thing in a hundred years. Air holes!" And Mrs. Stebbins went back into the house with a loud laugh.

When Mr. Spalding and Jack reached home again, Miss Smith was in hysterics, Mrs. Spalding being unable to soothe her.

"This is my death stroke!" she moaned. "Your husband has killed me, Sarah, with his cruel treatment."

"You're only oversensitive and too imaginative, Amelia. Jack's father is spirited and easily excited, but you know he gets over it

quickly. I suppose what you and Martha Crowe said to him against the cat has made him suspicious. Don't mind it. This may all blow over and Tiger will probably come back. Maybe he got away by himself somewhere."

"The pity of it that I did not die in peace when I was sick two years ago, instead of living to see these bitter days."

"Why do you talk so, Amelia?"

Jack felt very sorry for his aunt. He said to his father:

"You don't really think, father, that Aunt Amelia knows anything about Tiger's disappearance?"

"I'm inclined to think she does."

"And you believe Miss Crowe has taken him away?"

"I'm not prepared to say positively. Martha Crowe is a peculiar woman. To speak frankly, I don't think she is well-balanced mentally, and there is no telling just what she would do. Of course, I have not said this to others; but I've been of this opinion for a long time. Martha Crowe is a very eccentric person, anybody would admit, to hear her at times, and I think she is becoming stranger in her conduct as she grows older. Probably others will see it later on."

During the days that followed Tiger did not return, so it was concluded that he must have been stolen.

Although this made the entertainment at Mrs. Underwood's an impossibility, it did not hinder Jack from meeting Vance.

The banker's son was a mild looking boy, apparently incapable of misconduct. To have seen him, no one would have thought that he bore an unfavorable reputation.

Jack had prayed to Our Lady for success in his efforts to win Vance Underwood from his evil ways, yet he hardly knew how to begin the work.

Circumstances came to his aid.

On listening to Jack's account of Tiger's mysterious disappearance, Vance became deeply interested. He laughed about the cat, yet realized things had a serious side, since Tiger was valuable to Jack.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," he suggested suddenly, "for you and me, Jack, to turn detective and ferret out the cat's whereabouts?"

"A fine idea."

"Splendid," said Mrs. Underwood. "If you succeed, Vance, I'll make you each a handsome present."

"It may be Vance's luck to solve the mystery alone," said Jack; "even ahead of my father."

"If he does," said Mrs. Underwood, "I'll give him an extra gift. I'll reward him, anyway, for his labors. His father will, too, won't you, Denis?"

"Yes, but not the same as if he finds the cat."

"It will be great sport," said Vance. "I'm going to keep my eye on every tramp I meet."

"We can do good work together," said Jack, glancing at Mrs. Underwood, who smiled with pleasure at the prospect of their being associated.

"What say you, Jack, to our starting out to-morrow?"

"The sooner the better."

"It will be quite an adventure, just like those things a fellow reads about in books. Maybe some long-haired author will hear of us, Jack, and write a story around us."

"I doubt that, Vance," laughed Jack. "I for one would make a poor hero."

"Don't you think it. You're all right."

Further acquaintance drew Jack and Vance together more closely, the banker's son taking such a strong fancy to Jack that the conversion of Vance seemed promising, though it would require time and effort.

Jack told Vance of his father's suspicions.

In searching for Tiger they tried to find Martha Crowe. On visiting her brother's, they were told she had made but a short stay there, Ezra Crowe giving this information none too readily. They could glean nothing more from him, and came away, convinced that she had returned to her own cottage.

But even there they could not trace her, and the neighbors knew nothing.

"Perhaps Ezra Crowe did not tell us a straight story," said Vance. "His sister may be still at his house in hiding. We ought to go back to Westburgh and see what we can find out."

"A good idea, Vance."

They returned to the scene of their former quest, and spent some hours there before encountering anything of interest.

The evening mail had just come in, and the boys went to the post-office to observe the people. Suddenly Jack caught Vance by the arm.

"Let us get out of the way," he whispered. "See, there, coming up the street. That's Martha Crowe, surely, with a veil over her face."

They hastily moved away in the opposite direction, and took up their stand where they could watch the woman without being seen.

She entered the postoffice and soon came out again, carrying a letter that apparently had just been received.

She retraced her steps.

They followed at a cautious distance. She went into the drug

store on the main street. They watched through the window. In a few moments they saw the druggist come forward.

With deeper interest they noticed Miss Crowe raise her veil, while the man looked closely at her face.

"That means something, you may be certain, Jack."

"Can it be that she has had a tussle with Tiger and suffered from his claws?"

"Things look suspicious. What say you if we go in, and face that woman also?"

"Very well, Vance. Perhaps we are acting too quickly, but we'll try it, anyway."

They opened the store door and went in, intending to call for an iced drink.

The man was in the act of handing the woman a small parcel. She paid him and started to leave.

She seemed anxious to get away, and as she attempted to pass the boys at the soda fountain, she lowered her head. Vance Underwood quickly stepped forward.

"One moment, madam, if you please. My friend, Jack Spalding, and I are here on important business, and we would like to have a little word with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To All The Saints.

REVEREND THOMAS TWAITES.

O glorious Saints and Spirits blest
Who now enjoy untroubled rest!
And wear, each one, a starry crown;
Upon our fragile bark look down
By winds and angry billows tossed
Lest we forevermore be lost!
And guide us to the Heavenly Shore
Where we may sin and weep no more!

Simple Talks to Boys and Girls.

This is the season of turkey and football, but I'm not going to speak on either. You all like to read good stories, don't you? I thought so. Well, it's about reading I will talk.

Boys usually take to brisk, "rattling" stories of adventure, while girls are attracted by something dainty and sentimental. There is no harm in reading books or serials of the above kind when they do not go beyond reason or common sense. But boys are frequently caught by the wildest and most ridiculous style of detective stories, as impossible tales of life in the West or on the sea, and they are apt to devour these fictions more hungrily than a starved bear would attack his prey.

Young girls, some of them not even in their 'teens, are fascinated by romances teeming with so-called love, which isn't love at all, but a sort of lunacy. They allow themselves to receive false impression of life and people; and it often happens that they come to great grief when they are a few years older, just because they gave their minds to deceiving books.

Now, a boy naturally doesn't want a story forced on him, that is so true to real life that it is positively dull, nor does a girl take pleasure in a tale that is all duty and whose heroine is so good and "lovely" that one wonders where the author found her. It is all right to choose a story whose circumstances and incidents may be extraordinary. If the chapters were not well colored, there would be no entertainment. Yet the substance and moral of what we read should be such as to have a good influence over us. There are numerous books by Catholic writers who have made a careful study of entertaining juvenile readers and those who have grown to be young men and women. Among these are legitimate tales of adventure for boys, and romances by the score for girls. When a young girl reads a love story by a recognized Catholic author there is little or no fear of her head being turned. In fact she'll learn many profitable things not to be found in other romances. We like to see a girl disregard all kinds of love stories until she is really of an age to read them. She is the right sort of girl who keeps to juvenile reading while she is yet a child. Is there anybody more unpleasant to meet than the little girl with too old a head?

It is rather old-fashioned to scold against the dime novels read by some of our boys. There are boys who have read the stories with their very sensational titles and turned sensibly from them later on. And there are those whose lives have been ruined by them. The average healthy-minded boy is not long in finding out how absurd these stories are, although he may have been weak enough to read several of them. But some impressionable boys have become worthless characters through reading harmful pamphlets. Have you ever read a dime novel author, boys? I have. They are a shrewd, very sensible set of men, although they spatter and click off insane stories of mid-air, land and sea. They will know their work is rubbish, and grind it out merely for the money to be gained from it. Jack Black was once entertained by a dime-novelist who made all sorts of apologies for the stories he really had written. Now, if dime-novelists have no respect for their own works, it seems very silly, doesn't it, for their readers to waste time and attention with them.

Although I have spoken in favor of Catholic writers, I do not mean that everything you read must be the work of a Catholic. There are many fine books by non-Catholic authors. You will often find reviews of them in our Catholic magazines. When you can't choose for yourself, ask some of your friends, whose judgment you can rely on, to select for you.

JACK BLACK.

Memento Mei.

HELENA MARIE TUCKER.

"Domine memento mei, dum veneris in regnum tuam."

"Remember me when in Thy kingdom Lord."

Upon Thy only earthly throne the Cross
 Vanquished by Thy great Love's resistless force
 The thief who saw Thee crucified, adored
 And owned Thee King, and all his sins abhorred.
 He saw Thy head bowed 'neath the Thorny Crown;
 Thy Precious Blood from hands and feet outpoured;
 Thy eyes divinely merciful look down
 Into his pleading eyes consolingly.
 Oh God-like answer to his faith's strong prayer:
 "In Paradise to-day, to-day with Me."
 It was the end of anguish and despair.
 Pleads true contrition's prayer incessantly,
 "Lord, in Thy Kingdom, O remember me."

Editorial.

Dominicana for October had just gone to press when the sad news of the death of our Reverend J. S. Jones, O. P., was communicated to his anxious friends. The announcement made at Saint Dominic's at all the Masses on Rosary Sunday, created profound sorrow among the members of the congregation, particularly as this great Feast of Our Lady had ever been to him one of joyous participation in the ceremonies held in her honor.

On the afternoon of Rosary Sunday the remains of Father Jones were placed in the Church he had loved so well and served so faithfully. Thousands of sorrowing friends united in heartfelt prayer to the Queen of the Rosary, craving for him perpetual peace in his eternal home.

The community of which Father Jones was an honored and efficient member has by his death, sustained a heavy loss; his confreres have been deprived of a genial and sympathetic companion. To them we extend our profound sympathy.

In the passing of Father Jones DOMINICANA suffers the loss of a valued friend. Intimately associated with Father O'Neil in the foundation preliminaries of the magazine, Father Jones' interest endured after the death of his dear friend whom he so sincerely mourned.

Our grief, therefore is again renewed and doubly sensible in the apparent untimeliness of the taking away of these two devoted friends. But faith in the over-rulings of an all-wise Providence inspires our confidence in their happy exchange of earth's uncertain joys for bliss that has no ending; for we know from the infallible words of Wisdom that, "The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure was taken for misery. And their going away from us for utter destruction, but they are in peace. And though in the sight of men they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality."

On Monday, October 2nd, a solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated at St. Dominic's, San Francisco, for the soul of Reverend Father Jones, the body of the beloved priest having rested in the casket in the church from the previous day.

The Mass was sung by Rev. Father Nevell, O. P., assisted by Reverend Fathers Netterville and Lewis, also of the Dominican Order. The last absolution was given by His Grace, Archbishop Montgomery. The remains of Father Jones were taken to Benicia for interment at 2:30 of the same day.

On Tuesday morning the funeral services commenced in Benicia with a high Mass which was attended by hundreds of sorrowing friends from San Francisco and the neighboring towns. Notable in the gathering was the Junior Choir, of S. Dominic's, San Francisco, who attended in a body. The Very Reverend Father Pius Murphy, O. P., conducted the beautiful burial service, according to the Dominican rite, in which he was joined by the entire community of Priests and students.

A pathetic incident, tenderly illustrating the reverent spirit in which the children will ever cherish Father Jones' rare influence, was the grouping of the Junior Choir, around his grave after all the other friends had departed. There they remained singing in chorus the many beautiful hymns that he had taught them; singing, as he had loved to hear them sing—singing for his listening ear; singing more solemnly since his smiling lips were mute! And who will say that he did not hear? And who will doubt that he joined with angelic bands in heavenly benediction?

The Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of the *Messenger*, announces that he has ceased to act as associate editor of the *Encyclopedia Americana*. He had been acting in that capacity at various intervals during the past few years, advising the editors in their choice of contributors and topics of interest to Catholics. He had helped them also to revise certain things that were erroneous or offensive to Catholics in their historical and doctrinal articles.

Henceforth, no agent of the *Americana* is authorized to use his name in behalf of this *Encyclopedia*, and, lest there should be any misunderstanding about his opinion of the work, he notifies Catholic purchasers that it was never within his province as associate editor to exclude from it articles that were defective or erroneous in any respect except in so far as they concerned Catholic doctrine, history and practice.

The Rev. Anthony J. Maas, S. J., after completing his twenty-fifth year in the Jesuit house of higher studies at Woodstock, Md., has been appointed a member of the *Messenger* staff and hereafter will reside in New York City.

He was professor of Sacred Scripture for fifteen years, during

which time he wrote "The Life of Christ," "A Day in the Temple," "Christ in Type and Prophecy," besides writing numerous articles on scriptural subjects for the reviews, especially the *Ecclesiastical Review*. He will continue his researches and studies in Sacred Scripture while assisting the editors of the *Messenger*.

He has been succeeded in Woodstock by the Rev. Timothy J. Brosnahan, S. J., as Prefect of Studies; by the Rev. John Corbett, S. J., as Librarian; by the Rev. George A. Chester, S. J., as Pastor of St. Alphonsus' Church, Woodstock.



Some Recent Books

SAINT CATHERINE DE RICCI—Her Life, Her Letters, Her Community, by F. M. Capes, comes from Burns & Oates, London.

This excellent life of "a contemplative nun" of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, gives a fair idea of the means she employed in "soul culture," or in the attainment of spiritual perfection. Saint Catherine de Ricci's eminent sanctity, her special mission to the sixteenth century, her miraculous power of converting sinners, her expiatory offerings for them, and her devotion to the souls in purgatory, offer striking examples of her wonderful practice of heroic virtue.

"Catherine de Ricci had great fame in her own time and country, but it was more for her extraordinary mystical life than for her personal actions that people were drawn to her, at least to begin with; though when they came to know her, the beauty of her character and the good that she did to others, with true Dominican activity of mind and heart, warmly attached them to her. Her life, we may say, contains a triple interest—that of a true mystic; that of the practical religious superior in her own community; and that of the essentially loving and tender woman, spreading beneficent influence around as far as the circumstances of her calling allowed."

Some idea of her loving interest in all that concerned the good, temporal and spiritual, of her neighbor, may be formed from the perusal of her sympathetic letters to her spiritual children.

Those who are interested in the psychology of the Saints will especially appreciate the treatise on "The Mystical Life," by the late Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P., which opens this volume.

The book is handsomely printed and illustrated; it may be obtained from Benziger Brothers, New York.

Calendar for November.

1—Feast of All Saints. Holy day of obligation. Plenary Indulgence for Tertiaries and members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

2—All Souls' Day. Special devotion for the dead.

3—B. Simon Billachi, O. P., Lay Tertiary of the Dominican Order. Humility.

4—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop and Cardinal. Model of Pastors. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

5—First Sunday of the month—B. Martin Porres, O. P., Lay Brother. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit; prayers. (2) C. C.; procession; prayers. (3) C. C.; assist at Exposition of Blessed Sacrament in Church of Rosary Confraternity; prayers.

6—S. Irenaeus, Bishop and Martyr (from June 28). Mortification.

7—B. Peter Ruffia, O. P., Priest and Martyr. Detachment.

8—Octave of All Saints. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

9—All the Saints of the Dominican Order.

10—Commemoration of S. Paul (from June 30). Anniversary of deceased Brothers and Sisters of the Dominican Order.

11—S. Martin, Bishop. Charity to the Poor.

12—Second Sunday of the month—Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; procession; prayers.

13—The most Pure Heart of the Blessed Virgin (from July 2).

14—B. John Licci, O. P. Devotion to the Passion.

15—B. Albert the Great, O. P., Bishop. Love of Duty. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

16—B. Lucy Narni, O. P., Virgin. Resignation.

17—S. Gregory Thaumaturgus,

Bishop: so called on account of his extraordinary miracles.

18—Anniversary of the Basilica of S. Peter, Rome. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

19—Third Sunday of the month—S. Elizabeth of Hungary, O. S. F., Queen and Widow. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary.

20—S. Felix Valois, Priest, and, with S. John of Matha, Founder of the Order of Trinitarians for the redemption of captives.

21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Rosary Confraternity and the Living Rosary.

22—S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr. Heavenly patroness of music. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

23—S. Clement, Pope and Martyr. Courage in affliction.

24—S. John of the Cross, Carmelite. Religious discipline.

25—S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr. Heavenly protectress of the Dominican Order.

26—Last Sunday of the month—S. Andrew Avelino, Priest of the Congregation of Regular Clerks. Obedience. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians accustomed to recite in common a third part of the Rosary three times a week.

27—B. Margaret of Savoy, Widow. Patience in sickness.

28—S. Stanislaus Kostka, S. J. Cleric. Purity.

29—B. James de Benefactis, O. P., Bishop. Devotion to the Holy See.

30—S. Andrew, Apostle. Patron of Scotland was crucified on a cross formed in the shape of the letter X.

Patron Saints of the Living Rosary for this month are: The Five Joyful Mysteries—S. Charles Borromeo, Bishop; S. Gertrude, Abbess; S. Godfrey, Bishop; S. Felix, Priest; S. Hubert, Bishop. The Five Sorrowful Mysteries—S. Martin of Tours, Bishop; S. Clement, Pope; S. Elizabeth of Hungary, Queen and Widow; S. Theodore, Martyr; S. Catherine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr. The Five Glorious Mysteries—S. Andrew, Apostle; S. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr; S. Hilda, Abbess; S. Flora, Virgin and Martyr; S. Edmond, Bishop.

Dominicana

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No. 12.

Christmas Carol.

M. M. M.

The angels sang in Bethlehem
The night that Christ was born,
And shepherds saw a wondrous light
Upon that blessed morn
When midnight changed from darkness
Into a golden dawn.
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
With joy and glad accord!
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
The glory of the Lord!

As fell the walls of Jericho,
At thy sweet sound, dear bells,
Fall down the barriers of the years
And, on thy cadenced swells,
The soul floats back to Bethlehem
And there enraptured dwells.
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
With joy and glad accord!
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
The glory of the Lord!

Oh midnight hour, forever blest,
Let all the ages sing;
From Bethlehem's crib the light streams forth,
The light of Heaven's King;
There shepherds bowed in holy joy
Their humble tribute bring.

Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
With joy and glad accord!
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
The glory of the Lord!

Far in the East the star appears,
The Magi see it gleam;
They haste to seek the One foretold,
Led by its radiant beam,
And onward press, cheered by the rays
That on their pathway stream.
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
With joy and glad accord!
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
The glory of the Lord!

Oh wondrous truth, a manger holds
The Word from Heaven descended,
And Mary's love and Joseph's awe
In worship there are blended;
While choirs celestial clear proclaim
Earth's darkest night is ended.
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
With joy and glad accord!
Ring Christmas bells! Ring Christmas bells!
The glory of the Lord!

Christmas Night.

NORA RYLMAN.

It is the nightfall, the night of Christmas Day. I have been to Mass, have joined in "Come All ye Faithful," have had the Christmas Communion, and the Christmas blessing. The little flaxen heads are still on the white pillows in the little nest upstairs, and I sit in the chimney corner, with two feet on the fender, and think of the days that are gone—of the Yuletides of Auld Lang Syne. And as I think of them, I

seem to hear the beat of a drum and the sound of a trumpet, deep, sharp, decisive—a call to arms.

I received my baptism of fire in the Crimea—a sharp one that, I can tell you. Shells from the batteries falling, falling—falling like red-hot hailstones night and day, day and night. Falling on you in the open, when the steely sky was above; falling on you in the trenches, with the frozen snow all round and the lights gleaming high in the bastions; falling on you as you prayed beside a dying chum; falling round you as you slept and dreamt of home.

I spent one Christmas day in the hospital. Just think of it. I was a young man then, and when the pain wasn't biting I pictured a cot of my own somewhere away in the green country, with my Pem making the pudding, our children stoning the plums, and a robin tip-tapping on the window.

Only a dream, but it came true. I married Pem one Christmastide, and had the cot—not quite in the country, but near it. I was an old campaigner by then—had been through the Indian Mutiny, marched to Candahar. I was a weaver by trade, had a loom in an upper room, in which I wove ribbons for bigger men. Sometimes I used to hear the beat of drums, and the tra-la-larrara of trumpets, even when my loom was going “clack!”

It was a sorry day for me when the clacking stopped; when, instead of coming in all cheery with my bundle of raw silk, I came in empty-handed. That reminds me. It was in the winter of the great distress that I became “Father Christmas” at a Bonny Marshy in the city close by. I had only to stand at the door and call out, “Walk in, walk in!” but it went hard against the grain; and sometimes I heard the peal, and Raglan's voice, too, a-praising me.

Though I was down in the dust, so to say, the tempter of men didn't overlook me on that same Christmas Eve. He can tempt all, can that Evil One—the beggar as well as the king; the mouse as well as the lion. It was in this way:

I was standing outside in the drizzle when a man passing dropped a purse—a nice fat purse—full of gold and silver pieces. I stopped, picked it up, and opened it. Heavens! What a sight for a poor man with a delicate wife! One compartment was full of gold and another one of silver, and I was going home that very night with the last half-guinea I expected to have for many a day. Like little Jack Horner, I was putting in finger and thumb to pull out a golden plum, when I all at once seemed to hear the beat of a drum—the army was on the march. Yes; but soon the drum was muffled; they were holding the last ser-

vice for one of the glorious dead. I knelt in a foreign chapel. What was that they sung? Why, this:

“Seeking me, Thy worn feet hasted;
On the Cross Thy soul death tasted—
Jesu, shall such toil be wasted?”

“Coward,” said I to myself, “march to victory.” And I up and ran after the gent and restored the purse.

True, he only gave sixpence, saying: This will buy your children some oranges,” but I was glad I did it, all the same.

True, he only gave sixpence, saying: “This will buy your children and opened a small dairy, and the sky was bright. We had several golden Christmases. I suppose ’tis because I’m the “last leaf on the tree,” but the whole world seems to have altered since I wore the old jacket and fought the Cossacks in India. Soldiers were dubbed “red-coats” then; now they’re called “Tommies.” There seems more hurry to drive, more reading, less thinking.

Far-off parts seem nearer, too. Daughter Maggie has actually sent grandson Dick a plum pudding, and he in the Australian Bush. You’ll be asking where the little wifey—where she is? Why, don’t you guess? With God, I trust. She died in her chair on Christmas Day, with the handkerchief I had given her round her neck. Dear Pem, true wife, true friend. And that very Christmas Day an old man who had loved her (and wished to marry her in the days of his youth) stepped up. And said he: “Old man, shake hands. You loved her and wedded her; I loved her and kept single for her sake. The world is lonesome to both of us—we want to meet her again in what the Church calls the *Domus Dei*. Let us say a prayer together.” So we said a “Hail Mary!” and after that drifted together, and the love of that dear dead woman was as a silver cord holding us two aged men together. Now, I sit here alone, with two feet on the fender, and the beat of the evening drum grows louder and louder. Hush! Hark! It is playing a triumphal march; it is beating as it did after Sebastopol, when we had knocked on the gate of Candahar. Here, great Captain of souls, and ready. First, the march, then the halt, then the entry into the city. Has the halt ended, Captain? If so, I pray Thee lead me to the city, as little lads are led by their fathers to the Childrens’ Mass on Christmas Day.

The Old California Missions.*

JAMES CONNOLLY.

[Second Paper.]

Early in July, 1771, Padre Serra, accompanied by an escort of eight soldiers, three sailors and a number of Indians, started out to seek centers for new missions. His first choice was a shaded glen of live oaks called Canada de Los Robles. In his selection of this site Father Serra's instinctive perception of the beautiful in nature was amply manifested. When the cross had been raised, with the customary devotions, a temporary altar was erected under one of the great trees and here, under the shade of its wide spreading branches, Father Serra, attended by Father Pieras, celebrated Mass. This was followed by the usual ceremonies; thus was founded the mission of San Antonio de Padua, July 14, 1771.

The work of building the church, a house for missionaries, barracks for the soldiers, was forwarded by the Indians who flocked to the new mission in large numbers. None of these structures was of a very imposing style of architecture, nor of extensive dimensions. The natives were anxious to take up their abode at the mission; they brought with them large supplies of rabbits, squirrels, prime nuts and acorns, so as to convince the missionaries that their desire to be with them was not inspired by a voracious motive of obtaining food. It was here and at San Carlos that some of the soldiers married Indian women, the first instances of inter-marriage recorded.

In Encino valley, twenty miles from San Gabriel, on the eighth of September, 1771, "surrounded by a great crowd of natives" and in presence of the troops, Father Francisco Dumitz conducted the ceremony founding the mission of San Fernando Rey de Espana. Father Francisco Javier Uria was appointed as the associate of Father Dumitz in charge of the mission. There is no more picturesque spot than that on which San Fernando stands. Its approaches, from all points for miles and miles, are unequalled in splendid diversity of scenery. Its view is unequalled, even on "Arno's shelvy side." More remote from lines of travel than some of the other missions, and situated in a sparsely populated locality, it is proportionately less known.

* By courteous permission of "Donahoe's Magazine" we are enabled to reprint Captain Connolly's informational papers on the California Missions.

It was the same spirit that animated both the early Catholic martyrs and later Catholic discoverers and explorers. In their sublime purpose of saving souls they went forth ready to make any personal sacrifice that might facilitate the progress of this work. To this spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others we not only owe the discovery of the American continent, but the exploration and civilization of the greater part of it. Through its power Columbus was impelled to regard himself as the destined instrument of heaven for spreading Christianity to the farthest ends of the earth. The counsel of his reverend friend, Prior Juan Perez, whose blessing he obtained and from whose hands he received the Blessed Sacrament the hour of sailing for the new world, strengthened the great navigator's belief.

It was 205 years later when the Spanish monarch granted the request of the two Jesuit Fathers, Juan Maria Salvateirra and Francisco Ensolio Knio for permission to attempt to Christianize the Californias, on condition that his government would not be called on to bear any part of the expense, and that the new country should be taken possession of in the name of the Spanish crown. Sufficient funds to defray the expense of their voyage was shortly raised by subscription from charitable persons whose names the gratitude of the Fathers has preserved to this day. This money was named, "the pious fund of the Californias," and it finally grew to such proportions as to become a bone of contention among the Mexican authorities.

Thirteen missions founded by these two Jesuits reached from Cape San Lucas, the extreme southern point of the peninsula northward; all were in a flourishing condition in 1767, when the Spanish monarch ordered that the Society of Jesus should be expelled from his dominions.

As has been stated in a former paper, the Franciscans, soon afterwards, came to fill the Jesuits' places and carry on their noble work.

When, in 1772, the Franciscans turned over all the missions on the peninsula to the Dominican Fathers, ten additional Franciscans were thus rendered available for missionary work in Alta California. This was a desirable accession to the ranks. Their renowned superior, Padre Serra, was thereby enabled almost immediately to extend his work along the coast northward and inland.

Lieutenant Moraga was placed in command of twenty soldiers who were sent as guards of the expedition of the Franciscans that had been deputed to found a mission on San Francisco Bay. Leaving Monterey June 17, 1777, they arrived on June 27 at the Laguna de Los Dolores, on the south-east side of the Bay. Here an altar was erected and Mass

celebrated on the twenty-ninth. The devotion was continued daily during the following month, while the exploring parties were out looking for the most desirable location for the mission. Field tents were used as habitations for those who accompanied the expedition; a temporary chapel was erected.

On the eighteenth day of August the *San Carlos* arrived from Monterey. Those on board of her having approved of the site selected, work was at once begun on the permanent buildings of the presidio. The chapel, commandant's dwelling, houses for the soldiers and their families, storehouses, etc., were of palisade walls and earth roofing. The seventeenth "being the day of sores of our seraphic Father Saint Francis," was fixed upon as the day for celebrating the founding of the presidio. There were four Fathers in the sanctuary at the celebration of the Mass which was attended by all from the presidio. The subsequent firing of the swivel guns of the transport so terrified the natives that none of them put in an appearance for many days. Commandant Moraga, after the ceremonies, entertained the visitors with all the hospitality at his command.

Work on the mission church was shortly begun by the good Fathers, aided by six sailors. It was fifty-four feet long, built of wood, and roofed with tiles. On October third, the church was completed and blessed and arrangements made for holding the foundation ceremonies on the fourth, the anniversary of the death of Saint Francis. But owing to the absence of Commandant Moraga the grander ceremonies were postponed. He arrived on the seventh, and on the ninth Mission Dolores was dedicate to San Francisco de Asis with all the solemn rites of the Order. In the simple procession the image of Saint Francis was carried in the presence of all the civilized people of that quarter, save a few soldiers who had been left in charge of the fort.

From this solemn dedication near the shore of the great bay the city of San Francisco takes its name. The four pious Padres who conducted the services builded much better than they knew. In April 1777 San Francisco was first honored by a visit from the governor of the Californias. The good Presidente, Padre Serra, visited the mission in October in time to say Mass in the church on Saint Francis' day, in presence of seventeen Indian adult converts.

Visiting the presidio a few days later he was delighted with the splendid view of the bay under the blue California sky and exclaimed, "Thanks be to God that now our Father Saint Francis, with the holy cross of the procession of the missions, has reached the last limits of the California continent. To go farther he must have boats."

The history of the growth of this mission, of its success in civilizing

and educating the Indians in the industrial pursuits of life is little different from those of the others described in the first paper.

On the banks of the bright Guadalupe river, in the great fertile valley of Santa Clara under the cross raised two months before, Father Tomas said the first Mass on January 12, 1777. The new mission was dedicated to Santa Clara, on a beautiful site which the Indians had named Tares, surnamed by the Fathers, Thamien.

On the twenty-ninth of November of the same year the first pueblo founded in California was located on the eastern bank of the Guadalupe about two miles from Santa Clara. It was named San Jose de Guadalupe, in honor of the first patron of the California establishment, by Jose de Galvez, Visitador General of Spain.

The corner stone of the new church was not laid until November 19, 1781. On returning from his last Confirmation tour northward the venerable Padre Serra stopped at Santa Clara and dedicated the church on Sunday, May 15, 1784. It was regarded as the finest church that had been erected up to that time, in California. But the fact that the remains of its founder and architect, Father Murguia, who died only four days previously, lay beneath the structure, rendered the ceremonies more solemn and sad than usual. The Southern Pacific Railroad, running through the center of the valley, takes the tourist close to the mission. It is in a good state of preservation and divine services are regularly held in the old church.

The largest expedition yet undertaken in California in search of a desirable mission site left San Gabriel, March 26, 1782. Presidente Serra, himself, who accompanied the expedition, inspired the whole party with energy and devotion to their holy project. Traveling about fifty miles to the west-north-westward they reached the shore of the Pacific about midway of Ventura county. Here a site was chosen near the shore, close to the native town with its picturesque cluster of conical tribe-huts. The cross and altar were raised on the next day. Over the latter was erected a fragrant canopy of green and blossoming boughs under which Mass was said and a dedicatory sermon preached by Father Serra, to a large attendance of natives and soldiers.

The Indians manifested much satisfaction with what they saw and heard and subsequently did all in their power towards building up the mission. Fathers Santa Maria and Dumitz were placed in charge. The church has shared the vicissitudes of the eventful century which has intervened since its foundation. All about this holy spot, on the ruins of the earlier civilization, has sprung up the more bustling, noisy, pretentious haunts, habitations and industries of the new. But it is to be doubted

if the change has been a gain to the Indian race. Be that as it may, the church which was dedicated to the "Seraphic Doctor" San Buenaventura, still stands. It is now the parish church, and it will probably stand as long as men retain any regard for landmarks of heroic devotion.

Shortly after the lamented death of Presidente Junipero Serra, August 28, 1784, Father Paulo, then senior-missionary in California, succeeded to the presidency. The founding of the mission La Purisima Concepcion, was delayed till December 8, 1787. On that day Father Lasuen, with the usual following, proceeded from Santa Barbara to the selected site near the Santa Inez river, in Santa Barbara county. The day before the anniversary of the Immaculate Conception, we may well believe that the foundation ceremonies were suitably solemn and imposing.

As it was the commencement of the rainy season there was little building done before the following spring. In April Fathers Fuster and Arroita were assigned to the spiritual charge of Purisima. Before the end of the year, seventy-nine neophytes were enrolled on the mission records. There was therefore no lack of help in the building of the various structures.

Little as we hear of these ruins in our own day, and though there are a few of the lovers of the nation's landmarks who find their way thither, the mission was once the scene of prosperous, contented industry among the neophytes, untiring devotion and active paternal care on the part of the Padres.

The site of the Santa Cruz mission stands five hundred yards from Rio San Lorenzo. Some days before the foundation ceremonies were to take place, the Indian chief, Sugert, with some of his tribe came in and told the Padres that he would become the first Christian of his people.

On Sunday, September 25, 1789, on the arrival of troops from Santa Clara, and in presence of chief Sugert and his people, the customary foundation ceremonies were carried out. The corner stone of the church was laid in 1790 and the completed structure was dedicated on May 10, 1794.

It was rectangular in form, on a stone foundation, 30 feet wide by 112 feet long, and 25 feet high. The walls were adobe.

Santa Cruz has of late years become the most fashionable, as well as the most delightful, watering place of the Pacific coast. It is, during the summer, the oceanside retreat of most of the wives and daughters of the millionaires and bonanza kings of San Francisco. Being less than two hours' ride from the Golden Gate, men are enabled to give several hours to business each day in the city and to spend their late afternoons and delicious summer evenings in their shoreside cottages with their families.

Little Manuel.

MARY VAUGHAN.

Alice King was not a mere butterfly, although the fact that she was the only daughter of a wealthy and worldly-minded father caused her to lead the life of one for the most part, at least for a certain season each year. But a gay exterior covered a warm, true heart, and she had many deep and tender thoughts and fancies that were hidden alike from her more frivolous companions, and from her father who would by no means have understood or commended them. They were a legacy from her gentle mother whose young life had gone out when Alice first opened wide eyes upon a world which was to lack its best part for her in the absence of that mother-love she craved, and which was poorly replaced by the pride taken in her by a father who thought mainly of the manner in which she graced the position he provided, and reflected credit on his home and name.

Through the fashionable "season" she cheerfully filled her place in society, and no one fancied her duties were not her pleasure also. She went in as well for the usual round of charities, but as there was a fad among girls of her set for that sort of thing, she was not considered unduly soft-hearted or self sacrificing. But, when summer came it was her delight to avoid the haunts of "Society in search of recreation," and betake herself to one of her father's large cattle ranches in the Southern part of the State. Here she would live for a time, a simple, care-free life; now in short skirts and thick boots tramping among the nearby hills, or mounted on a wiry little pony that seemed to joy in her as she in him; scampering over the range, free as the air, sun-tanned, wind-blown, rosy with health and good spirits. She made friends with the numerous following of the big ranch and its many-sided life, doing here and there little kindnesses as the need arose or occasion presented itself. Riding across the country one day she came upon a little cabin that had long stood vacant, and found it newly tenanted. An old Indian woman sat beside the door and near by a young lad lay dozing in the sun. The old woman smoked her pipe in silence and the youngster sat up suddenly, gazing before him with unseeing eyes. With a shock it came to Alice that the boy was blind; dismounting she bent over him and spoke to him softly.

At the sound of her voice a flush spread over his face; and he smiled a bewilderingly beautiful smile, flashing his white teeth and looking into her face as though no veil was drawn between them. To the open

door came a young woman, the mother, a full-blooded Indian, a fine tall specimen of her race, but neither to the mother nor the grandmother did the boy owe his beauty, which was of another type, and the combination of his face and his misfortune appealed to Alice in a compelling way.

In her heart she vowed to do something to make the light shine in the dark places for this little lad. To that end she strove to penetrate the stolid reserve of the women; to learn, if possible, something of their history, and with offers of work and assistance to win them, at least to a toleration of her anticipated visits. In time she found that little Manuel was the child of a Spanish father who had passed that way one summer, and disappeared before the rains fell, leaving to the Indian girl, who had charmed his vagrant fancy, only the memory of a brief season of happiness and the burden of caring for her boy who was afflicted before he crossed the threshold of life. Poor little lad—he had never seen the light of day, and while the mother and grandmother were not unkind, they were indifferent. He had food and shelter for his sturdy little body, but he was starved in mind and heart. All day he lay basking in the sun; at night he groped his way to his bed in a corner of the cabin, his lonely mind full of strange fancies, for there was no one with whom to share them. In all his ten years no music so sweet as the voice of Alice King, had sounded in his ears. On that June morning, as she lingered and chatted, a new world seemed opening to him, as indeed it was; for this was the beginning of many happy days through the long summer, when morning or afternoon would bring her briskly walking, or clattering up on her pony, with books to read to him or tales to tell him of the great world outside his narrow horizon. As she knew him better she could easily believe that he came of gentle blood, which he had inherited from his Spanish ancestors, along with his dark beauty; his fine instincts and courteous manners never failed him. At heart he was a dreamy little poet; he fed hungrily upon the beautiful thoughts that Alice brought to him from the world of letters. To her who had known little of such loving comradeship as this, her ministrations to his soul's needs brought a sweetness beyond all telling; she delighted in his quick response to every fine thought or stirring deed within his ken.

The booksellers in San Francisco wondered at the frequent orders "Miss King" sent in for children's literature. Her delight was equal to his as she led him step by step along the flowery paths of the world's best. They would sit for hours under the shade of a live oak and revel in some story of adventure which she would explain to him as they

went along. Often she gave him choice bits from her own well-beloved poets, such bits as were suited to his comprehension, which indeed she found far beyond his years and limitations. Now his nights were not lonely or perplexed by strange fancies as they had been. He lived over his days with her, and had for company the crowding images that peopled them.

Manuel was fond of the color blue; he seemed to have a sense of it and a feeling for it which was incomprehensible to Alice. He had been told that the sky was blue, and gazing into the heavens with his sightless eyes, he fancied the wide spaces she told him of, and felt the blue above him like a benediction. Alice soon came to wear always on her visits a blue dress or a bit of blue ribbon, although the brighter colors were her favorites, and more suited to her warm coloring. With his sensitive fingers the boy would touch the blue gown or ribbon and joy in knowing she wore it. He wanted to know all about the various kinds of blue flowers, and at last chose as his favorite the tiny forget-me-not about which Alice had told him. She related all the stories and poems she could find, about the flowers which she gathered, for his entertainment. One evening, as the light faded, she told him how the stars were peeping out, and repeated the lines from Longfellow—

“Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

From that hour the lines were his, often repeated, and remembered in wakeful hours of the night.

Manuel was a devout little Catholic by instinct, and inheritance from both races, as his mother came from the line of Mission Indians whom the good Padres had loved and taught; now and then she took him to the old church as was her duty. He loved its cool interior, the scent of incense and flowers, and the voice of the gentle priest who ministered to his heterogeneous flock in all humility. Especially did Manuel's heart turn toward the dear Virgin Mother whose story he had heard—he who had known so little of a child's happiness in a loving mother—and as he turned his face towards her little shrine, he fancied her in a blue robe dotted with shining stars. His little petitions were all addressed to her, for he could approach her in spirit, knowing that she was the Divine Mother who had loved a “little boy” (so he put it,) of her own.

One day, when Alice wore the blue dress, he said to her, “The angels must wear blue, as it is the color of heaven. I think you look like them, don't you?” She laughed merrily, and pinching his chubby cheek,

told him that angels were always fair, with blue eyes and golden hair; while she was as brown as a berry, "Almost as dark as you, little Manuel."

He grew thoughtful, and asked if "God did not love dark people or admit any of them to Heaven." And Alice, to win back his smiles, had to invent a story that all good people were made fair when they entered the Heavenly Kingdom. In such fashion the long golden summer passed all too quickly; with the first hint of rain in the air Alice's father summoned her home. She tried to brighten the sad parting, for Manuel by promises of frequent letters to be read to him by the ranch Superintendent, and tried to cheer herself and him by holding out the hope of meeting before many months, at least before another summer. And so she whirled away to town to assist at the opening of the great house on the Avenue, and in the entertainment of her own and her father's guests.

The winter was an unusually gay one, crowded with functions more or less wearisome to Alice; but in the midst of these she found time to run over to Berkeley, occasionally, to take lessons in reading the raised type for the blind; and this with a view of teaching little Manuel during the coming summer. The kind hearted Superintendent of the Institute for the Blind took great interest in her story of the boy, and furthered her plan in every possible way. At Christmas time Alice packed a box of creature-comforts for Manuel and his mother, and sent him games and sweetmeats; but the crowning glory was a ponderous volume of fairy-tales, in raised type, with a letter telling him what it was, and saying that when she came again he was to be taught to read it. Indeed, she looked forward to a future when she might gain his mother's consent to place him in the school across the Bay, so that his beautiful mind might be trained for usefulness and for the joy of himself and his fellows.

Manuel never tired of lying on the floor with this big book before him, running his delicate fingers over the letters and trying to imagine all the charming stories hidden in their mysteries. His impatience to read it made the summer seem very far away; but it was something so wonderful to look forward to, that he thought of it and his dear friend night and day. Alice, meanwhile, was almost counting the hours that must intervene before she would be free to take up her life on the ranch again. One day in February, in the midst of preparations for a reception, a telegram was handed her from the ranch Superintendent. A glance gave her the message, "Manuel very ill with pneumonia; he is asking for you." Without a moment's hesitation, Alice began hasty preparations for departure, with a touch of her father's dominant spirit, not

heeding his grumbling remonstrances at her interest in "that little half-breed," which interfered with his plans. The early morning found her alighting from the train at the little station, where, according to her wired instructions, the Superintendent was waiting with a conveyance to drive her to the little cabin. She was told that the case was hopeless, so she nerved herself to meet the inevitable.

As she entered the door, the dim light seemed to focus itself on the little cot, which had been drawn into the center of the room.

There lay her little Manuel, his sands of life almost run; nearby stood the physician, who had been summoned by the Superintendent, and the good Father, who was fulfilling the offices for the dying. Very tenderly he touched with the sacred oil the boy's forehead, and left upon it the symbol of suffering and redemption, trusting to speed the spirit upon its upward flight. In the hush of the bare room, where one of the great mysteries was being enacted, the lad's labored breathing could be heard, but at the sound of the opening door it ceased for a moment, and with intent ear he listened. Then with his whole heart in the word he cried, "Alice!" As the name trembled on his lips, she was beside him; with his hand clasped in hers she watched the smile of joy creep over his white face—fair now as the angels he had dreamed of—she was repaid for her coming. Slowly the hours passed, and gradually he lapsed into semi-consciousness, with fitful moments, when he stirred, conscious of her presence and his surroundings.

Once he touched the sleeve of her navy-blue gown and asked, "Is it blue?" When told that it was he gave a sigh of content.

At last, as twilight fell, he struggled to rise, and with a thrilling cry, "The forget-me-nots of the angels—I *see* them!" he passed out into the Great Beyond, holding fast to the one friendly hand that had been held out to him in his darkened and desolate boyhood.

They buried him next evening at sunset in the Old Mission graveyard, where slept his dusky progenitors, little knowing or caring that one of their own was being laid beside them, in whose veins ran not alone their blood, but the proud blood of the Spaniards, the dominant race.

An hour later Alice was on her way back to town, and it was a silent and a saddened Alice who met her companions during the weeks before the summer flitting, but the reason was left to conjecture and it flew wide of the mark. "Why does she wear forget-me-nots constantly? So unbecoming, and not at all her flower; it must be a love affair." And, indeed, it was; but in a way that they little imagined; it was love for a little outcast boy, blind from his birth.

As time went on Alice grew restless and uneasy. She was haunted

by thoughts of the little lad, lonely amid the great throngs around the Throne. She pictured him with sight restored; and not knowing whom or what he saw. Finally, it wore upon her and she became morbid and low-spirited, and took to long walks by herself, day after day. Going down the broad avenue one late afternoon, she found herself passing the great Cathedral, and moved by a sudden impulse she ascended the wide steps and entered. Seating herself near the door, she seemed to sink into the silence, brooding for sometime in the soft light that filled the lofty interior. The few worshippers, quiet and devout, who moved noiselessly from shrine to shrine, or knelt in the pews telling their beads, seemed to her intangible as a dream. The great altar shone like a star in the gloom, and the rainbow lights from the stained-glass windows fell softly over all. At last, impelled by some need of her sorrow, she arose, and moving swiftly to the shrine of the Virgin, to whom little Manuel had so often prayed, sank upon her knees and cried from her full heart, "Oh, Holy Mary! Mother of God! Thou who hast known motherhood and loss, grant the petition of a woman alien to the faith. I have no mother, and thou art the sacred type of motherhood, so I come to thee. Surely, in Heaven thou hast power, as thy clients believe. Let the mother I have never known search out the little Manuel and take him into her keeping. She will love him for my sake and comfort him."

With eyes dimmed with tears, Alice groped her way out of the church, but even as she did so peace descended upon her like a garment and enveloped her. Ever afterwards the thought of little Manuel, in the care of her sainted mother, was with her like a blessing.

When summer came she went again to the ranch in spite of her loneliness. Often she sat for hours beside the little grave over which rioted a tiny, blue flower planted by her loving hands; the memory of her happy days with Manuel, and of the comfort she had given to him, as well as that she had received from the little lad, was as healing balm to the wounds of her spirit.

For Alice had needed love and companionship only a little less than he, in spite of the vast difference in their lives. What she had given was indeed "twice blessed"; it has blessed the giver a thousandfold. It was a softening influence that was felt all through her life, making her tender and helpful; in many a twilight hour she looked up at the "blossoming stars," the forget-me-nots of the angels, and thought with love and longing of her little Manuel.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! in my bosom cast
Thy fire that I may sorrow o'er the past.

Japan To-Day.

REVEREND AMBROSE COLEMAN, O. P.

VII.

MINERALS AND MINING.

At the exposition at St. Louis last year the Japanese made a great display of their mineral resources and their improved methods of mining. The Osaka Smelting and Refining Company—the largest copper producers in the Empire—showed a model of their works, in which they have the largest furnace in the world. There was also a model exhibit of the Takashima mine, situated on an island near Nagasaki, where they have carried the mine extensively under the sea. There was also on exhibition a gilt bar, six feet in height, representing the actual size of the previous year's output of gold, viz., 96,000 ounces. A silver bar of the same size, standing by its side was one thirty-fifth of the silver mined during the same period, viz., 1,855,000 ounces. Coal and copper are the chief commercial products—the coal at present having a yearly output of 9,000,000 tons. Iron ore is not very plentiful, but copper is found everywhere in large quantities. The latter is very commonly used for domestic utensils. Petroleum has been discovered in some parts of Japan, and the wells are very extensively worked on the West Coast. However, there is great room for development, for Japan has been importing enormous quantities of this mineral oil for lighting purposes, as the use of it has been increasing rapidly for the last few years.

The rise of Japan into the ranks of the foremost nations of the world has been so phenomenal that it has given rise to many speculations among recent writers as to the relative position she will hold as a world power in the near future and the enormous political changes that her predominance may effect on the Asiatic Continent. Her wonderful progress presages something far greater, and we hesitate to put limits to it. Yet, Japan, unlike some other countries, has well-defined limitations. As a final factor, the power of a nation in modern times depends, not on the patriotic and warlike spirit of the people, but on the natural resources and wealth of the country it inhabits. Now, Japan has almost reached its limits in agriculture and certain of its industries. The land cannot produce more than is got out of it at present, and not much more land can be brought into cultivation. Its minerals are fairly abundant, but are not to be compared to the wonderful mineral resources of America or Russia, for instance. Its cottage industries cannot be a much greater source of wealth than they are at present, for they are developed to almost their full extent. The factory system will undoubtedly increase the output of manufactured products, and may raise Japan to an important, but by no means over-

whelming, position in the markets of the world in competition with older rivals.

It is in its expansion that Japan is to be feared by the European Powers. Any undeveloped territory the Japanese touch they turn into gold. In six years after the cession of Formosa by China the revenues of that island have increased six hundred per cent. The independence of Korea, one of the objects of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, will mean very little when the war is over and the Japanese will be free to exploit that rich, undeveloped, and thinly-populated country according to their wishes. We may expect to see them settling there in hundreds of thousands, taking up the land, building railways, working the mines, making the country the granary of Japan, and a safe market for her manufactured goods.

But, above all, we must take into account the effect of Japanese influence in the huge empire of China, which has a population of four hundred million souls, as much as Europe and North America combined. The success of the Japanese in their conflict with Russia has made a profound impression in China and has increased the popularity which Japanese ideas and institutions have been enjoying for some time. Japanese professors are teaching the military art in important colleges in China; a Japanese professor has been asked to draft a new code of laws for the empire; Japanese instructors have been engaged in numbers to drill the Chinese troops; Japanese books of every kind are being industriously translated into Chinese. It is a mistake to suppose that the Chinese are so conservative that no great changes have ever taken place in the empire. On the contrary, the history of China shows a series of great dynastic changes and revolutions. All the signs at present in China point to a general move towards the assimilation and adaption of Western ideas which we commonly associate with modern progress. Japan has taken on herself the mission of teaching these ideas, and is finding China an apt and willing pupil. The result of it will be what is generally known as the "Yellow Peril," China and Japan dominating the world. With an alliance between the two empires, the combined fleets of which may in a few years exceed those of any two or three of the European Powers, with armies comprising millions of fanatical, easily-fed, but well-disciplined troops, under Japanese generalship, what chance would the White Races have in any dispute regarding the far-eastern possessions, such as India, Tonquin, Java, or the Philippines. From personal experience in the latter country I know that the Japanese victories have turned the heads of the natives, and have increased the dislike, now amounting to disrespect, with which they regard the White Man. "Asia for the Asiatics," the watchword now whispered fairly audibly through the Far East, has changes in store for us that we can form no conception of at present.



IV.

MARTHA CROWE'S DEFIANCE—THE VENTURE OF TOM MACK.

Synopsis of Parts Previously Published.

Jack Spalding, a farmer's son, and "Tiger," his educated cat, contribute to the home support by giving country entertainments. Amelia Smith, Jack's aunt, and an eccentric woman named Martha Crowe, endeavor to stop Jack's appearances in public by appealing to his father. They fail, and Martha Crowe observes to her friend that the cat should be poisoned. Later on "Tiger" mysteriously disappears. Suspecting Martha Crowe, Jack and Vance Underwood, a wild college student, whom Jack is trying to win to a better life, trace the woman to another town where they surmise she is staying at the home of her brother. They follow her from the postoffice to the drug store and note that she raises her veil to the chemist, showing what the boys believe to be an injury from the cat's claw. She is about to leave the store when Jack and Vance step forward and detain her.

Although confronted so suddenly by Vance Underwood and Jack, Martha Crowe did not shrink, as the boys thought she might do. Instead she assumed a very independent air and said:

"Well, sir, what is it?"

For a moment Vance was at a loss how to proceed; then:

"We are in search of a lost cat, madam. It is Jack Spalding's trained cat, of which you have heard, I'm sure."

"Oh, yes, I have heard of the animal," she said, sarcastically. "Vulgar advertisements of it are thrown around everywhere".

"We—a—well—a—you see, we thought you might be able to help us trace the cat," stammered Vance, perplexed by her cool, indifferent manner.

"Oh, you did eh? Well, young man, don't mistake me for a detective. When I decide to make a profession of looking for stray, worthless animals, I'll let you know. Excuse me, but I must be on my way."

"A moment more, please."

"I have no time to waste with you," said the woman, curtly. "Stand aside, please."

Vance felt snubbed, but it made him summon courage.

"Let me tell you, then, that there is a rumor afloat that you know something about that cat."

"Sir!"

"It is known that you and Amelia Smith were very seriously opposed to the cat, and people are saying strange things."

"You dare make an accusation! Take care sir, what you say."

"I make no accusation. I simply say what's going around the neighborhood."

Martha Crowe sneered.

"What care I for the neighborhood? I can assure you of one thing certain, and that is I'll prosecute anyone who dares to bring my name into this affair. I was opposed to that disgraceful cat and I repeat it now. But that is no reason why my name should be linked with the animal's disappearance. That is all I have to say." And the woman went on her way defiantly, leaving the boys wondering if they had made a misstep in approaching her.

"It beats me, Jack," said Vance. "I couldn't make that woman out."

"Father says she's a puzzle, yet I think he would have taken her words just now with some doubt."

"You mean he would think her mixed up in the Tiger business, in spite of the way she spoke and acted?"

"Perhaps."

"It may be she has fooled us."

"I wouldn't say she hasn't."

"I tell you what we'll do, just let her think she has led us off the track, and we'll follow her doings closely all the same."

"A good idea, Vance."

"We'll hang around this town until we get some sort of a clue or something equal to it."

"It's too bad, though, we can't find out about Tiger—whether he's dead or alive."

"We'll hope for the best, and believe him alive until it's proven otherwise."

"What move ought we make next?" said Jack.

"It's hard to say. We'll have to trust to events for awhile."

"Could you tell what that mark was on Miss Crowe's face?"

"No. It was so plastered that you couldn't see it well. It looked long enough to be a scratch. It would not have done any good to ask her, for she would have considered us insolent."

"Suppose we ask the druggist?"

"It might help us."

They recalled the man from the rear of the store.

"I want to ask you, Mr. Ryder, what that wound is on Miss Crowe's face," said Vance, with a smile.

"She came in some days ago, saying a nail had grazed it. I dressed it, but noticed it was rather a peculiar wound from a nail, yet one never knows how a thing may look."

"Do you think it might have been a scratch from a cat?" said Vance.

"Well, yes, if the cat happened to have a remarkably large claw."

"Tiger has such claws," said Jack. "He's not a mean cat, but, if attacked, he can put up a good fight, and leave big traces of it."

"Who is Tiger?"

"My trained cat. He's been stolen, we suspect, and we're trying to find out where he is."

"Oho! You don't suppose that woman has had a hand in the matter, do you?"

"We can't say. We don't want to accuse anybody without being certain."

"It may really be that her face was grazed as she says, although we'd like to prove it before believing her innocent," said Vance.

"Yes; appearances are often misleading. And you cannot work without sufficient evidence."

"Well, we'll hang around the town a little while longer before going back home."

The boys left the store and went back in the direction of the post office, not knowing what course to pursue.

Vance was looking thoughtfully on the sidewalk when suddenly he was accosted by a hoarse, familiar voice.

"Hello, there!"

He looked up quickly.

"Why, it's Tom Mack!"

"Who did you s'pose it was, Han'y Andy?"

"I'm surprised to see you here."

"Why? It's the town I live in."

"I didn't know that. Of course, I used to see you only at the college."

"I hardly know where I live meself," said Tom Mack humorously, "since I'm only home when I can't help meself."

Tom Mack was a rough-looking, good-natured fellow over twenty. He had been employed around the college previously attended by Vance, as a helper on the outlying farms. Sometimes he figured conspicuously in baseball and football games, and was credited as a clever player. Although opportunities for an education had been his, he let them pass, quite content to go through life without the influence of books or culture. He had been nominally a student at the school, but had never been known to study. It was his work in the games that saved him from being expelled altogether, since he could not have entered the public contests with other colleges unless listed as a student.

"I thought you were away with the baseball league."

"So I was, but I had a run-in with the captain, and quit."

"They lost a good player when you dropped out."

"Well, they can wake up to that fact at the next big game."

"I'm forgetting to present my friend, Jack Spalding."

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Mack."

"The same to you, but you don't need to waste any 'Mr.' on me. Just call me, Tom."

"Very well," laughed Jack, "I shall not be formal with you after this."

"Jack and I are here on a little detective work."

Tom Mack looked interested.

"Detective work?"

"Yes, we are trying to trace a lost cat and the one that stole him. We hardly think the cat walked off on his own account."

"Have you any idea who the feller was that bagged him?"

"We rather suspect a woman."

Tom Mack whistled.

"That's strange."

"There is a woman visiting this town at present whom we don't like to accuse. We can only say of her that she dislikes the cat very much and tried to get Jack's father to stop his appearances on the stage."

"The stage?"

"Yes. He was a performing cat and used to do a clever act with Jack in the different towns. You surely must have heard of them."

"I remember seein' bills about a performing tiger."

"You've got it wrong. It was a performing cat named Tiger."

"You're right. You don't mean that this is the same Jack Spalding with you."

"That's who it is."

"I didn't know I was talkin' to such a distinguished poisonage," said Tom Mack, turning to Jack seriously. "Yer must excuse me bad manners."

"Oh, I'm not distinguished," said Jack, much amused. "Don't make any apologies."

"I never saw the cat's show, but I've heard people say he was a daisy."

"Well, with all his success, he has mysteriously disappeared."

"Maybe he's a dead one by this time."

"I hope not. I won't give him up until I'm forced to," said Jack.

"Of course, it is useless to ask if you've come across any stray cat," said Vance.

"I haven't seen a cat since—say, let me think a minute," said Tom Mack, suddenly pausing. "What kind of a lookin' feller was he?"

The boys described Tiger minutely.

"I ain't seen no yaller cats at all. I did see a big black one with a white spot. He was a tramp cat, I think, for he looked as though the world went hard with him."

"We had hoped to trace Tiger in some way through Miss Crowe. We have just left her. She was very indignant, and cautioned us against any accusation. She's a queer woman, and we know she hated the cat. It may be only a coincidence, but she left Jack's vicinity simultaneously with the cat's disappearance."

"See here, Vance, don't spring any dictionary on me. What's that word again?"

"I mean she left at the same time," said Vance, with a laugh.

"Let me think a second. I've been workin' for Ezra Crowe and his wife off and on of late, along with other people that I do odd jobs for, such as cleanin' up an' beatin' carpets. Come to think of it, there was a woman visitor there the other day. It must have been his sister. A sort of stiff, prim-lookin' person who frowned at things."

"That was his sister, very likely."

"Was her face plastered?"

"I didn't see no plaster nor any cat when I was there. Hold

on a minute! Now that I look back, it seems to me there was somethin' doin' the day I was there."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I remember, Ezra Crowe was actin' kind o' queer that day. He seemed to be up to somethin', and behaved half scared like. He went up stairs ev'ry once in a while, as if he didn't want his wife or sister to see him. It didn't strike me so very strange then, because he's got the name of bein' all around henpecked, an' I thought he was givin' his wife the slip on somethin'. Ah!" continued Tom Mack, with another new thought, "I remember he seemed to sneak up the attic stairs with a saucer of somethin'. I happened to be takin' up some bedroom mattin' at the time. I wonder if his actions had any reference to the cat?"

"Who knows? Perhaps they did," said Jack, deeply interested.

"We ought to ferret the thing out, anyway," said Vance.

"I'll bet a pancake that the cat is in that attic, if anywhere in Crowe's house."

"If they haven't killed him before this," said Jack, anxiously.

"You're the one could help us out in this case, Tom," said Vance.

"I'm willin'."

"We'd be glad to make it profitable to you if you succeed."

"I'll try me luck without that part of it, although I never refuse the metal when it comes me way."

"Have you any suggestion?"

"I don't expect to be workin' for the Crowes just now, an' I couldn't very well git in there by pretendin'. I must begin at once, and without any fancy business."

"How do you mean?"

"I've got to make a bold move. There's a big tree that grows outside of Ezra Crowe's house. By climbing it I can swing meself over to the attic window."

"If you're caught you'll be arrested as a burglar."

"Leave that to me. If I'm caught, it will be with good news for the town. I'll have Tiger, dead or alive, or else find out the particulars."

"It's a daring stroke to make, Tom."

"That's what makes it interestin'."

"When shall you start to work?"

"This very night—when it's good an' dark."

"Do you think we need to wait?"

"No. I can go it better alone. I'll see you tomorrow an' tell you all."

"Take this, Tom," said Vance, handing him a piece of money. "You ought to have some encouragement."

"And this, too," said Jack. "Be assured, my father will do well by you if Tiger is found."

"I ain't lookin' for money."

"We know that, but it won't hurt you to have a little in your pocket."

"Thanks. You're each a brick. I hope I'm not too sure of things, but I feel as if I'm goin' to put in a good night's practice."

"We'd better be going now," said Vance. "We'll hope for good news to-morrow."

"And that Tiger will be restored safe and sound," said Jack.

"It's up to me to do me level best," said Tom Mack, cheerfully. "If I git a faintin' spell and lose me grip in the tree, just put me down for a dead one."

"Oh, you won't faint," laughed Vance.

"You don't look weak," smiled Jack.

"Well, I'll be off. Good evenin', boys. When it comes about nine or ten o'clock, just think of me an' the mellerdrummer I'll be playin' in what the poets calls the leafy limbs."

They parted, Jack and Vance to make their way homeward with hopeful, expectant hearts, and Tom Mack to undertake a venture that was to lead to an exciting climax he did not dream of.

(To be continued.)

One is compelled to recognize the truth that thanksgiving is not always the basis of Catholic devotion. There are indeed too many amongst even the best souls who remind one of the lepers of the Gospel; of ten one only returned to testify of his gratitude to Jesus. People give thanks once or twice, and then turn the more eagerly to ask fresh help for their imperious and ever-present needs. And yet thanksgiving is of the very essence of Catholic worship; one might even say it is the end and aim of it. It should never cease to spring from the lips of Christians.—*Abbe Pylvain.*

Editorial.

DOMINICANA greets its friends in the joyous spirit that animates all hearts at the approach of the glorious feast of Christmas. "A light shall shine upon this day, for our Lord is born to us, and He shall be called Wonderful, God, Prince of Peace, the Father of the World to come, of whose reign there shall be no end." Heaven and earth unite in grateful rejoicing. The Divine Infant, the Babe of Bethlehem, radiant with celestial love, extends his tiny hands in mighty power and tender blessing to the entire world. Let us, therefore, go to Bethlehem, the typical home of the Christian family, where love reigns supreme; let us listen to His personal message of love to each one of us, so that, in sharing our Christmas joys with those about us, we may give glory to the new-born Saviour, and cease, for a time, at least, to seek happiness in vain things.

Let "this Christmas" be an exceptional one in manifestations of affectionate regard for the living members of the family, as well as an occasion of devout prayer for dear ones now absent from the festivities of the Yule-tide board. The love that prompts and sanctifies the Christmas gift renders the most trifling object priceless in the eyes of the happy recipient. Love which expresses the beauty of the Divine precept of Charity will transform the poorest surroundings into a paradise of delight.

The annual collection for the Catholic University of America will be taken up in the Churches during the Season of Advent. We beg to remind our readers of this opportunity to attest their interest in the great cause of higher education by contributing liberally to so worthy an object. In his summarized statement of the financial condition of the University, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, gives facts and figures that indicate prosperity. Commenting on the generous response of our people to the calls for aid, His Eminence says:

"But a more important and a greater cause for congratulation remains to be noticed. The financial security of the University means the security of all that was at stake in the founding and development

of this great institution. The honor of the Catholic Church in the United States, solemnly pledged to the success of the University, has been maintained. What seemed for a time the gravest of disasters has served, in the Providence of God, as a means of proving the invincible devotion of Catholics to their institutions.

"We feel that the people of your diocese who have had their share in supporting the University, will, in receiving this acknowledgment of our gratitude, share also in the just pride which we experience in realizing that the University is on a sound basis. With us, likewise, they will look forward hopefully to the era of development which is now opening. Relying on their liberal aid and on your hearty sympathy, we turn with renewed courage to the task of making the University a perfect work, worthy alike of the Church and of our Country."



Some Recent Books

THE BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD OF JESUS, the third of a series of beautifully colored picture-books for children, has been published by Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne, London. (American Agents, Benziger Brothers, New York.)

Very Reverend Prior O'Gorman, O. S. A., the author of this excellent and instructive book touches upon the boyhood days of Our Lord, His three days' loss in Jerusalem, and upon His life with Joseph and Mary in Nazareth. The story of "The Boyhood and Manhood of Jesus" appeals to all hearts; it awakens the tender and lasting sympathies of the young child. In its present artistic dress the book is of special value in its appropriateness to Christmastide. The hearts of the children will be gladdened by the possession of this attractive picture book. The companion books of the series previously published are: "The First Days of Jesus" and "The Last Days of Jesus."

Benziger Brothers, New York, are enabled to furnish the books either on varnished paper at fifteen cents a copy, or on untearable linen, at thirty cents a copy. This mention of the moderate cost will, undoubtedly, stimulate the parent to put into the hands of the

children these beautifully illustrated books whose pictures, alone, are a "story without words."

Another delightful book for little ones is the Life of the Blessed Mother, under title of MARY THE QUEEN. The story of the childhood of the Blessed Virgin, exquisitely told by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, is most happily adapted to the understanding of the little ones. The story also includes later events in the life of our Lady and of Saint Joseph. Handsomely illustrated, the book comes as a boon in the shape of a desirable Christmas gift. Here may be appropriately mentioned Benziger's "Little Folks' Annual" for 1906. Beautifully printed and illustrated, it is the children's book, *par excellence*. We trust that the deserving efforts of Benziger Brothers to supply good reading for the young will be seconded by all who wish the children well.

For more advanced readers, we suggest the following commendable publications of Benziger Brothers: "The Children of Cupa," by Mary E. Mannix; "The Violin Maker," by Sara Trainer Smith; "For the White Rose," by Catharine Tynan Hinkson; "The Dollar Hunt," translated from the French by E. G. Martin; and "Out of Bondage," by Martin Holt.

LIGHT FOR NEW TIMES is the title of a set of instructions to Catholic girls in the form of essays on "Liberty," "Responsibility," and "Professional Life," by Margaret Fletcher, of Oxford, England. While intended as a practical moral guide to young ladies emerging from the school-room of conservative English tradition into an up-to-date social atmosphere, the models of lofty Christian womanhood, so powerfully portrayed cannot fail to impress those who have not "grown up" under the shadow of Oxford.

Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York have published in book form a most excellent paper on INFALLIBILITY, read by the Reverend Vincent McNabb, O. P., at a meeting of the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Holborn, England. In his logical exposition of the "Nature" of Infallibility—"What it is not"; "What it is; its 'Object'"—and, in his answers to special objections, Father McNabb robs the subject of Papal Infallibility of formidable features with which its opponents have been wont to mask it, to their spiritual detriment, and the terrorism of their neighbors. *Get the book, and read it.*

B. Herder, St. Louis, has brought out in excellent style of finish the following publications on topics of current scientific interest:

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY, by Reverend Ernest R. Hall, S. J.; PSYCHOLOGY OF ANTS, by Reverend E. Wastmann, S. J.; THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. IS IT A FACT? by Gideon W. B. Marsh, F. R. Hist, Soc., and THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, by Reverend Francis Aveling, D. D. In pamphlet form we have "Modern Free-thought," by Reverend J. Gerard, S. J., and "Freedom of the Will," by Reverend A. B. Sharpe, M. A. In dainty bindings and convenient size come MYSTIC TREASURES OF THE HOLY MASS, by Reverend Charles Coppens, S. J., and a short life of JOAN OF ARC by Mrs. Maxwell Scott. IN QUEST OF TRUTH, a delightful story of Christian heroism in the days of the Emperor Domitian, by Robert Muenchgesang; The Life of St. Gerard Majella, Redemptorist lay-Brother, by Very Reverend J. Magnier, C. S. S. R., and HEALTH AND HOLINESS, by Frances Thompson. The above-mentioned books are worthy productions on much-mooted questions of the day.

SOCIALISM, ITS THEORETICAL BASIS AND PRACTICAL APPLICATION, by Victor Cathrein, S. J.; and SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY, by Bishop Stang of Fall River, will enlighten many who are inclined to re-adjust present conditions for the betterment of social order.

Both of these interesting books are published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

SOCIALISM, ITS ECONOMIC ASPECT, by William Poland, S. J., is a commendable exposition of the leading tenets of Socialism as exemplified in present-day developments. This practical little book is published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

For the delight of our juveniles, two interesting books come from Benziger Brothers, New York: FIRESIDE TALES, by Catholic authors; THE SENIOR LIEUTENANT'S WAGER AND OTHER STORIES.

BOB INGERSOLL'S EGOSOPHY, and other plain truths, clothed in poetic garb, come from the trenchant pen of Reverend James McKernan.

This philosophical collection of "thoughts" may be obtained from Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

The Grafton Press, New York, has recently published some valuable suggestions for those interested in family history. Frank Allaben points out the importance of following the historical method, and offers, in his directions CONCERNING GENEALOGIES, systematic methods of procedure effective in "Ancestry Hunting," "The Joys of Research," "Compiling," "The Clan Genealogy," and, finally, the publishing of the Genealogy.

Music.

The John Church Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, are the publishers of the following splendid works: (1) AN ALBUM OF MUSIC FOR TWO PIANOS, EIGHT HANDS, including AD ASTRA, by Grass; Grieg's NORWEGIAN BRIDAL PROCESSION; OVERTURE TO POET AND PEASANT, by von Suppe; POLACCA BRILLIANT, by Bohm, and the well-known ZAMPA OVERTURE, by Herold. (2) AN ALBUM OF MUSIC FOR TWO PIANOS, FOUR HANDS, containing a number of fine selections; among them: SERENATA, by Moszkowski; Boccherini's MINUET, etc. These volumes are beautifully and artistically gotten up, and printed in clear, bold type; they are useful for ensemble practice and for sight-reading classes. (3) THE CAPITAL COLLECTION OF TWO-PART SONGS (female voice) for school, home and social gatherings, is well-named. The duets are lovely, interesting and instructive, and are from the musical pen of standard composers. BLOSSOM TIME, by Alice C. D. Riley, is an entertainment of verse, song and music for children; it is a cycle which may be given with or without costumes and decorations, but the use of the latter will add much to the effect. This cycle is really designed for use by an entire school, each room being responsible for some part of the program. Should a single room desire to give an entertainment on a smaller scale, it might easily give one part alone—as the FARM GROUP, or the WATER GROUP; or any two groups may be combined. Pretty dances, or rhythm motions of head or arms could be interspersed here and there. The character of "Proserpine" might be changed to something Christian. When songs in different keys are used in a group, without any intervening recitation, it would be necessary to make modulations to bind the songs together. This is really a fine, useful little compilation. Those managing "closing entertainments" of parochial schools, where spectacular effects are desired, should see the book.

Calendar for December.

1—S. Bernard, Abbot. Doctor of the Church and Founder of the Order of Cistercians (from August 20). Labor and study.

2—B. John Vercelli, O. P., Sixth Master-General. Cheerful obedience. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

3—First Sunday of the month—First Sunday of Advent. Three Plenary Indulgences for Rosarians: (1) C. C.; visit; prayers. (2) C. C.; assist at Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in a Church of the Rosary Confraternity; prayers. (3) C. C.; procession; prayers.

4—S. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr.

5—S. Nicholas Tolentino, O. S. A., Bishop. (from Sept. 10.)

6—S. Nicholas (Santa Claus), Archbishop. Patron of children. Innocence.

7—Ordination of S. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor of the Church.

8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Patroness of the United States. Holy-day of obligation. Plenary Indulgence for Rosarians and Tertiaries: C. C.; visit; prayers.

9—Eustace and Companions, Martyrs (from Oct. 7). Resignation. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

10—Second Sunday of the month—Second Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Holy Name Confraternity: C. C.; visit; prayers.

11—The Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

12—Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Patroness of Mexico.

13—S. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr. Constancy. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

14—Anniversary of the consecration of the Basilica of S. John Lateran (from Nov. 12).

15—Fast-day — Octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

16—B. Sebastian, O. P., Priest. Regular observance. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

17—Third Sunday of the month—Third Sunday of Advent. Plenary Indulgence for members of the Living Rosary: C. C.; visit; prayers.

18—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin.

19—S. Francis Xavier, S. J., Priest. Apostle of the Indies.

20—Ember-day — S. Dominic, Abbot. Patron of Our Holy Father S. Dominic. Votive Mass of the Rosary.

21—S. Thomas, Apostle. Lively faith.

22—Ember-day — B. Mary Mancini, O. P., widow. Care of the sick.

23—Ember-day — Translation to Loreto of the house of the Blessed Virgin in which the Annunciation took place.

24—Vigil of Christmas. Fast-day of obligation for all the faithful, including workmen and their families.

25—Last Sunday of the month—Nativity of Our Lord. Plenary Indulgence for all the faithful: C. C.; visit; prayers.

26—S. Stephen, Deacon and Protomartyr. Forgiveness of Injuries.

27—S. John, Apostle and Evangelist, surnamed the Beloved.

28—The Holy Innocents. Martyrs.

29—S. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.

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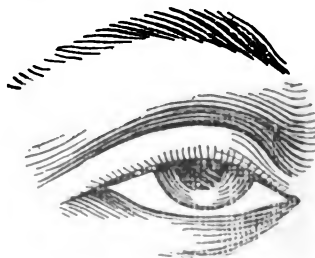
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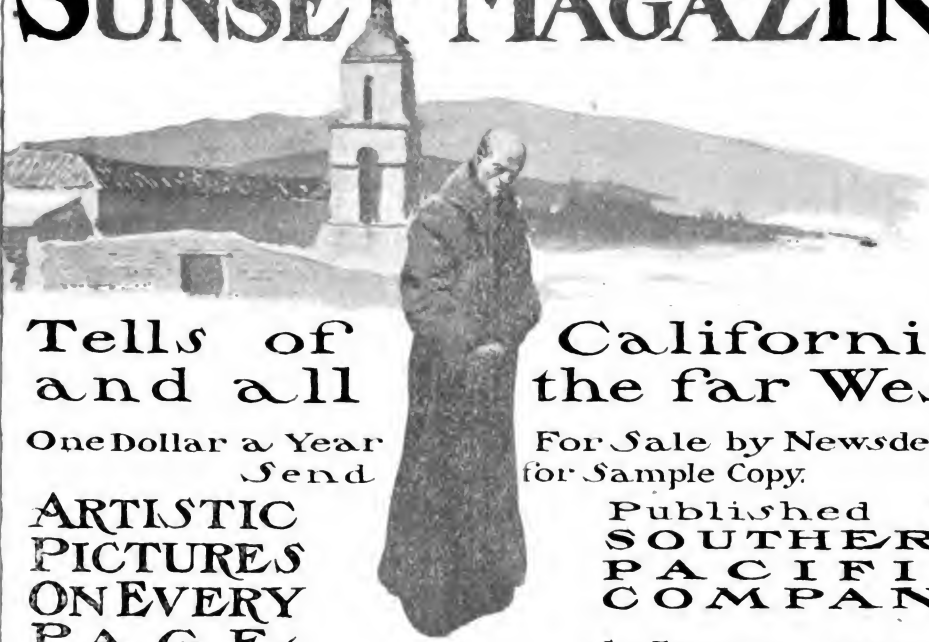
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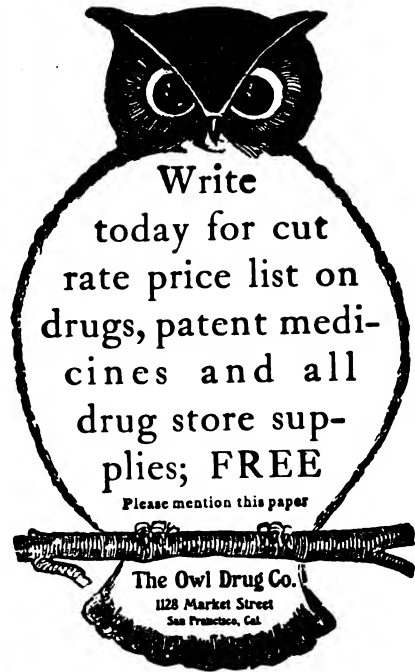
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